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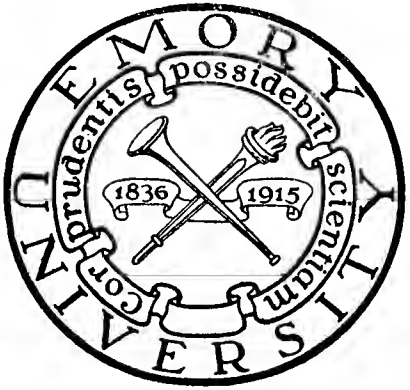

COLONEL ARTHUR H. DUTTON.

Appointed Brigadier-General by Brevet,
To date from May 16, 1864.

THE STORY

— OF —

The Twenty-First Regiment,

CONNECTICUT VOLUNTEER INFANTRY,

DURING

THE CIVIL WAR.

1861–1865.

BY MEMBERS OF THE REGIMENT.

MIDDLETOWN, CONN.:
PRESS OF THE STEWART PRINTING CO.
1900.

DEDICATION.

To the widows and orphans of our gallant dead whose homes were desolated by the ruthless hand of war, and whose dear ones gave their lives for their country, this Record is affectionately inscribed, with the hope that memories of their soldier-dead may ever incite to nobler lives and to greater love of God and Home and Native Land.

"Nor shall their glory be forgot
While fame her record keeps,
Or honor points the hallowed spot
Where valor proudly sleeps."

COMMITTEE'S PREFACE.

While the achievements of the Federal Army and Navy during the Civil War are recorded alike in the official papers on file at Washington, and in more glowing terms in the pages of countless national and state histories, there still remains unwritten much that is worthy of record in the personal and collective history of regimental organizations. That these should have a place among the chronicles of the grandest war the world has ever seen, it is hardly necessary to say.

The survivors of the Twenty-First Regiment of Connecticut Volunteer Infantry, proud of their record and achievements during three years of active service, feel that it is due to their children and those who may come after them, that their experiences in camp, in bivouac and on the field of battle should be more fully recorded than has yet been done. It was for this reason that at a meeting of the Regimental Association the following named committee was appointed to prepare for publication such material as might prove available:

Captain W. S. Hubbell,
Captain D. D. Brown,
Captain A. M. Crane.

While the committee was well aware of the importance of the work intrusted to it, its members did not anticipate the unavoidable delays that have intervened nor the obstacles that have proved almost insurmountable in gathering the facts and incidents essen-

tial to a fairly complete record of more than three eventful years. They were also greatly hampered by the fact that almost the whole work had to be accomplished through correspondence by mail. One member of the committee lives in New York, another in Massachusetts, while only one of them resides in the parent State of Connecticut. They could not often meet to compare notes, and in fact it has never been possible to secure a regular meeting of the full committee. How much more difficult, then, must it have been to collect material from the rank and file of the regiment, scattered as it was throughout the state and largely throughout the Union?

Inexorable Time is chargeable with many of the apparent delays, and the procrastination common to our fallen nature may be held responsible for the rest. Details and incidents fade and become indistinct as the events with which they are identified recede into a remoter past. Delays that are really unavoidable for reasons that seem good and sufficient to the committee, appear inexcusable in the eyes of comrades to whom the conditions are unfamiliar and who look only to the desired reality of having the volume in hand.

Such meagre data came in response to repeated appeals that the completion of the task has seemed at times almost hopeless. Undertaken as a labor of love, the work has proved far more exacting than was anticipated and has been full of discouragements which only those engaged in its fulfillment can appreciate.

The committee has endeavored to make the book, so far as possible, strictly a regimental history, not a general criticism on the conduct of the war. Irrelevant matter has been largely excluded and references to other regiments and organizations have been usually made only when the situation could not otherwise be clearly set forth.

In the preparation of this volume no complete personal journals or diaries were available. The committee has been unable to learn that any such were kept from day to day during the progress of the war. Private letters and individual reminiscences have to some extent been secured and much has been gleaned from the records of the State Adjutant General's Office and from other official sources.

Every effort has been made to verify important statements by trustworthy authority or from personal evidence, and it is believed that the result is a fairly accurate and reasonably complete narrative of the Regimental History.

It is not claimed that the regiment merits more than its fair share of the glory due from battles in which it participated. The committee has striven to be just and generous, but battalions, like individuals, must needs see events from their own point of view, and in personal narrative the narrator necessarily assumes a somewhat prominent place. If in the following pages the gallant deeds of the whole Union army are not always specified in detail, the fault must be ascribed to the conditions, not to any intentional lack of justice or generosity.

In the perusal of this volume the reader will doubtless find many omissions and inaccuracies. Some comrade may not improbably discover that after all his faithful and perhaps distinguished service his name is misspelled on the Roll of Honor, or perchance some meritorious action whereof he is justly proud may have been altogether overlooked. Such, alas! is the fortune of those about whom books are made, and upon the heads of those who make the books maledictions invariably fall.

It has been the aim of the committee to make this history a record, so far as possible, of the private soldier who never wore on his sleeve so much as a corporal's chevron, but who bore his part in the great conflict without expectation of material reward, and with no reasonable prospect of promotion. Many, even of the most worthy, are nameless here. Their stories are either lost, or exist as faint unrecorded memories, to be revived only at second hand. It may well be that the friends of many noble men will feel aggrieved, in that certain gallant and self-sacrificing deeds have been overlooked. They cannot regret this more than does the committee itself. Every conspicuous act of gallantry that has come to light in complete form has been recorded. Deeds of daring and devotion ennobled the lives of many men. The limitations of book-making stand ever in the way of perfect attainment.

Especial acknowledgment is due to the following comrades:

George T. Meech,
Benijah E. Smith,
Henry B. Lawrence,
Robert A. Gray,
J. Gideon Palmer,
Howard A. Camp.

Special thanks are also due to Major C. E. Dutton, of the U. S. Ordnance Corps, for securing original maps of battle-fields from the Engineer's Office at Washington, D. C., and to all those who have kindly aided the committee with contributions of interest, and who have so generously contributed to the "guarantee fund," and thereby helped to make the work a financial success.

The information derived through them has done much to lighten the labors of the committee and has afforded encouragement in many ways To all others who have in any way rendered assistance most hearty thanks are extended.

Finally, this volume is sent forth, not without full consciousness of its imperfections. It is offered with loyal greetings to all army comrades, to their children who may treasure it for their sake, and to the friends of the Regiment who may read the record of those who went forth to battle thirty-eight years ago in the vigor of youth and who now rest in soldiers' graves beneath the flag for which they so bravely fought.

W S. HUBBELL,
A. M. CRANE, } *Committee.*
D. D. BROWN,

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INTRODUCTION.

The transition from the quiet and peaceful life of the citizen to that of the soldier was, to say the least, rather sudden. Very few of the boys who hastened to don the blue had any knowledge of the life and duties of a soldier. It was hardly to be expected that they would at once be able to march in time with the music of the Union, and in fact some few there were who never, during all their service, mastered the mysteries of the cadenced step. How well you all remember how patiently and diligently the awkward squad was drilled in the school of the soldier, and how hard it was to impart the idea of the touch of elbow and the uniform step. "Left! left! left!" in common, quick and double time resounded across the parade ground from morning till night, and the refrain was soon set to music and chanted when off duty or lining up for rations.

> "We left a good home
> When we left, left,
> We left a good home when we left."

Few of us had any idea that we should be long in putting down the rebellion, and we supposed that enlisting for three years, or during the war, was only a matter of form, and that of course we should quickly wipe the enemy off the face of the earth, and should be back at home again within a year at most. And so we shut our eyes to the three years' part of the contract and put all our trust in the saving clause, "or during the war," and went gaily forth

to those long and weary years of terrible strife. Fortunately we cannot look into the future and do not know what is before us.

It was well that those dread, yet inspiring, three years of field service were to us a sealed book, and that we gained our experience "on the installment plan." And what a fearful experience it was, to men trained only in the industrial pursuits of peace, this sudden induction into the very vortex of one of the most bloody wars of the centuries.

The wounded soldier who was returning home, torn and crippled in one of the battles, excited the sympathy of some of the passengers on the train, and one elderly gentleman, who took quite an interest in his case, among other things remarked, "My boy, you have had a terrible experience, haven't you. I suppose you would not like to go through it again."

"Yes," said the soldier, "I have had a terrible experience. I wouldn't sell my experience for one hundred thousand dollars, and I would not go through it again for one hundred million."

And yet he had been getting thirteen dollars a month besides his rations and experience. Who says the soldier was not well paid?

This soldier was only a private soldier, the highest type of thousands of the noble men who left good homes and families, to travel up mountain sides, with blistered feet, through morass and swamp, through storm and tempest, through heat and cold, by day and night, with bodies bruised and broken by disease, with even his own will subjected to the will of another—all for the sake of fighting for the supremacy of law, and to die, if need be, for the dear old flag, seeking and expecting no honors and no titles save that of being enrolled among the patriotic defenders of his country. Such was the Private Soldier—"the noblest Roman of them all." But a generation of men have come and gone since the days of the Rebellion, and our comrades are steadily passing over the river.

It is indeed a long time since the war. "Who knows better than we know how far away the war is. A third of a century has brought the youngest of its soldiers to middle life, and has placed flags over most of them, and nearly all the great leaders have taken rank in history by the final promotion of death. Millions who had never seen our shores when the war closed, now share with us its heritage of peace. Its battles are legends in their

ears. Its songs confuse their tongues. But to them and their posterity, as to us and ours, the widening promise of the victory runs. They are joint heirs with us of men whose muskets held a continent for free labor and gave to mankind a more perfect republic. They follow with us a flag woven of old memories and new liberties, and will at last rest with us, and all our native generations, in a soil more truly American, since it was held to the uses of freemen by the blood of many races. The battles of 1861 to 1865 will outlast in story this generation and their descendants, and will shine across whatever lapse of time like mountain peaks aflame. And when the last departing soldier of us all turns for a last salute, be sure he will see, beyond the years of peace, through all the mists of age, the flags of Appomattox and the face of Grant."

GOVERNOR'S ORDER.

The Twenty-First Connecticut Volunteer Infantry was recruited under General Orders No. 99, issued by Governor W A. Buckingham, on August 13, 1862, providing that—"Seven regiments will be organized from companies which now compose the active militia, and from those which may be organized under these orders prior to the first day of September next."

Under this authorization, all the infantry regiments from the Fifteenth to the Twenty-First inclusive, were raised and sent to the front. The preceding call for troops had been made by Governor Buckingham on May 22, 1862, that—"volunteers be enrolled sufficient to organize a regiment to be designated the Fourteenth Regiment of Infantry." The regiments, subsequent to the Twenty-First, were enlisted for nine months only.

CHAPTER I.

REGIMENTAL BEGINNINGS.

(1862.)

The Twenty-first Regiment of Connecticut Volunteer Infantry was organized during a period of almost unparalleled military activity The regiment left the state for the seat of war on September 11, 1862. On the same day the Twentieth Regiment of Volunteers left its camp in New Haven for the same destination. During the three weeks ending September 15th eight regiments of three years' men left the state, to be followed by seven other regiments of nine months' men before winter. All this was accomplished in so brief a period, though thirteen regiments had been raised and equipped since the spring of the preceding year. In a close political contest just before the war, the whole state polled but 84,015 votes. Yet before the close of a four years' war Connecticut had placed to her credit at Washington 48,181 soldiers to serve for three years. Her enlistments were equivalent to this number of three years' men, the actual number of individual enlistments being much larger.

Such was the zeal of the state in furnishing men that she ran ahead of her quota and no apportionment was made to her on the last call of the President for 300,000 men. There were only three states in the Union that surpassed this record, and these were in the West, where the proportion of men was relatively greater than in the East. Though there

was such a prodigality of numbers, there was no depreciation in the quality Out of 2,340 who responded to the first call for three months' men, five hundred afterwards became commissioned officers in other regiments. Of the early enlistments of which the rank and file were composed, the Adjutant-General of the state truly says: "Connecticut has sent to the war the flower of her young men."

If we compare this period with those memorable years following 1775 when General Putnam left his plow in the furrow to hasten to the seat of war, we shall find greater ardor now to preserve the country when assailed, than to secure its independence at the first. In 1777, when the Continental Congress made an appeal for 80,000 men, it was met on the part of the thirteen colonies by forwarding only 34,820 men for the Continental army Says Professor Fiske: "Had the country put forth its strength in 1781 as it did in 1864, an army of 90,000 might have overwhelmed Clinton at the North and Cornwallis at the South without asking any favor of the French fleet. Had it put forth its full strength in 1777, four years of active warfare might have been spared."

That the people had no special taste or liking for military life is apparent from the fact that the militia system was so completely out of gear in 1861, that the State of Connecticut had not a single regiment with which to meet the President's first call for soldiers. Of the first company of three months' men, only one soldier had ever seen active service—only two had ever served in the state militia. One of the officers of the Twenty-first states that in 1850, when a boy living near Hartford, his father allowed him the unprecedented favor of absence from school in order to witness the last parade of a local militia company before disbanding. With this privilege of seeing the parade, the father, who was a clergyman, added the prediction, "You will never see another military parade in this region." Surely this was a condition of affairs truly wonderful, when a people, occupied with its peaceful

avocations, at a word drops its implements of industry to seize unfamiliar weapons of war and to fight as a bear robbed of her whelps.

To understand the cause of this great uprising in which the Twenty-first Regiment had its origin, we must go back a little in history to consider that period of intense moral earnestness respecting the spread of slavery in our free territories. If you stand on the bank of a river and ask for the origin of the stream flowing at your feet, you are led back to remote causes—to the rain and snow that fell months before—to the earth that absorbed them—to the thousands of reservoirs which collected the water to send it forth again in as many little rivulets. These uniting one with another combine to form the river. So with the causes that led to the formation of the mighty army of volunteers that during the war hastened to the conflct of a hundred battle-fields, singing as they went, "We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand strong."

The people had been intelligent participators in the great controversy between the North and the South respecting slavery. The impassioned debates in Congress upon this question had been read throughout the North and had there awakened the same spirit on the part of the reader as had been manifested by the speaker. Village lyceums took up these questions and in animated debate fought over again the battles of Congress. The discussions attending the national elections tended to define more clearly the points of controversy at issue. Resolutions condemning slavery were passed by religious bodies. Ministers preached against it. Three thousand New England clergymen signed a petition to Congress urging repressive legislation respecting slavery. The question was discussed in village stores and at the home firesides. Abolition speakers from the lecture platform portrayed its evils. Visitors to the South returning, confirmed the impressions already made respecting the evils of slavery. The press opened its columns to the discussion of its pros and

cons. In 1852 appeared that inimitable book, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," of such marked type, that before the end of the year, it was translated into nine European languages. It has been dramatized in twenty forms and acted in every capital of Europe and all the free states of America.

Thus for years the question was kept before the minds of the people. It came to them as a great moral issue, theoretically wrong, practically injurious to the best interests of the nation. Children absorbed these sentiments as they drew their milk from their mothers breasts. And so it came to pass that the whole moral and social being of the free states was largely imbued with the anti-slavery idea. It only needed some sudden jar, some quaking of the earth, to cause the pent up forces to break out in a thousand places all over the North, uniting as do the rivulets to form the mighty stream of living forces that swept on, overcoming all obstacles, to Richmond and Appomattox Court House.

That shock came when the Southern guns were fired upon Fort Sumter. The reverberation of those guns was heard and felt in the homes of twenty millions of people. The pent up forces could no longer be restrained. The South had challenged to arms. On the instant the North accepted, and marshalled her forces for the conflict. Nearly every vestige of sympathy for the South was swept away or awed into silence. Rivals in business and politics became friends and allies. Press and pulpit united in urging on the conflict. The great industries of the nation were turned aside from their peaceful purpose and made to furnish munitions of war. As soon think of silencing the earthquake by the feeble stamp of your foot as attempt to suppress the spirit of war that soon carried everything before it. Every element of the social body was moved. From all the professions and industries, from preachers, and teachers and employers came only words of encouragement to enlist for the war, while within the more sacred circle of the family, the aged parents, the faithful wife, the loving sweetheart, dared not say "no," but

cheerfully consented to the giving up of their most precious treasures as a sacrifice which they must make for the welfare of their country

With a spirit like this for the most part did the loyal people meet the successive calls of the President for troops. The first call for 75,000 three months' men found the state totally unprepared, busy in its peaceful industries. Upon his own responsibility, without special legislative authority, but trusting to the people to ratify his course, the Governor of Connecticut called for one regiment of ten companies. Fifty companies responded. By special appeal the government at Washington accepted three in place of the one regiment called.

In response to the second call for five hundred thousand three years' men, issued immediately after the battle of Bull Run, Connecticut furnished her quota, sending the thirteenth regiment to the seat of war March 17, 1862. With this contribution of troops, there was a very general expectancy on the part of most people that the war would soon be ended. By direction of the war department, April 3, 1862, recruiting in the loyal states was discontinued.

The following, from *The Norwich Bulletin*, July 3, may indicate public sentiment: "We cannot help thinking that to-day we are seeing the beginning of the end—that the Rebellion is approaching a final collapse. The Mississippi is opened, the grand army of Corinth has skedaddled. Only capture Richmond and the end comes." The Hon. J. T Waite, in a public speech at Norwich in July, said: "The question is to be decided in the next six months, and, perhaps, in the next sixty days."

But the defeat of McClellan's army, an event unlooked for in the North, disabused the public mind of this illusion. On June 28, the Governors of the loyal states, seventeen in number, united in recommending the President to call for two hundred thousand additional men. "We believe," they urged, "that the decisive moment is near at hand, and to that

end the people of the United States are desirous to aid promptly in furnishing all reinforcements that you deem necessary to sustain the government. The President responded early in July with a call for three hundred thousand three years' men. A few weeks later the President issued another call for a like number of nine months' men.

Upon the receipt of the first of these calls, which assigned to Connecticut as her quota seven thousand one hundred and forty-five men, our excellent Governor, on July 11th, issued the following proclamation: Citizens of Connecticut: You are again called upon to rally to the support of the government. In the name of our common country, I call upon you to enroll your names for the immediate formation of six more regiments. * * * * Close your manufactories and workshops—turn aside from your farms and business—leave for awhile your families and your homes—meet face to face the enemies of your liberties. Haste, and you will rescue many noble men now struggling against superior numbers, and speedily secure the blessings of peace."

In response to this call, eight regiments of three years' men were formed, of which the Twenty-first was the last. The time spent for filling the calls for the three years' and also for the nine months' men was a period of great activity. Special inducements were made to encourage enlistment. On the part of the nation, the state, and the respective towns came pledges of special bounties. July 2, the government at Washington, in addition to previous inducements, offered a bounty of one hundred dollars to each recruit. The State of Connecticut promised fifty dollars at enlistment and thirty dollars for each year of service, to be paid in three installments of ten dollars each. To those having families, six dollars per month was promised to the wife and two dollars for each child, providing there were not more than two. Moreover, there was hardly a town that failed to vote liberal bounties—generally one hundred dollars to each recruit. These bounties, received by each enlisted man of the Twenty-

first, were, before the close of the war, increased to six hundred dollars, half paid by the government at Washington, half by the state, the towns withdrawing their offers.

In addition to these bounties to encourage enlistments, the Adjutant-General of Connecticut, July 14th, sent a special appeal to the Selectmen of each of the towns, urging them to call public meetings, and to use every effort to encourage enlistments. An immense public meeting was held in Hartford July 10th, attended by three thousand people, the Governor and Senator Dixon being present. The next night another meeting was held at Norwich, addressed by prominent speakers irrespective of party relations or religious connections. Democratic leaders and Catholic priests stood side by side with republican officials and Protestant clergymen. The following, from Governor Buckingham's speech, may reflect the opinions and anxiety of those honored leaders, who did so much to carry the war through to a successful issue: "The enemy in the field have from seven hundred thousand to eight hundred thousand men. We have upwards of six hundred thousand men, but the number has been reduced till now we have not over four hundred thousand men. I speak from authority when I say that, aside from losses in battle, the army is being diminished at the rate of twenty thousand per month. Our army is held in check and endangered. Only last night I heard Senator Dixon say at Hartford that Secretary Seward was alarmed. I rejoice to hear that Secretary Seward *is* alarmed. I wish that every member of the cabinet might be alarmed. I wish every citizen might appreciate the danger till we shall put forth every effort to rescue the government * * * * * I am sick at heart, but I feel that if I can do anything to arouse the people to appreciate their danger, it should be done at once."

This meeting was followed by another held in the same city at Franklin Square July 24th, which was closed at 11:30 P. M. The following is an extract taken from the account of

a war meeting held in Bridgeport during the same month: "The audience seemed electrified as from different parts of the hall man after man arose and went forward to enlist. The audience arose en masse. Cheer after cheer was given, and many a throbbing heart and tearful eye betokened the emotions as the noble fellows enrolled their names. Over forty men were enlisted on the spot, while the citizens subscribed twenty thousand dollars." But back of this enthusiasm and, perhaps, having some relation thereto, was the stern fact of a draft that would be sure to follow any deficiency. Says *The Norwich Bulletin*, August 20th: "Only three days left after the twenty-first of the month. Hurry up the men. By doing so, escape the draft." Yet, neither the fear of the draft, nor the offer of the bounty, can explain the great furor for enlistment. For had there not been a profound love of country possessed by the people, they would not have submitted to the draft on the one hand, nor taxed themselves heavily to offer bounties on the other. Willingness to submit to a draft, as well as the offering of liberal bounties, had their origin in the determined purpose to save the country

If we now consider how the warlike spirit materialized into these many regiments, how the enthusiastic citizen became a uniformed soldier in his own company and regiment, we shall find the process simple and easy. In general orders of the Governor, July 11, 1862, the following directions were given: "On the application of persons proposing to enroll companies, the Commander-in-Chief will, at his discretion, issue orders granting authority to enroll volunteers, and entitling the person to whom they are issued to receive a commission as Second Lieutenant whenever he shall have enrolled not less than thirty-three men, and shall have received a nomination from a majority of that number. The Commander-in-Chief reserves the right, whenever in his opinion the interests of the service may require, to consolidate such squads, and when so consolidated, the grades of the commissioned officers will be designated by nomination, by a majority of the members of

COLONEL THOMAS F BURPEE.

the consolidated company. Squads of sixty-six men may nominate a First Lieutenant and eighty-three a Captain." Non-commissioned officers were appointed by the Colonel upon the reeommendation of the Captain.

Under this order in nearly every town of the state, recruiting proceeded actively for the enrollment of volunteers. Recruiting officers were led to their work either by their own choice or by the solicitation of others, who recognized their ability to command. In the enlistment papers which were furnished there was recorded, besides the name of the applicant, his age, occupation, nationality, his height, complexion, and other kindred facts, by which the recruit could be identified. Having signed these papers, the newly made recruit, before a proper official, took the following oath: "I, A. B., do solemnly swear that I will bear true allegiance to the United States of America, and that I will serve them honestly and faithfully against all their enemies or opposers whatsoever, and observe and obey the orders of the President of the United States, and the orders of the officers appointed over me, according to the rules and articles for the government of the United States."

These papers, made out in duplicate, were held by the officer till his recruits reached the number required by law (sixty as a minimum; one hundred and one as a maximum), when it was organized as a company, assigned to some regiment, and presently, with other similar bodies, mustered into the service of the United States by some regular army officer detailed for the purpose.

CHAPTER II.

THE GATHERING.

(August and September, 1862.)

For the most part the Twenty-first Regiment was recruited in Eastern Connecticut. In the pages following may be found some facts respecting the personnel of each of the companies:

"Company "A" was recruited by Joseph Jordan, Jr., 23 men; Hamlet F Roberts, 22; N. A. Belden, 13; P F. Talcott, 11; H. L. Soper, 8; and three others. Eighty men in all. Of this number 42 were from East Hartford; 21 from Hartford; 14 from Glastonbury; 10 from Windsor, with a lesser number from each of six other towns. 86 of this number were American born, 14 foreigners—6 Englishmen with 4 other nationalities. Average age, $24\frac{3}{10}$ years. 36 were married; 64 single. As respects employment, there were 49 farmers, 8 clerks—the most in any company. Of laborers, teamsters, painters, there were 5 each; 4 blacksmiths, with 24 other occupations.

Company "B" was recruited by Charles T. Martin, 65 of his men enlisting from Hartford. Groups of 3 each came from East Hartford, Enfield and Wethersfield, the remainder from other towns. There were 44 Americans and 32 foreigners—21 from Ireland, 8 from England; average age, 32, the oldest company in the regiment; married 58, the largest number of any company. As respects occupation, there were 16 farmers, 14 laborers, 7 carpenters, 6 painters, 5 each of black-

smiths and shoemakers, with 24 other occupations. This company, with Company "A," represented the greatest variety of industries.

Company "C" was recruited by Rev J. E. Wood, 86 men, Robert Dennison the remainder. From Groton there came 95 men, from Ledyard 5, from Norwich 1. No other company had so large a proportion of its members from any one town. Ninety-eight were Americans, and there were only three foreigners—the smallest number in any company. Average age $25\frac{5}{10}$; 52 were married. Twenty-five different occupations were represented—24 carpenters, four of them shipwrights, the largest number in any company; 18 farmers, with one exception the smallest number in any company, 12 sailors, 5 mechanics.

Company "D" was recruited by C. G. Southworth, 54 men; J. D. Gaylord, 19; F S. Long, 14; Holander, 7 From Mansfield there came 40 men, from Ashford 17, from Windham 15, from Chaplin 4, with representatives from a dozen other towns. Average age $28\frac{5}{10}$ 46 were married. 68 men registered as farmers, the largest number in any company, 8 laborers, 6 factory operatives, 4 mechanics, 4 carpenters, with 10 others of miscellaneous occupation.

Company "E" was recruited by C. T. Stanton, Jr., who enlisted 61 men; E. P Berry, 8; James Stanley, 7. From the town of Stonington there came 71 men, Norwich 8, Groton 4, and others scattering. 74 were American born. Average age 26; married 32. By occupation there were 27 farmers, 9 mechanics, 8 ship carpenters, 7 laborers, 6 factory operatives, and 17 reporting other occupations.

Company "F" was recruited wholly by two persons—H. C. Phillips 50 men, Frank Fowler 42. From Montville there came 44, from New London 39, from Waterford 6, with representatives from many other towns. Eighty were American born. Average age, $23\frac{9}{10}$, the youngest company in the regiment. Twenty-seven were married, the smallest number in any company. By occupation there were 41 farmers, 6

manufacturers, 5 clerks, 5 carpenters, and 17 of other occupations.

Company "G" was recruited by J. F Brown, 42; E. P Packer, 22; I. D. Kenyon, 21, and two others. From North Stonington there came 65 men, from Voluntown 22, from Griswold 6. There were 82 Americans. The average age was $26\frac{1}{10}$. Thirty-eight were married. There were 54 farmers, 9 laborers, 6 mechanics, 4 clerks, and 9 others of various calling.

Company "H" was recruited by D. D. Brown of Chatham, R. C. Foote, Jr., and D. L. Brown of Colchester. From Colchester came 50, Chatham 30, and one or two each from ten other towns Eighty-one were American. Average age $26\frac{6}{10}$, which was the average age of the regiment. Forty-six were married. There were 55 farmers, 12 mechanics, 10 laborers, 4 clerks, 4 blacksmiths, and 9 of other occupations.

Company "I"—96 strong—was recruited as follows: David Dickerson, 63; James Stanly, 22, and the rest scattering. From Middletown there came 57 men, from Norwich 17, from Haddam 6; the rest from thirteen other towns. Sixty-two were Americans, 34 foreigners, of whom 20 were from Ireland, the largest number of Irishmen in any one company. Average age, $26\frac{8}{10}$. Forty-nine were married. There were 19 farmers, 21 mechanics, 13 laborers, 7 clerks, 6 teamsters, 6 sailors, with representatives from thirteen other employments.

Company "K"—94 strong—was recruited as follows: H. S. Wilson, 61; William Clapp, 23; J. M. Shepard, 7, and 3 scattering. From Plainfield came 50 men, Pomfret 15, Brooklyn 14, Sterling 11. Six other towns were represented. There were 95 Americans. Average age, $26\frac{7}{16}$; married 45. Forty-seven were farmers, 17 operatives in mills, the largest number in any one company; 4 carpenters, with twenty-one other employments.

To recapitulate. It appears from the foregoing that the regiment was made up as follows: Groton contributed 100 men, Hartford 94, Stonington 75, North Stonington 68, Middletown 61, Plainfield 55, Colchester 50, East Hartford, 50, Montville 45, New London 42, Mansfield 41, Norwich 37, Chatham 30, Voluntown 26, Ashford 20, Windham 18, Brooklyn 16, Pomfret 15, Glastonbury 15, Windsor 12, Sterling 11, Haddam 10. Besides these, there were forty-four other cities and towns which contributed from one to ten men each.

Eighty-three and four-tenths per cent. of the regiment were native-born Americans. Of the foreigners, 90 were from Ireland, 32 from England, 9 from Canada and the British Provinces, 8 from Scotland, 1 each from Switzerland, Denmark, France, Hungary and Russia. In the whole Army of the Union seventy-five per cent. were Americans. The average age of the regiment was twenty-six and six-tenths, while the average age of the whole army was twenty-five years. It was believed in some quarters that men of mature years would make the best soldiers. But facts in the history of this regiment, at least, go to show that the boy is better than the man of two-score years.

Of all those over forty years of age at enlistment, twenty-nine per cent. only returned to be mustered out with the regiment, while seventy-one per cent. were either discharged by reason of disability or died of wounds or disease while in service. Of those under twenty years of age, fifty-nine per cent. returned with the regiment, while forty-one per cent. died or were discharged. The younger men, therefore, made the better showing in the proportion of nearly two to one. Of those who went out with the regiment forty-five per cent. were married.

Seventy-nine trades or employments were represented in the regiment. By far the largest number of any one calling were farmers, forty-two and two-tenths per cent. of the whole. In the entire Union army forty-eight per cent. were farmers.

Of machinists and laborers there were 70 each, carpenters 53, factory operatives 35, clerks 34, sailors 26, blacksmiths 25, painters 19, teamsters 18, shoemakers 14, manufacturers, merchants, ship-carpenters, 12 each, moulders 10, students and masons 9 each, stone-cutters 8, butchers 7, tailors 7, carriage-makers, teachers, boiler-makers 6 each, dyers 5, together with fifty other employments including almost every kind of occupation in practical life, such as peddlers, tinsmiths, bookkeepers, platers, trimmers, powder makers, harness makers, marble-cutters, bakers, silversmiths, coopers, gardeners, cigar-makers, saddlers, firemen, paper-hangers, barbers, gun-makers, fishermen, ice-dealers, engineers, sail-makers, watch-makers, car-makers, compositors, calkers, hotel-keepers, drummers, tanners, railroad-men, paper-makers, newsboys, dentists, book-binders, lawyers, physicians, millers, postmasters, hatters, chemists, artists. Four only report no occupation. One reports himself a gentleman, and one only a bar-keeper.

COLONEL HIRAM B. CROSBY.

CHAPTER III.

ORGANIZATION.

(September, 1862.)

An officer bears a relation to the men under his command analogous to that of a soul to the body which it inhabits. An intelligent persistent nature urged forward in the accomplishment of its purposes by a strong will-power, causes the whole being to throb with its presence. It is felt in every muscle of the body, it is recognized in the tone of the voice, in the sparkle of the eye, it will bring out all the latent powers of the physical being. In like manner the well-being of a regiment is in the hands of its officers, for upon their energy and intelligence depends the character and efficiency of the men.

In this respect the Twenty-first was peculiarly fortunate. Its Colonel, Arthur H. Dutton, was a graduate of West Point, ranking third in scholarship in the class of 1861, Kilpatrick, Custer, O'Rourke, Benjamin and Farquhar being among his classmates. In the words of an officer closely related to him, "Bold and chivalrous, with a nice sense of honor, a judgment quick and decisive, an unwavering zeal in his chosen profession, he was in every respect a thorough soldier." He had previously held the rank of Captain in the regular army, serving in the Engineer Corps, and upon recommendation of General Mansfield, he received his appointment as Colonel. Assuming command of the Twenty-first, he threw his whole

soul into the work assigned him, making his own personality felt throughout the whole regiment. He was not destitute of a worthy ambition, both for himself and for his command. When he first tried on his uniform dress-coat bearing the insignia of his rank, a former classmate remarked, "Those silver eagles look well." "Yes," was his reply, "but a Brigadier's star would look better."

The Lieutenant-Colonel, Thomas F Burpee, had been before the war connected with the manufacturing interests of Rockville, Conn. He brought to his office and consecrated to his noble work the strong qualities of a sincere, noble manhood, characterized by unflinching courage and a true military bearing. Self-possessed, dignified, faithful in the duties of his office, he brought honor to the regiment. He was promoted from a Captain of the Fourteenth Regiment to be, at first, Major, then Lieutenant-Colonel of the Twenty-first.

Major Hiram B. Crosby left a lucrative business in the practice of law in Norwich, Conn., to accept, at first, the office of Adjutant, then to fill the place made vacant by the promotion of Lieutenant-Colonel Burpee. He brought to his office the accomplishments and skill of his profession, which more than once were manifestly to the advantage of the regiment. The Staff was made up of the following officers: Clarence E. Dutton, brother of the Colonel, Adjutant. Afterwards he was promoted to be Captain in the Ordnance Department of the regular army. Quartermaster Hiram W Richmond of Brooklyn held his office but a short time, resigning in the following February. William Soule, M. D., of Griswold received the appointment of Surgeon, with Lewis E. Dixon, M. D., of Plainfield and J. Hamilton Lee, M. D., as assistants. Christopher A. Brand was Sergeant-Major, Edward Gallup Quartermaster-Sergeant, Joseph D. Plunkett Commissary-Sergeant, James E. Barbour Hospital Steward.

The ground on which the regiment was first assembled lay in the suburbs of Norwich, known as the Fair Ground for New London County. Here the Eighteenth Regiment had

been organized and left for the seat of war on August 22d. In compliance with orders from headquarters, the several companies of the Twenty-first as they were recruited gathered at Norwich. Those arriving first were assigned to temporary quarters till the camp of the Eighteenth should be vacated.

Herewith are noted the order and approximately the date of the arrival of each of the companies; also, the commissioned officers of each of the companies, though their election in some cases did not take place till after their arrival at the camp.

August 14th, Company "C," the "Groton Company," arrived, one hundred and one strong, Captain John E. Wood commanding, who left his work as clergyman to recruit and lead his company. James H. Latham was First Lieutenant and John F Randall was Second Lieutenant, both of Groton. In the absence of any other place, they were quartered at first in Apollo Hall.

August 15th, the "Mansfield Company"—"D"—arrived ninety-four strong, Captain Charles G. Southworth commanding, who left his farm for the sterner realities of a military life. Francis S. Long of Windham was First Lieutenant and Alvin M. Crane of Mansfield was Second Lieutenant. This company, with those who arrived previous to August 23d, were assigned to hastily constructed barracks located not far from the Fair Ground.

August 17th, the "Montville Company"—"F"—ninety-two strong, arrived, Captain William Spittle of New London commanding. He had previously seen service with the three months' men. Henry T. Phillips of Montville was First Lieutenant. Frank Fowler of New London was Second Lieutenant.

August 18th, the "Plainfield Company"—"K"—one hundred strong, arrived, Captain Jeremiah M. Shepard of the same place commanding. William Clapp of Pomfret was First Lieutenant, and Harry S. Wilson of Plainfield was

Second Lieutenant. Both Captain Shepard and Lieutenant Clapp had already seen service in the war.

August 21st, the "Chatham and Colchester Company"—"H"—ninety-nine strong, reached the city, with Captain Ralph C. Foote, Jr., commanding, Delos D. Brown of Chatham First Lieutenant, Denison L. Brown of Colchester Second Lieutenant.

August 24th, "North Stonington Company"—"G"—ninety-three strong, arrived, with Captain James F Brown, a recent graduate from Yale, class of '62, commanding. Isaac D. Kenyon of Voluntown was First Lieutenant, and E. Perry Packer of North Stonington Second Lieutenant.

August 25th, "Stonington Company"—"E"—eighty-eight strong, arrived, with Charles T Scranton, graduate of Yale, class of '61, stroke oar of University boat crew, commanding. Henry R. Jennings First Lieutenant, Franklin H. Davis Second Lieutenant, both of Stonington.

August 26th, "East Hartford Company"—"A" one hundred strong, arrived, and marched into camp, attended by Colt's Armory band. Captain Joseph Jordan, Jr., a paper manufacturer, was commander, with Nathan A. Belden First Lieutenant, Philo F Talcott Second Lieutenant, both of Hartford.

August 28th, "Hartford Company —"B"—eighty-seven strong, arrived, with Captain Charles T. Martin commander, whose gray hairs showed an age well nigh approaching three score years, but whose erect and manly bearing bespoke much of the vigor of youth still remaining. Josiah Martin, a brother of the Captain, was First Lieutenant, and Daniel G. Knox Second Lieutenant, both from Hartford. By the 21st of the following October all of these had resigned.

Company "I," the "Middletown Company," brought ninety-seven men. The date of its arrival is unknown. It was officered by David Dickinson, Captain, Charles M. Mather, First Lieutenant, both of Middletown, and James Stanley of Norwich Second Lieutenant.

From the foregoing it appears that all but three of the captains and most of the lieutenants won their positions by virtue of the number of recruits secured. Two captains and three or more lieutenants received their appointments because of previous service in the field. The total number of men in the regiment was nine hundred and sixty-six. Seventy recruits were afterwards added, forty-five of whom were transferred to the Tenth Connecticut Volunteer Infantry when the Twenty-first was mustered out of service. As compared with other regiments, we find that the Nineteenth had eight hundred and ninety-one men, the Twentieth nine hundred and eighty-one men, the Eighteenth nine hundred and ninety-eight; all the others had one thousand or more.

Before being accepted as soldiers of the United States, each of the enlisted men had to be examined as to his physical condition. One by one, in a closed room with the examining surgeon, each was tested for defects of vision and physique. It has been stated that the desire to fill the quota of the state, led to the acceptance of some who, under other conditions, would have been rejected. Perhaps there is some truth in this statement. It is very evident that the conditions for entering the regular army at the present time are far more exacting. Yet, in the estimation of the Colonel, there was much to admire. He remarked to a friend, "The regiment, though green, contains as fine a body of men as I have ever seen in similar conditions. I am proud of them."

A military camp during the organization of a regiment is a busy place. In addition to the activities within by which the men are equipped and fitted for service, there is the constant coming and going of friends who claim the right to appear and say goodby to loved ones; for, be it known, that the soldier's life does not obliterate sentiment, neither does the soldier's oath sever his affections for the home. The work in the camp of every new regiment is two-fold—that of the Quarter-Master in supplying the wants of the men, and that performed on the parade-ground, where in patient drill the

citizen is transformed into the soldier. Let us consider for a moment the work of the Quarter-Master's department. Here we find a three-fold division of labor as seen in the furnishing of provisions, clothing and equipments. Provisions are furnished according to army regulations as follows: To each man per day twelve ounces of pork or twenty ounces of beef, eighteen ounces of flour, or its equivalent in bread, one and six-tenths ounces of coffee, or in its place twenty-four hundredths of an ounce of tea, two and four-tenths ounces of sugar, together with soap, salt, vinegar and candles. At times part of these articles may be replaced with rice, beans, or with mixed vegetables. As far as possible this order is varied, as shown by the following order issued on the field November 4, 1864:

First Division, Eighteenth Army Corps. "In every period of six days, salt pork once, salt beef once, fresh beef twice, mackerel once, codfish once, hard bread three times, soft bread three times, coffee five times, tea once, onions four times, beets once, turnips once, while beans, sugar, vinegar, candles, pepper, soap, potatoes and sour krout will be issued daily" No soldier need complain that he was ill fed, providing there was no hitch in the Quarter-Master's department. It is assumed, however, that the soldier has good health and sound digestion.

When in camp the rations are drawn daily by the First Sergeant for each company, the Captain's approval being requisite. In case the regiment is on the march or about to leave camp, two or three days' rations may be issued for each soldier. When in camp, the rations are first cooked, then issued to the men. In addition to provisions, clothing, tents and equipments are furnished by the Quarter-Master. The clothing is issued to each soldier by a commissioned officer of the company, as may be necessary, to the amount in value of three dollars and fifty cents per month. If an excess be drawn by the end of the quarter, it is deducted or "stopped"

from his pay; if less than the regular amount is drawn, the difference is credited to the soldier.

Equipments consisted of a knapsack provided with straps to fit over the shoulder so that it could be carried when on the march, but laid away as a trunk when in camp. It was the only receptacle for clothing, stationery, or any other articles a soldier possessed. The haversack, filled with one or more days' rations when on the march, and the canteen, with a supply of water, were each suspended from opposite shoulders. The Ordnance Department furnished the arms and equipments for actual warfare. Chief of these was the Springfield rifle, muzzle loading, weighing between nine and ten pounds. A broad leather belt over the shoulder supported the cartridge-box, in which was generally stowed away forty rounds of ammunition, while a belt around the waist supported the cap-pouch and bayonet-sheath. The weight which a fully equipped soldier was expected to carry when in full marching order, was sufficient to exhaust the strongest. On long marches, unnecessary articles were pretty sure to be thrown away, unless the Colonel's foresight ordered them left behind.

As soon as the newly-fledged soldier is in camp and has received his uniform and equipments, he begins to realize more fully the realities of army life. The enthusiasm awakened by public meetings and the enlistment fever created and nourished by patriotic neighbors who stay at home, begins to disappear and finally passes away; while the frequent call of the drum to the various duties, the command of superior officers and the rigid regulations of the camp, combine to impress upon him the serious change that has come into his hitherto peaceful existence. His surroundings in all respects are new and unfamiliar—new associates, new quarters, new wardrobe, new method of taking his meals, new duties to perform. If, on the other hand, when he gets out of camp, he feels a certain self-esteem and superiority because of his new uniform, yet, when he returns, he finds that he is no better

than the rest. Soon it dawns upon him that he is no longer his own master. The oath to support the Constitution of the United States is as yet a theoretical pledge in which he glories, but the obligation to obey the officers appointed over him he finds a practical thing and sometimes very difficult.

Here perchance is his former neighbor, so friendly with him when he sought him for a recruit, so noble in his eyes when he voted for him as his officer; but now, alas, he discovers that a gulf is opening between them! Not intentional, perhaps, but none the less real.

Then there are the stern requirements of military discipline, and the endless details of camp life. He sees the mistakes of his superiors, perhaps, the needless dignity assumed by some. What is the use of teaching the best squirrel shot in the county how to "load in nine times?" He does sometimes "kick" internally, and mutterings not loud but deep may be occasionally heard. But all these vanish in the consciousness of present duty.

To the enduring honor of the enlisted man be it said that he bore his part noble and well. He soon learned to adjust himself to his new conditions, to distinguish between the worth of the man and the dignity of the office conferred upon him. There is no daily paper printed in the camp. Yet, somehow the news circulates among the men with marvelous rapidity. The Company fire kept burning by the cook takes the place of the country store as a place of gossip. If the spirits of the men are not ruffled by the spirits of alcohol, there is generally a remarkable degree of good cheer. There is hardly a company in which there are not one or more characters with a marvelous degree of originality and good humor that is used to encourage the desponding and to keep alive the hopes, the spirits and the confidence of the men.

Meanwhile, those who have received the honors of a commission begin to feel the responsibility of their position. To sign orders on the Quarter-Master's department for supplies for the Company is very easy. To keep the Company-books

straight and to account for every one of the thousand articles received and issued, is more difficult. But to take the Company of one hundred men and so discipline them that each shall observe his position so that the whole body may move as one perfect machine, keeping step in the march—observing a perfect line in company front—march without crowding—break up into platoons and re-form with no confusion—to accomplish all this is no little task.

Now, that the Captain has brought his company into camp, he begins to realize that he is no longer supreme. He, too, finds the eye of the Colonel upon him—and what is more, upon the hundred men that he has brought with him, for each of whom he is in a certain sense responsible. Then he has a certain reputation to make in the regiment, for all the honors he brought with him into his new office are of little or no value now. He must win his spurs if he would wear them. He may protest that he means well, is kind-hearted and patriotic and self-sacrificing, and universally respected by all who know him—these virtues count for little if he lacks the genius of command.

O, Captain. What can you do with these men to make out of them a good company? Verily, "the first shall be last and the last first." It happens, sometimes, that some who receive their commissions with hearts throbbing and large expectations, soon give them up in humiliation; while those before unnoticed develop that adaptness to military life that gives them lasting honor. Who shall these honored ones be? It is not known till the test is made.

Let us a follow a captain through the routine of one day's work. He is up in the morning and in the Company's street at roll call. While waiting for breakfast, he gathers up the undistributed clothing and strives to adjust his accounts. Then come two soldiers for passes to go home. Breakfast is served with a mess-chest for a table and a box for a chair. Now comes the orderly from regimental headquarters with special order No. 19, calling the attention of captains to the

lack of discipline in camp. The Colonel complains of neglect of military courtesy in saluting superior officers. At guard-mounting time the orderly-sergeant reports one man detailed for duty missing. Someone saw him leave camp for the city Here is a case where an example must be made of the guilty one to prevent like repetition.

Then comes the call for company-drill. The Captain lays down his pen, puts on his sword and leads his men out on the parade ground. His eyes must be on the whole company at once ; unless he keeps one of them upon his lieutenant. Then come the marching and counter-marching ; wheeling to the right or moving by the left flank. For a change, the company comes to a halt and he exercises the men in the manual of arms. When his men fail to do just as he wants them to, he is annoyed to find the Colonel standing by, an interested spectator of his work. At last the welcome recall sounds, and he marches his men to company-quarters, to the mutual satisfaction of both parties. He retires to his tent, and finds some callers from his old home neighborhood. Meanwhile there comes the morning report for correction. He thinks the red-tape needlessly exacting. Here comes one of his men who protests that he is not able to drill in the afternoon, yet, has no surgeon's excuse. Now comes a would-be social caller from his own men, one who was formerly an old neighbor. If the Captain discourages such familiar calls at his tent as contrary to military discipline, he exposes himself to the reputation of one who puts on airs.

Dinner is served. Three men call and request a pass for the afternoon. Meantime the hour for battalion-drill approaches, and the Captain wants to refresh his memory concerning certain tactical evolutions as laid down by General Casey, before finding himself in a quandary or worse under the Colonel's eye. But he leads his company out, and takes his place in line with some trepidation. The Colonel breaks the battalion into columns and he has little time to think. If he hesitates, because he has forgotten how the unfamiliar

movement is executed, or if he attempts it and makes a mistake, he hears the voice of the Colonel, "You are wrong, Captain ——." At length the hour and a half ends, and he is in his tent once more. A brother officer calls to spend a few moments in a social way. Soon a group of men gathers in the Company street, and the sergeant hastens to inform him that Private —— has returned from the city with too much liquor aboard and is disorderly. Scarcely has he restored order when the call comes for dress-parade, and he again leads his company into line and quite enjoys the simple maneuvers with which he has become familiar and which he performs with no fear of a blunder. Thus the day passes with a succession of anxieties and cares. He reflects that if he has made mistakes, so have others. As he rolls into his blankets upon a hard couch, he consoles himself with the reflection that he has learned something and will be able to do better to-morrow.

But while the private has his duties and the company officers their responsibilities, the Colonel is by no means free from either. If he has the advantage of having no superior in camp, whose criticism he fears, he knows that presently his regiment may come in contact with the stern realities of war, and then its failures or successes will be charged to his credit or discredit. The Colonel of the Twenty-first was not slow to make his presence felt. His very bearing was that of a well-trained soldier. Tall and erect, with black hair and mustache, a piercing eye that detected shams and inspired confidence, with few words, well chosen in conversation, he speedily secured the respect of all. He inspired in both officers and privates a desire to make the Twenty-first a noble regiment among the best in the service. This confidence, in fact, was shown before leaving the state, by the gift from the commissioned and non-commissioned officers of a sword with sash and belt, valued at three hundred dollars.

The story is told of a certain colonel in the volunteer service who, as the head of his column approached a wet

place in the road, shouted, "Haw round that mud-puddle." The following comes from the best of authority: An inexperienced colonel of volunteers determines to have his first dress-parade followed by battalion-drill; consequently when the parade was over, he drew from his pocket a copy of "Casey." Opening the book at random and holding it in his left hand, while drawing the sword with his right, he shouted, "Battalion, right or left face (as the case may be). Forward, right or left ob-lo-quy (as the case may be). March!" Followed by tableau of anxious suspense in the regiment. Thanks to West Point, no such blunders were possible in the Twenty-first. Neither officer nor private ever suffered from the humiliation of mistakes on the part of their Colonel. Rather, his whole bearing daily awakened increasing respect and confidence.

The following, taken from *The Norwich Bulletin* of August 22d, may give some light as to the progress of the regiment: "Colonel Dutton of the Twenty-first has taken hold of his duty in earnest. Dress parades are held every evening. The order and decorum prevailing in camp are subject to general remark." "September 1st regular guard mounting was observed and an officer of the day appointed. No pedlers, except the sellers of papers, are allowed on the grounds." "September 4th—The Twenty-first Regiment, Camp Norton, is progressing rapidly. Colonel Dutton seems determined that no effort on his part shall be wanting to make it equal to any in the state. Yesterday a regimental drill and dress-parade was observed that were creditable."

On September 5th the regiment was mustered into the United States service by Captain Watson Webb, U. S. A. The process was simple. Each Company appeared, and the roll was called to show that all were present. Then the men held up their right hands and swore to support the Constitution and laws of the United States, and to obey the officers appointed over them. By this simple act the regiment was turned over to the United States Government to go whither

LIEUT-COLONEL JAMES F. BROWN.

it may direct. On the same day each enlisted man received the United States bounty and one month's pay. On the following day the state bounty was received.

Meanwhile, as the time drew near for the departure of the regiment there seemed to be an increasing number of visitors. Parents, wives, sisters, sweethearts, come to say goodby to loved ones, and then return to their homes, and courageously resume the monotonous duties of life with hearts filled with constant anxiety for absent ones. But the soldier boy, with the impress of the goodby kiss on his lips, hastened to his tent, perhaps, to prepare for dress-parade. From this he returned to his company quarters where he discussed, perchance, with his comrades the order just issued to be ready to leave the state for the seat of war the day after to-morrow. His mind was occupied with thoughts and anticipations of the future. The new conditions of the to-morrow dispelled the gloomy forebodings of to-day Thus he escaped the painful anxiety of those who remained at home, while his whole being was full of interest in the work before him.

On the 10th of September, the day preceding the departure, there was an unusual crowd on the ground. To quote from the daily press. "A general admiration was expressed at the appearance and marching of the men. They appeared with their new arms for the first time. The occasion was the presentation of state and regimental flags from the ladies of Norwich and Stonington. The Norwich band was present. The presentation speech was made by Mayor Greene of Norwich. In reply, Colonel Dutton said: "I desire to thank the ladies of Eastern Connecticut for this magnificent present. At some future day—many months hence, perhaps—we hope to bring these colors back to you, time-worn, dust-covered, bullet-torn they may be, but polluted by the touch of a rebel, *never!*"

Some of us will never forget the first impressions of the "large contract" we had undertaken. When we first received our rifles and saw the bright sun reflected from a thousand

glistening bayonets, as we marched out to take our places in the battalion, it certainly looked like business; and the probable sensation of seeing a thousand such bayonets "on the other side," and in hostile hands, came nearer to us than ever before.

The Regiment left the state with the following roster of officers:

FIELD AND STAFF

ARTHUR H. DUTTON, Colonel.
THOMAS F. BURPEE, Lieutenant-Colonel.
HIRAM B. CROSBY, Major.
CLARENCE E DUTTON, Adjutant.
HIRAM W RICHMOND, Quarter-Master.
WILLIAM SOULE, Surgeon.
LEWIS E. DIXON, First Assistant Surgeon.
J. HAMILTON LEE, Second Assistant Surgeon.

NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF

CRISTOPHER A. BRAND, Sergeant-Major.
EDWARD GALLUP, Quarter-Master Sergeant.
JOSEPH D. PLUNKETT, Commissary-Sergeant.
JAMES E. BARBOUR, Hospital Steward.

LINE OFFICERS.

COMPANY A.

JOSEPH JORDAN, JR., Captain.
NATHAN A. BELDEN, First Lieutenant.
PHILO F TALCOTT, Second Lieutenant.

COMPANY B.

CHARLES T. MARTIN, Captain.
JOSIAH H. MARTIN, First Lieutenant.
DANIEL G. KNOX, Second Lieutenant.

COMPANY C.

JOHN E. WOOD, Captain.
JAMES H. LATHAM, First Lieutenant
JOHN F RANDALL, Second Lieutenant.

COMPANY D.

CHARLES D. SOUTHWORTH, Captain.
FRANCIS S. LONG, First Lieutenant.
ALVIN M. CRANE, Second Lieutenant.

COMPANY E.

CHARLES T. STANTON, JR., Captain.
HENRY R. JENNINGS, First Lieutenant.
FRANKLIN H. DAVIS, Second Lieutenant.

COMPANY F.

WILLIAM SPITTLE, Captain.
HENRY T PHILLIPS, First Lieutenant.
FRANK FOWLER, Second Lieutenant.

COMPANY G.

JAMES F BROWN, Captain.
ISAAC D. KENYON, First Lieutenant.
E. PERRY PACKER, Second Lieutenant.

COMPANY H.

RALPH C. FOOTE, JR., Captain.
DELOS D. BROWN, First Lieutenant.
DENNISON L. BROWN, Second Lieutenant.

COMPANY I.

DAVID DICKERSON, Captain.
CHARLES M. MATHER, First Lieutenant.
JAMES STANLEY, Second Lieutenant.

COMPANY K.

JEREMIAH M. SHEPARD, JR., Captain.
WILLIAM CLAPP, First Lieutenant.
HARRY S. WILSON, Second Lieutenant.

CHAPTER IV.

OFF TO THE FRONT.

(September 11, 1862.)

There was much of patriotic inspiration in the confiding spirit with which the Twenty-first left camp on September 11th and proceeded on its appointed mission. Could the men have realized that the "some future day, many months hence, perhaps," the anticipated time for the return as expressed by the Colonel, was to be lengthened to nearly three years; that they were to lose in battle more than an average of the volunteer regiments; could they have seen the picture they were to present upon their return when each company was reduced to about one-third its original size; and could they have considered that of the thirty-eight commissioned officers only six would return with the regiment, there might have been less of exuberance on the part of the men. But it is well, perhaps, that such forecasts are hidden from the newly enlisted soldier.

The waiting cars, as though impatient to hurry the men to the front, with its engine hissing because of the pent up steam, was but an illustration of the spirit of the regiment eager to embark. During the whole afternoon the streets through which the line was to pass, were thronged with citizens of Norwich and neighboring towns who had gathered to witness their departure. Here and there in the crowd of waiting spectators was one who had a bouquet or some other

gift as a parting bequest to some particular friend. At the depot the crowd was immense, but it was kept back by a guard detailed for the purpose from the regiment. The soldiers gave cheer after cheer as the train moved out of the station, and these were answered by cheers no less hearty from the surrounding crowd. At Allen's Point, some seven miles below the city, the steamer "City of New York" was in waiting, which received and transported the regiment to Jersey City, arriving by daylight next morning. By ten o'clock we left, and reached Philadelphia at three o'clock in the afternoon. Here the Soldiers' Relief Association provided a good dinner which received many commendations. With pleasant memories of the City of Brotherly Love, we left about nine o'clock in the evening for Baltimore, arriving next morning. In the evening we reached Washington and spent the first night in barracks.

Now the opportunity would seem to have arrived for many a patriot to see the Capital of the Nation; but the powers that be were more interested to employ the soldiers in preserving the Capital than in showing them its sights; hence the opportunity for passes was very limited. Entertained for the night in barracks with sour bread and poorly cooked meat for food, we left next day. September 14th, and went into camp at East Capital Hill. Here we spent the night without the protection of barracks or tents. For the first time we spread our blankets and slept with no shelter over us, save the over-arching sky, which covered alike both our camp and that of the enemy. Yet, strange to say, we all rested well and were not a little surprised to find how comfortably we could sleep in the open air. Experience, I think, will show that the fairly prudent soldier camping out, with all his exposures, is no more subject to colds than the citizen at home; while throat troubles, caused by close rooms or impure air, are seldom experienced.

The contrast between the size and appearance of a full regiment just out, and one that had seen hard service for a year

or more, appears in the following incident: While on dress parade at this place, one of our number excused from duty was viewing the imposing line of nearly a thousand men, when he was accosted by an old veteran with bronzed countenance and a soiled and worn uniform. "What is that," he asked, pointing to the regiment. "That, sir, is the Twenty-first Connecticut Volunteers." "Indeed," was the reply "It is bigger than any brigade I have seen for the last six months." To the proud member of the Twenty-first this remark seemed strange. But when, in less than two years, he saw his own regiment reduced to one hundred and twenty-five men present and fit for duty, he understood its meaning.

Here occurred the first break in the line officers. Captain Wood of Company "C" received his appointment as Chaplain, while Lieutenants Latham and Randall were advanced one grade, and George P Edwards, First Sergeant of Company "A," was promoted to be Second Lieutenant.

We were scarcely settled in our first bivouac when we received orders to march, and on the 18th crossed the Potomac for Camp Chase, Arlington Heights, some two miles from Long Bridge, and in close proximity to Fort Albany. This was one of the forts that formed the defenses of Washington on the side looking towards Richmond. Here, in a camp recently vacated by a Vermont regiment, we found an abiding place for two weeks, and were assigned to the brigade commanded by Brigadier-General Briggs, in General Casey's division of the reserved corps for the defense of Washington.

Since we were destined to change ground more than two score times during the following eight months, a description of a regimental camp, according to army regulations, may not be out of place. Little variety from the one set plan is allowed. If any elasticity is tolerated, it is because of the inequality of the ground that compels a change. The following directions for a camp are found in the United States Army Regulations:

"Each company has its tents arranged in two files or rows, each file facing the company street, which should be five or more paces wide. The intervals between the tents, two paces. Between the files of tents of adjacent companies, two paces. The color line is at right angles to the company streets and ten paces in front of the tents. In front of this is the parade-ground, the 'workshop' of the regiment, where much of their time is spent in drill, guard-mounting or dress-parade. On the opposite side from the parade ground, at the distance of twenty paces from the last company tent, and in a line running at right angles, are the cook tents or kitchens where food is provided for the men. Twenty paces in rear of this line are the tents of the line officers, and twenty paces still farther in the rear are the tents of the field and staff officers, while the baggage train is parked some distance in the rear of all." The beauty of a camp depends not a little upon the careful housekeeping which removes all filth, keeps the streets and grounds well swept and the company quarters neat and tidy. With this duty the officer-of-the-day is charged.

Here is the description of an officer's couch.—Four forked sticks are driven into the ground, across which, at the height of an ordinary bed, two parallel poles are laid. Across these are placed the staves of a demolished barrel, then a bag filled with dry grass from a neighboring swamp, is placed thereon, which, with added blankets, constitutes a very good bed for a soldier. In active service, such a luxury as this is seldom enjoyed, but in camp life, the inventive genius of the soldier is employed to make as good provision as possible for his welfare; the better the provisions for comfort, the less liability to sickness.

Guard-mounting occurs every morning, varying little from nine o'clock. Each company contributes its quota towards making up the guard for the camp. At the call for guard-mounting, by bugle or drum, each of these details is conducted from their respective company streets, under direction of first sergeants, to the parade ground, and are there turned

over to the adjutant. Under his direction the ceremony of guard-mounting proceeds, in which each member of the new guard is inspected by the officer-of-the-guard, and the whole turned over to the officer-of-the-day, under whose direction it remains until relieved. The guard thus organized is divided into three reliefs; each relief is in charge of a corporal, and is on duty two hours and off, four. In no case, however, is any man allowed to leave the guard-quarters, except by permission.

The officer-of-the-guard, usually a lieutenant, is assisted by a sergeant. Thus the camp is always guarded by sleepless vigilants. The patient soldiers pace their beats with ceaseless tread, in summer and winter, through storm and sunshine, daylight and darkness, with his faculties alert that he may see if any danger approaches, while, when "off post," any case of disorder may be committed to his care. It is needless to say that calls from within, for his services, are more frequent than from without. Thus is the good order and safety of the camp preserved, from the hour of its formation to that of its abandonment.

The surgeon's call is sounded soon after breakfast, when each soldier suffering from ill health is expected to report to one of the surgeons. If the sickness appears to be sufficiently serious, he is excused from duty If medicine is needed, he is furnished with a prescription with which he seeks the hospital steward, the pharmacist of the regiment, where it is filled. If special treatment is necessary, he is sent to the regimental hospital, or if the case is more serious, to the general hospital. If the case is chronic, and there are no hopes of recovery, he may be discharged because of disability. During the history of the regiment, one hundred and eight men died of disease, and one hundred and fifty were discharged because of disability.

Good discipline can be secured only by constant drill. Idleness leads to demoralization. When General Grant took command of the troops which afterwards invested Vicksburg,

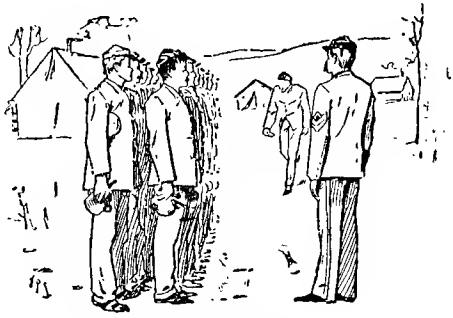
MAJOR CHARLES T. STANTON, JR.

he found some of them employed in digging a canal for the turning of the channel of the river. In this movement the great soldier had but little confidence; however, he allowed the work to proceed. He says, "I let the work go on, believing that employment was better than idleness for the men." But in the estimation of the average volunteer, that labor seems useless, which brings no immediate return. And yet, effective drill is to the soldier, what the gymnasium is to the athlete. It is an indispensable condition for efficiency in service. When in active campaign, or when heavy drafts are made on the men for picket or guard duty, the drill is omitted, but otherwise, never. Trained at West Point, our Colonel brought to Camp Chase, as to all other camps, something of the discipline in which he had been educated. Every day sounded the call for drill. Every day had its allotted task. He strove to secure efficiency in every department. Moreover, he now had time to "size up" each of the commissioned officers and to judge of their ability for their respective positions.

Before leaving camp, it was understood that certain of the commissioned officers had received a summons to appear before an examining board at General Casey's headquarters, to show their proficiency in military affairs. This summons was supposed to be a hint that their resignations would be accepted. The early removal from the camp, alone prevented the examination. What would have been the result of a volunteer officer "just out," in the hands of an examining board of regular army officers, is not difficult to determine. Severe as this might seem to some, no one can doubt that it was best for the regiment. Though the examination never came off, yet within one month, seven of the line offiers had resigned, and before Christmas, just one third had left for home. How many of these resignations were prompted by a summons to appear before the board, or, how many received from the Colonel the indorsement, "approved for the good of the service," is not known. Very certain it is that many

officers hastened their departure because of the threatened examination. Yet it must be added that one, and possibly more, who were summoned, remained with the regiment and earned a place among its most efficient officers.

The routine of camp life is varied on Sunday, when inspection takes the place of drill. In full uniform the regiment is called out and the line is formed, when every article belonging to the soldier, including clothing and equipments, is exposed to the view of the colonel, who learns by this process, not only what each enlisted man has, but in what condition he keeps his possessions. Is his gun well polished and free from rust? Does he wash his underclothing regularly? Does he observe cleanly habits? Company quarters, too, are inspected; no part of the camp escapes. The following gives a program of the first Sunday spent in Camp Chase, as found in a letter written by one of the men: "In the morning I was awakened from sleep by the drum, at half-past five. Then we had to prepare for inspection at eight o'clock, this lasted two hours. At eleven we had preaching services conducted by the chaplain. At three o'clock some of the more devout gathered in a Bible class. At half-past five was dress parade, and so ended the day."



"LINE-UP FOR COFFEE!"

CHAPTER V

WAITING.

(1862.)

On September 20th occurred the first grand review of General Casey's division, being the first in which our regiment ever bore a part. The distance marched was considerable, the delay incident to such occasions unusually long, and the weather uncomfortably hot. Though this review gave to us some sense of our importance, as we saw for the first time that we were a part of a great army, yet the general comment of the boys, as they returned to camp and removed their equipments, was to the effect "a good deal of work for very small returns." For this occasion the soldiers received their dress coats. Only one thing now remained for a complete equipment, namely, shelter tents. As we here occupied "A" tents, we did not feel the need of them immediately, but after breaking camp we found ourselves with no tents at all.

After twelve busy days we left our first camp, and in answer to McClellan's call for re-enforcements, joined the Army of the Potomac. The officers now came down to small valises for their baggage, while the rank and file left their knapsacks to be transported later. The railroad was severely taxed to respond to all the calls for moving troops, hence there were frequent delays. Orders to march reached our camp late at night, September 28th.

Says the officer of the guard in writing home: "Last night about twelve o'clock orders came to our regiment as well as to others adjoining to be ready to leave early next morning. The scene was full of interest. The previous stillness of the night gave way to the noise of busy activity Lights were seen going from tent to tent, and the command heard, 'Turn out and be ready to march in the morning.' Then the sound of axes was heard cutting wood for the company cook, and the bustle continues increasing until daylight."

The regiment was formed for marching in the early morning and expected to move at once, but orders came to return to camp and wait until next day. Next morning we reached the city and spent the greater part of the day in Pennsylvania Avenue. At night we encamped on the lawn east of the Capitol building. Never afterwards did we find grounds prepared with such elaborate care or occupy a ground with such costly surroundings. Some of the men took advantage of the opportunity during the evening to visit the Capitol, where they found nearly a thousand of wounded, from the battle of Antietam, fought a few days before. The halls and corridors had been given up to the surgeons for a temporary hospital.

By four o'clock next morning, October 1st, we left camp and soon boarded cars en route for Frederic City, Md. By eight o'clock that night we reached our destination and encamped in the dark as best we could in the suburbs of the town. On the second day following, October 3d, we left for Sandy Hook, near Harper's Ferry. On the way we found a valley scarcely wide enough for a public highway. Here was a narrow road, bounded on one side by the Potomac River, and on the other by a steep hillside, differing in its ascent but little from the roof of a house. At seven o'clock at night the only alternative for us was either to march some miles farther in search of level ground or encamp on the steep hillside. The Colonel chose the latter, and our camp for this night was unparalleled for its uneven-

ness. The following is copied from the diary of one of the men: "I placed some large stones by my side to keep me from rolling down hill. I awoke towards morning to find myself some distance from where I went to sleep, by the side of another soldier, who had likewise rolled out of his own nest. I got up feeling cold, rubbed my eyes, and wondered where I was. I then went to the bed I had prepared the night before, and found my blankets all safe. Upon looking around, I found that others were in the same fix as myself."

Next day. in continuing our march, we passed through Harper's Ferry, on our way towards Pleasant Valley. During the day, we met for the first time a squad of a dozen or more rebel prisoners. In contrast with our newly uniformed men, they appeared as though coming from a desolate country. In the evening, we reached a level field from which a crop of oats had been harvested, and went into camp.

Next day was Sunday and we remained in camp. Colonel Dutton called on General Burnside, in command of the Ninth Corps. The Chaplain preached as usual, and after sunset, accompanied by the Lieutenant-Colonel and a few others, repaired to the Potomac, flowing between our army and the enemy, and there baptised one of the regiment. Next day we reached Pleasant Valley and went into the camp which we were destined to occupy for a period of three weeks. We were assigned to Brigadier-General Harland's command of the Second Brigade, Third Division, Ninth Army Corps. Associated with us in the brigade, were the Eighth, the Eleventh, and the Sixteenth Connecticut Volunteers, and the Fourth Rhode Island. Here, as in many other places, the plan of the camp must yield to the inequalities of the ground, that sloped somewhat to the south. The line of headquarter tents, instead of being parallel, was at right angles to the company officers, while in the space formed by the angle, were the tents of the enlisted men. A somewhat dilapitated stone wall separated the parade-ground from the camp of the regiment. However, we made the best of our quarters, and

the time was improved by daily drills, which soon showed their effect upon the appearance of the regiment.

During our stay at this place, the roads were good and the weather favorable for military movements. The commander of the Army of the Potomac, now considerably strengthened by re-enforcements, received repeated admonitions from President Lincoln, to move on in pursuit of the enemy. But General McClellan claimed that his troops needed more clothing and equipments, and was never ready to go. "But," said the President, "The enemy need shoes and clothing, and yet they march. Why cannot our men?"

Our stay here was a time of great pressure upon McClellan, to improve the favorable season for an active campaign. Much valuable time, doubtless, was wasted in delay. If a Grant had been in command, probably our stay here would have been shortened many days. And yet our regiment was one of those which gave rise to the complaint of a destitution of clothing and equipments. We had no tents for the men, and the rubber blankets were turned from their designed purpose of protecting the body from the dampness of the ground, to be used as tents for protection from the chilly dews of night, and later from the driving rain. Says one of the men: "I have been awakened from sleep at night, many a time, to find myself soaking wet by the pouring rain." And yet we gained nothing by remaining here. It would have been as well for us to have been on the march, as to have remained in camp, so far as being destitute of tents was concerned. But few events of interest are on record respecting the regiment while here A few improved the opportunity to visit the battleground of Antietam, scarcely a month old, and some ten miles distant.

August 18th, the occupants of the headquarters of our regiment received a visit from General Burnside, who was accompanied by the wife of General McClellan and others. While we were waiting here, there appeared a man dressed in citizen's clothes, who sought and obtained from the Colonel

permission to sell patriotic songs among the boys. Possessed of a good voice, he sang not a little to the great interest and pleasure of the camp. He only regretted, as he claimed, that he could not carry a musket in defense of the Union. But afterwards it appeared that this same person was arrested at Frederick City on the charge of being a spy.

Apparently small events sometimes change the history of individuals, and communities. We know not by what means our regiment was selected to re-enforce the Army of the Potomac, yet I am sure we shall always be proud of the day that in any way cast in our lot with this world-renowned army; for to it was given the most important mission of the war, as, it was required to guard the Capital of our Nation, on the one hand, while it attempted to capture the Capital of the Confederacy on the other. It had opposed to it, the most formidable army of the enemy, commanded by their most efficient General. The work accomplished by this Army of the Potomac, may be seen in the fact that out of the twelve great battles of the war, in which on an average 15,000 men were lost, all but three were fought by this army. In its entire history 48,902 were either killed in battle, or died of wounds—nearly half of the number reported as killed in battle during the war. Its aggregate losses were 242,750. We give the above on the authority of Major McGinnis, in an oration before the Army of the Potomac. As Chauncy Depew has well said, "To the Army of the Potomac belongs the unequalled distinction of being its own hero. It fought more battles and lost more men than all the others. It shed its blood like water, to teach incompetent officers the art of war, and political tacticians the folly of their plans; but it was always the same undismayed and invincible Army of the Potomac. Loyal ever to its mission and to discipline, the only sound it gave in protest to the murderous folly of cabinets and generals, was the crackling of bones, as cannon balls ploughed through its decimated ranks * * * inflexible of purpose, insensible to suffering, inured to fatigue,

and reckless of danger, it rained blow upon blow upon its heroic but staggering foe, and the world gained a new and better Republic in the surrender at Appomattox. As the Republic marches down the ages, accumulating power and splendor with each succeeding century, the van will be led by the Army of the Potomac."

A HOT TIME IN DIXIE.

CHAPTER VI.

THE ADVANCE INTO VIRGINIA.

October-December, 1862.

From safe and peaceful Norwich the regiment went by rail directly to the defenses of Washington, then garrisoned by the Army of the Potomac, and was assigned to the Second Brigade, Third Division of the Ninth Army Corps, on October 10, 1862.

The history of the war prior to this date need not here be recounted. Suffice it to say that, upon the whole, the successes of the Union armies had not been conspicuous; but the spirit of officers and men was undaunted, and there was a general conviction throughout the Army of the Potomac that, given only a fair chance, it could teach the gray-coated legions of the Confederacy a lesson that they would not soon forget.

On the 28th day of October, 1862, after more than three weeks of uneventful camp life at Pleasant Valley, and amid the historic and romantic scenery of Harper's Ferry, the grand old Army of the Potomac, under the command of Major-General George B. McClellan, forded the Potomac river at Berlin, and began that long and weary march of nearly two hundred miles, to Falmouth, Va., on the Rappahannock river, opposite the city of Fredericksburg, the objective point of the expedition.

On leaving Berlin we passed down on the east side of the Blue Ridge through a sparsely settled country and camped the first night in a grove near what was called Lovettsville, where we remained one day. Here the boys indulged the natural propensity of the soldier for foraging. So many left camp for that purpose that Colonel Dutton sent out a guard detail to bring in all the rovers that could be captured. He also ordered the roll to be called every hour, so that it was difficult to get far from camp. The boys enjoyed a game of base-ball, notwithstanding the march of the day before, and the prospect of a longer march the next day

Starting at daylight next morning, we encamped, after an uneventful and easy march, at Wheatland. We found here some immense stacks of wheat straw which were utilized for beds, and for one night at least we rested in luxury. There was some foraging here, but as there were some stray rebel cavalrymen around, it was rather restricted. About two weeks before there was a cavalry skirmish here. The next day we were mustered for two months pay, which was very thankfully received, though there was very little use for money in this wilderness of woe.

November 2d we broke camp and marched twenty or more miles, camping in a field near Unionville, and in the morning, hearing heavy cannonading in the front, we fell in and started on the double quick through Unionville in the direction of Snicker's Gap, where we found our batteries shelling the woods. We marched as far as Ashby's Gap, when we encamped and staid one day in order to give a chance for rest, wash clothing and kill "graybacks." The country through which we had passed after leaving Berlin was very thinly settled, and the places mentioned are really only small settlements, comprising very few houses. There were no able-bodied men to be seen, but only a few women and negroes, the only representatives of the "F F V's," for which the state is famed.

We left Ashby's Gap November 5, marched all day,

making about fifteen miles, to Oak Hill, and went into camp during a cold rain, with the wind blowing furiously. As we had no tents we passed a miserable night. The next morning we started early, and after marching about an hour, we halted about three hours, for the infantry, artillery and baggage wagons to pass. Being near a grist mill, the boys got some meal and flour, and found a quantity of potatoes buried in a garden. Arrived at Orleans, we went into camp, having marched about twenty miles, which was a long distance considering the circumstances.

On the 7th of November it snowed hard all day and was very cold. We marched through mud and slush, passing through Waterloo, and went into camp in the woods, where we built fires to warm the ground, so that we could sleep, with at least a pretense of keeping out of the wet. This camp, for the want of a better name, was designated Camp Near Warrington, but later was christened with the more suggestive and appropriate title of " Camp Starvation," from the fact that the Commissary Department very nearly collapsed—so much so, that hard-tack sold for twenty-five cents a " tack," and scarcely anything could be obtained in the way of food for love or money. It was said that the rebel General Stewart's cavalry had cut off our supply train. Whether that was so or not, the long roll was sounded, and we were marched out in the direction of Waterloo to support General Pleasanton's detachment, which had come up with the enemy, and was being driven back. The rebels, finding that General Pleasanton was re-enforced, fell back, losing some fifty head of cattle and about a dozen prisoners. We remained under arms during the night, and as the enemy had disappeared, returned to Camp Starvation in the morning.

News that General Burnside had been assigned to the command of the Army of the Potomac, relieving General McClellan, was received by his old Ninth Corps with enthusiastic cheering and expressions of joy at his promotion.

General Burnside was a great favorite with the soldiers,

particularly of the old Ninth Corps, which he commanded and which he made famous as one of the most efficient corps in the Army of the Potomac. He was a large and distinguished-looking man, and of fine address and military bearing, and could ride a horse to beat a cow-boy. He was full of magnetism and military enthusiasm, and his presence seemed to inspire the men and make them equal to any endeavor or sacrifice. His appearance on any occasion was the signal for the boys to yell, and they usually did it with a will. He could not ride past them at any time but they would break out into cheering, and it was no ordinary cheers either—they came from the heart. I have seen men lying in the face of the enemy (when he did not wish them to know our position, or force) break into the wildest cheering. The General would shake his hand at them as a signal to stop, but it would make no difference ; they cheered just the same, and only ceased when he was out of sight.

And he always rode, as the boys said, "as though the devil was after him." I remember particularly one day as the the whole Army of the Potomac was marching from Harper's Ferry to Fredericksburg, stretching out on the road like a great snake, when we marched for twelve days uninterruptedly, the General came like a whirlwind down the line, followed by his staff and some forty orderlies. The men opened ranks and gave him all the road (and he needed it all), falling back to the fences and cheering like mad. The General had been informed that the rebel General Stuart (of Stuart's cavalry) was just ahead and he hoped to capture him. Stuart learned that Burnside was coming, just as he and his staff were sitting down to dinner at a farm-house. So they abandoned the dinner and made their escape. Burnside and staff captured a good dinner, but Stuart got away Burnside's body-guard and orderlies at such a time had a hard time to keep within hearing distance of the General, and they came straggling along after him, inquiring if we had seen anything of Burnside, and swearing that they could not keep within

two miles of him. Of course their horses were not as good as his, and there were few that could ride as he could, and so they had a terrible time keeping track of him.

The country through which we passed was alive with rabbits, and whenever one was started up the boys would yell so that the rabbit would often lie down, so scared he could not move, and they would pick him up, and he would be added to their rations. So whenever we heard a cheering away back in the line, the men would exclaim "Burnside or a rabbit," and you could always tell whether it was Burnside or a rabbit by the duration of the cheering. If it was brief and soon subsided, you could make up your mind it was a rabbit; but if long continued and kept coming nearer and nearer, it was Burnside, and the men prepared to take to the fence, for Burnside had the right of way. Sometimes we would hear a faint cheer far away off, so far that we were just able to catch the sound, but growing clearer and clearer as it came rolling along up the lines of that great army, like a tremendous tidal wave, until it broke over us, and passed on, to be finally lost in the dim distance ahead.

On the morning of the 12th we had bean soup, with plenty of water, but so few beans that we were very soon more hungry than ever. We had notice this morning that there would be no more drills until we were supplied with food. During the day we received our first ration of hard-tack, ten to each man, and were very glad to get that, wishing only that there had been more. Some of it had worms in it, but we were glad to get anything, and down it went. Cold and frost and hunger made this camp memorable in our annals.

The 15th of November we were again ordered forward, leaving Camp Starvation, and arriving within about ten miles of Fairfax Station. Here we came upon Benjamin's Battery, which had encountered a small force of the enemy, and a skirmish ensued, in which the rebels were driven back, three of their guns being silenced by the first round, fired at a distance of one mile, and another at the second round at a

distance of nearly two miles. As this was the first actual encounter with the enemy, who were easily routed, the men were greatly encouraged and looked eagerly for more foes to conquer. Some of them talked rather boastfully of the wonderful things they would do later on. They learned to talk more moderately when they discovered that the victory was not always on one side.

We left camp on the 16th, arriving at night near Warrington Junction, after a long and seemingly useless march in which we went nine miles out of our way. Since we had started on this long and tedious march, the men had learned by actual experience the wonderful adhesiveness of Old Virginia mud, about which they had heard so often, but of which the half had never been told. Many are the army brogans that lie buried deep in the "sacred soil" on the line of that long and tiresome tramp. The agriculturist of the future, as his plowshare shall turn up and disclose these relics of the forgotten past, will doubtless wonder what become of the former occupant of those shoes.

On the 17th we marched all day, with nothing of unusual interest to disturb the monotony, and camped at night at Cedar Grove, within eight miles of our destination. The next day we reached Falmouth, immediately opposite Fredericksburg, having in about twelve days of marching covered nearly two hundred miles across the unfriendly State of Virginia.

Many weary and worn-out soldiers dropped out of the ranks long before our destination had been reached, and the rear guard were powerless to urge them forward. And so with broken ranks and only fragments of companies, we went into camp for the night, so tired and weary that even hunger was forgotten, or at least ignored by the desire for rest and sleep. The long march was ended, and the Army of the Potomac slept at last on the banks of the Rappahannock. On the following day (November 20th) camps were laid out on a level tract of land just in sight of the city. The Twenty-

first had never yet received tents, not even shelter tents, and consequently had to construct rude and miserable shelters with their blankets, etc., as indeed they had always done since entering the service.

For days, worn out and exhausted men continued to come straggling into camp, and it was nearly a week before we had anything like our old numbers ready for duty. The men were heartily sick of marching, and, for a change, would have welcomed a sharp and decisive battle.

In fact, we expected that we were at once to take possession of Fredericksburg, and from what we could learn, we did not anticipate it would be a very great undertaking, neither would it have been difficult at that time, but later, after a month of delay, during which time the enemy had labored night and day in fortifying their position—it was practically impregnable—a fact we learned by a sad and terrible experience during those two December days.

November 21st, a tremendous storm of rain fell and continued without any cessation until the morning of the 23d, causing terrible suffering. Our men lay down at night under their rudely constructed shelters, to awake and find water rapidly rising around them and the rain pouring pitilessly down.

In the morning it was nearly ankle deep, and the soil had become so soft and muddy that it was useless to attempt to lie down anywhere in the camp; and so the men, without shelter, passed two as miserable days as they had ever known, some standing with blankets over their heads as a protection from the merciless storm, while some walked back and forth through the mud and rain endeavoring to pass away the weary hours, while others sat silent upon their knapsacks, longing for the storm to pass by. And pass it did; but ere it had passed away, it had sown widely and freely the seeds of disease and death in many of the bravest and strongest in the regiment. After the storm the men were allowed to go away into the woods to dry themselves by fires made there,

as the only place free from mud; and on the 27th day of November, while Thanksgiving was being celebrated in our native state, our boys were busy in moving camp to some more appropriate ground. The previous camp was ever afterwards known as "Camp Death," from the fact that so many lost their lives there from the effects of the storm, and had been laid tenderly to rest beneath the unfriendly soil of Virginia.

The remainder of the month passed away while the regiment was daily perfecting itself in drill. December came with its cold winds and storms, and was fast passing away, and no attack had yet been made upon the rebellious city, and some had come to doubt whether an attack would ever be made; but on the morning of the 11th of December the roar of cannon rang out among the hills and valleys, rousing us from our slumbers, as the very earth trembled and shook. The battle had began, and was now raging with steadily increasing fury. It was no mild warring of the elements, but a storm of "leaden rain and iron hail," vomited forth from the mouths of hundreds of cannon on both sides of the river, and shaking the old hills with their thunders, as echo after echo came and went, telling the inhabitants for miles around that the battle of Fredericksburg had opened, and was being waged with terrible energy.

The pontoon bridges were being built under the deadly fire of the enemy, who were using their utmost endeavors to prevent them from being thrown across to the opposite shore.

But brave hearts and steady and determined hands had begun the work and could not be deterred, though many fell under fire of the enemy's sharpshooters concealed in the buildings on the shore. Nobly they accomplished their work, and the crossing began. Regiments, brigades and divisions, with colors flying, and bristling bayonets reflecting the sunbeams from their glittering points, marched gallantly over into the traitorous city.

At the opening of the battle, the Twenty-first with most of the other troops, were ordered under arms, and towards night of the first day of the battle were marched down near the river ready to cross. We did not, however, cross until the second day (Friday), when we marched over into the city just at night, stacked arms in the street, and slept in unoccupied buildings and stores. No infantry of any account had as yet been engaged, the battle thus far having been an artillery duel, the sharpshooters doing what they could to help it along.

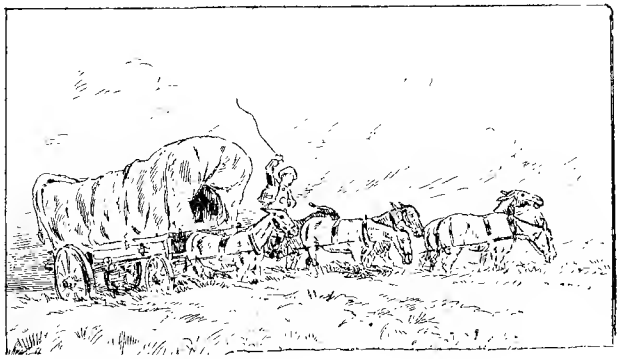
On the morning of the 13th, the day which was to close on a dark and bloody field strewn with thousands of dead and dying, we were ordered down to the banks of the river, where we lay during most of the day, shot and shell passing over us, and often exploding among us, and severely wounding several of our men.

The battle had now begun in earnest, and the rattle of musketry mingled with the roar of cannon, told that the impatient combatants were hotly contesting the ground, while the wounded and dying borne to the rear and across the river, told that many a poor patriot was fighting his last fight. Night was now coming on, when we were ordered to the front, and again marching up into the city, we formed in line of battle and proceeded to the field, while the musket balls fell among us, killing one man and wounding several. Arrived near the battle-field, we were ordered to halt and lie down until wanted, when Colonel Curtis, of the Fourth Rhode Island, immediately on our left and in our brigade (the Second), was shot from his horse, and his clarion voice hushed forever in the silence of death.

The firing soon ceased as the darkness of night closed over the scene, and we lay upon the field until the next morning, when hostilities having for the present, at least, ceased, we returned to the city. It was expected that this day (Sunday, the 14th,) would witness a still more desperate battle, it being the purpose of General Burnside to charge the enemy s

works, and, if possible, take them. The battle would be a desperate one, all knew it. The Twenty-first had been designated to lead the advance on the center. The attack was to open at 10 o'clock A. M., but the hour came and passed, and so did the day. No movements were made, the attack having been declared too hazardous to attempt.

Monday, the 15th, passed, and as darkness came on we were ordered to the front, again expecting to attack the enemy's works under cover of the darkness. We marched out, near the field of battle, and silently awaited the order to move on their works. After about two hours or more of waiting, we were ordered to march as silently as possible to the river, and now for the first time learned that a large portion of the army had recrossed while we had been making a show in front to deceive the enemy. The Second Brigade now recrossed, and we returned to our old camp, worn and weary from the fatigues of the battle, while the nation mourned the failure to carry the Heights, and the loss of many of her noblest and bravest sons.



"STUCK."

CHAPTER VII.

FREDERICKSBURG.

(December, 12-15, 1862.)

When Burnside assumed command of the army, with headquarters at Warrenton, three plans of operation were possible. He might engage the enemy where he was, and if successful, follow him to Richmond, he might move by way of Fredericksburg toward the Confederate Capital; or, he might choose the peninsula route. The plan that the new commander really favored, as Swinton tells us, was that by way of the peninsula. Could he only while away the time until the following spring, he hoped to adopt this route. But those in authority would neither tolerate so long a delay, nor sanction the repetition of a plan that had once failed. Perhaps from political reasons, or perhaps because of the demands of an impatient public sentiment, an immediate movement towards Richmond was demanded. Of the two campaigns possible, General Burnside chose that by the way of Fredericksburg, the paramount object of which was the capture of the Confederate Capital. It was left to General Grant to show, that not the capture of the Capital, but the destruction of Lee's army, was properly the object of our ambition.

The Fredericksburg plan was opposed by General Halleck, but the President gave his consent. After a short delay, Burn-

side set his whole army in motion towards Falmouth, on the opposite side of the Rappahannock from Fredericksburg. Before the troops left camp it had been arranged that Halleck should hasten the pontoons from Washington, that the army might cross immediately upon their arrival opposite the city, at least, so General Burnside understood. But when on November 17th, the advance of the army under Sumner reached Falmouth, there were no pontoons there, neither did they arrive until eight days later. This seriously disarranged the plans of the commander, and it would seem that whoever was responsible for the delay should bear at least a part of the blame for the disaster that followed.

At the time when our advance reached Falmouth, the city across the river was held by only two batteries of artillery, one regiment of cavalry and less than two regiments of infantry. Forty thousand men opposed them, and Lee and his army were forty miles away. If only the pontoons had been ready as Burnside expected, the Union army might have crossed the river almost without opposition, and occupied the heights for which they fought so desperately a few days later. Colonel Brooks, commanding a brigade, saw some cattle wade the stream separating us from Fredericksburg. He noticed that the water was not more than knee-deep. He informed General Sumner, who communicated with the commander of the army, asking for permission to cross at once. But General Burnside thought it inadvisable, and thus, by too great caution, a second mistake was made, for there would appear to have been sufficient engineering skill in the army to construct bridges, and ample provisions were on hand for several days. True, a storm immediately followed the arrival of our advance, but the advantage that would have been gained by a dash across the river, would have more than compensated for everything.

During the few weeks that followed, Burnside visited Washington, asking permission to go into winter quarters. To this the government would not consent, they demanded a

forward movement. To the credit of the commander, it should be stated that his original plan was frustrated by the apparently dilatory actions of General Halleck, and he was compelled, against his better judgment, to fight a great battle. During the delay that followed, General Lee hurried his entire army to the point threatened, and securely entrenched himself in a strong position. Let us consider the conditions. Fredericksburg was located on the right bank of the Rappahannock, in a somewhat broken plain extending from a short distance above the city to Massaponax river below. This plain is nearly six miles in length, and varies in width from half a mile above the city to two miles below. Opposite the city the plain is something less than a mile in width. It is bordered on the south by a bold ridge, running nearly parallel with the river, while back of this ridge is a plateau on which the Rebel Army encamped as fast as they arrived. As Longstreet says: "General Lee now concentrated the entire Confederate army for the first time, having in all over three hundred guns. With wise precaution he occupied the ridge bordering the plain on the south, and securely fortified it. He placed two hundred guns in position so that at least fifty of them could be brought to bear on any one point in the plain below Moreover, on the hills behind, 'Maryé's Heights,' batteries were stationed to repel a frontal attack."

But, meanwhile, Burnside was not idle. Since all advantages hoped for from his rapid march had been lost through the lack of pontoons, he began to make plans for more extended operations. Opposite Fredericksburg, and for some distance below, the north bank of the Rappahannock rises in a high bluff that completely commands the city. Along this bluff and the banks below, our army seized the most available points for planting batteries. Not a few of our regiment will remember this because of the part they bore in the work. One evening, near the first of December, a detachment from our regiment re-enforced by others from the division, amounting in all to two hundred men, with picks and shovels,

repaired to the bluffs opposite the city. Divided into three reliefs, we began to the work of throwing up an earthwork. The city was almost within a stone's throw, just across the river. There was little to disturb the stillness of the night, save the barking of the dogs, or the dull thud of the picks, or the rasping of the shovels in the hands of the men. The city clock from the steeple of one of the churches, could be distinctly heard as it called off the hours of the night, and marked the time for the change of each relief.

The enemy's picket on the opposite bank must have heard us, but they made no sign. By daylight, the work at that point was finished, and the men retired to their respective camps. What was done here was repeated in many other places. Soon a hundred and forty-seven guns were in position, twenty-two of which were twenty-pounder "parrots," and seven were four and a half-inch siege guns. These were stationed, as General Hunt, chief of artillery, says: "In order to control the enemy's movements on the plain, to reply to and silence his batteries along the crest of the ridge, to command the town and protect the troops in crossing."

And now that all was ready, the attempt was made to lay the pontoons. They were to be thrown across the river opposite the city, for the crossing of Sumner's and Hooker's forces, and two more were to be placed below for Franklin's corps. On the night of the tenth the boats were brought to the bank, and before daylight were slipped from the team and launched on the river. A dense fog covered the valley and partially concealed the pontonniers. As the day approached the enemy's picket, however, opened fire, and re-enforced by others, soon drove the engineers to shelter. Says Longstreet, "At three o'clock in the morning our signal guns gave notice of the enemy's approach. The troops being at their company quarters, were formed immediately and marched to their position along the line." The engineers in charge of the lower bridges, under command of Franklin, meeting with less opposition, completed their work by noon. But

those in charge of the three upper bridges, were met by such a destructive fire, that they were obliged to suspend operations. At ten o'clock Burnside gave orders to bombard the city. About fifty rounds were fired, but apart from having started fires in a few places, but little damage was done. We could not depress our guns to bear directly upon the buildings where the sharp-shooters were hidden. During the bombardment, fresh but unavailing attempts were made to complete the bridges. At length at General Hunt's suggestion, troops were ferried over in the pontoon boats, and landing on the opposite side of the river, soon drove the Rebel pickets from their entrenchments. This done, the bridges were completed in short order.

If it be asked why the enemy allowed this work to be accomplished, a reason may be found in General Lee's report. "The plain of Fredericksburg is so completely commanded by the heights held by the enemy, that no effective opposition could be made to the construction of the bridges or the passage of the river. Our position was therefore selected with a view to resist the enemy's advance after crossing." The bridges being finished on the eleventh, there was no obstruction to the passing of the troops on the twelfth. General Sumner had command of the right wing, Franklin of the left, while Hooker, as a reserve, was stationed in the center, with a large part of his troops not yet across the river. Many of his troops, however, were placed at the disposal of General Franklin. Here the two armies met each other face to face, one hundred and thirteen thousand under Burnside, seventy-eight thousand under Lee.

It shall be remembered that the enemy counted only the available fighting men, while our report included many who were detailed as camp or wagon guards, so that the disparity in numbers is not so great as the figures might indicate. But if the enemy had fewer troops, they had an immense advantage in position. They were as those who occupy the seats of an amphitheatre, while we were in the arena below, and it

was our task to climb those heights and drive them from their position of vantage.

If now we seek for Burnside's plan of battle, we find that apparently he had none. He hoped to gain some part of the enemy's lines, and thus secure a position from which he could move in rear of the crest back of the city, and compel the enemy to evacuate or to capitulate. Then with Sumner's forces to attack their left, he would prevent the removal of their artillery in case they attempted to retreat. This would imply that the greater part of the fighting must be done by Franklin's forces. During the day preceding the battle, Burnside was in consultation with Franklin. The latter urged his superior to attack the enemy in his front with a force of at least thirty thousand men, by daylight on the following morning. Burnside left him at six o'clock P. M., and promised him that he would send him orders within two or three hours, or in any event, before midnight. Franklin spent an anxious night, but received no orders until the following morning, and then they were so ambiguous, that he was in doubt as to their meaning. He was to move with one division at least, to seize the heights at Hamilton's crossing, to take care that the division be well supported, and line of retreat open, while he was to hold the rest of his command in a position for a movement down the old Richmond road. The purport of the matter was very different from what he had been led to expect from their previous conversation, and it was not received until half-past seven of the morning of the battle.

Says General Palfrey in "Campaigns of the Civil War:"— "It is a pitiful picture, but it is probably a true one, that Burnside passed the night of the twelfth, before the battle, in riding about, not quite at his wit's end, but very near it. As far as can be made out, he decided to attempt to do something, he did not know exactly what, with his left. If he succeeded then he would do something with his right."

So far as can be learned, the other leading Federal officers were in no better plight. In place of confidence, their minds were filled with dark forebodings. Says Mr. Swinton, of *The New York Times,* in a report on the morning of the thirteenth: "It was with pain and alarm, this morning, that I found a general want of confidence and gloomy foreboding among the officers whose sound judgment I had learned to trust." Thus dawned the eventful "thirteenth" that looked down upon the two opposing armies. The plan of the attacking forces was obscure, to say the least. The leading officers, with heavy hearts, bore up as best they might; the rank and file, ignorant of these circumstances, stood ready, to a man, to execute any order given; while the army to be attacked rested securely in its intrenched position.

The air was mild for the season, the sky cloudless, but a thick haze hung over the valley concealing the movement of the troops from the enemy and somewhat delaying general movements. Says Longstreet: "The dense fog in the twilight concealed the enemy from view, but the orders, Forward, guide center, march,' were distinctly heard at different points on my right." The first attack of the day was made by that division which was commanded by him who afterwards became the hero of Gettysburg, General Meade. Supported by the two remaining divisions of Reynolds' corps, he pushed his advance forward with creditable speed, crossing the plain before him, and driving the concealed enemy from the edge of the woods. Sweeping back the right flank of one brigade and the left flank of another, he reached the crest of the hill, and occupied a point on the road that Lee had constructed to connect the right and left wings of his army, capturing in this movement two hundred prisoners and several stand of arms.

"The attack must be made with one division at least," said Burnside. And so it had been, and the division had done well; but what could they do now to hold the ground they had gained in the face of the most successful of Generals,

Lee and Jackson, who sent forward re-enforcements on the double-quick. For want of support, Meade's division was speedily driven back; Gibbons' division, hastening to his support, was swept away, and when Burney's division, arriving upon the ground checked the advance of the enemy, they were within fifteen yards of his front. But if the gallant Meade suffered this repulse through no fault of his own, within less than seven months he was to witness the more disastrous repulse of Picket's charge at Gettysburg. By a quarter after two o'clock the fighting on the left had practically ceased.

At the right of the line, where our more personal interest centered, the two corps of Couch and Wilcox occupied Fredericksburg awaiting orders. Back of the city is a place known as Maryé's heights, where the steep ridge for a little less than a mile runs nearly parallel with the river. Along the foot of these heights in the edge of the plain was a broad, well-constructed road, in front of which on the side toward the plain was a strong stone wall shoulder high. Along the front of this, earth had been thrown up, thus making one of the best of protections for infantry; while on the rising heights in the rear were defenses for sharpshooters, and earthworks for artillery wherever engineering skill could locate them to advantage.

The following description, from Carlton, the correspondent for *The Boston Journal*, may be of interest: "From General Sumner's headquarters, I have a wide sweep of country in view. On the right I see a steep bluff behind the town. * * * At the top of the bluff I behold the house of Mr. Maryé, with breastworks in front of it, on the edge of the bluff. Half way down the street I see a line of yellow earth and a line of men behind it. I can see cannon peeping from embrasures. I did not know at that moment, nor did anyone in the army know, that there was a sunken road running along the base of the bluff, and that a brigade of Confederates was lying there in the natural fortification There were three lines of men securely entrenched. Since then I have stood

upon the bluff with General Longstreet, who kindly pointed out the position of his troops and of his cannon, planted to sweep every rod of ground between the bluff and the town. His chief engineer, after placing the cannon in position, said, "General, I've still some guns left." "Can't you put them in somewhere?" "I don't need them. You couldn't rake the field with a fine tooth comb more completely than I can with my batteries," the chief engineer replied.

Between these defenses in the city at distances of seventeen hundred yards, as General Hancock estimates it, the plain was somewhat broken. Yet to reach these heights our army must charge over this plain, subject to the most destructive fire of both artillery and infantry At eleven o'clock Burnside gave the command for the assault of these heights. General French's division of Couch's corps was the first to advance. They moved out of the city by the two roads; crossed a canal on imperfect bridges, and went forward in face of an artillery fire that made gaps in their line that could be seen by the enemy a mile away Then pausing behind a slight rise of ground to form in brigade front, they moved forward with dauntless courage to face one of the most murderous fires in the whole history of war. They advanced until within close proximity to the stone wall, when they fell back with the loss of twelve hundred men. Next the division of Hancock, "the superb," moved forward to within twenty-five paces of the stone wall, and fell back, losing two thousand men, or forty per cent. of its strength. Then followed Howard's division, with a loss of eight hundred and seventy-seven men.

It was now half-past two in the afternoon, and the second corps had spent its strength. An order was sent to General Franklin to renew the battle on the left and to attack in force along his whole line. But it appeared to be late in the day for such an extended attack; besides, in view of the morning's experience, he evidently had no faith in such a movement. He took upon himself the responsibility of ignoring the order.

This doubtless was well for the Army of the Potomac, but it cost him dear, for from this time he dropped out of the history of the war. Meanwhile Sturges' division of the ninth corps was ordered to make a fourth attack upon Maryé's heights, only to be driven back with a loss of one thousand and twenty-eight men. This was followed by Griffin's division of the fifth corps with a loss of eight hundred and eighteen men.

But the ill-fated day drew at last to a close. The left wing under Franklin was idle, and the right wing had been repulsed five successive times, as by division front it had charged the enemy's position. He who was once hailed as the hero of Roanoke Island and Newburn, had, for some reason or other, attempted the impossible. Says Swinton, who spoke from personal observation, "There now grew upon his mind something which those around him saw to be akin to desperation. Riding down from his headquarters to the bank of the Rappahannock, he walked rapidly up and down, and gazing over the heights in front of him, exclaimed excitedly, 'The heights must be carried to-night.'" An order was sent to Hooker, and Humphrey's division moved forward to the assault. Hastily investigating the conditions, Hooker was convinced that further fighting was useless.

Hastening to his almost demented superior, he attempted to dissuade him from any further attack. But in vain. Humphrey's division after sunset moved forward over the ill-fated ground that had witnessed the defeat of five successive assaults, made one of the noblest charges on record, lost seventeen hundred men out of four thousand, and failed like its predecessors. Notice the conditions as described by Longstreet: "Humphrey is to charge with two brigades, while behind the stone wall there were three. The men were stationed there four deep; the rear lines loading while the front would fire." The stone wall was a sheet of flames that enveloped the front and flank of the enemy. With this

almost desperate assault closed the history of this eventful day.

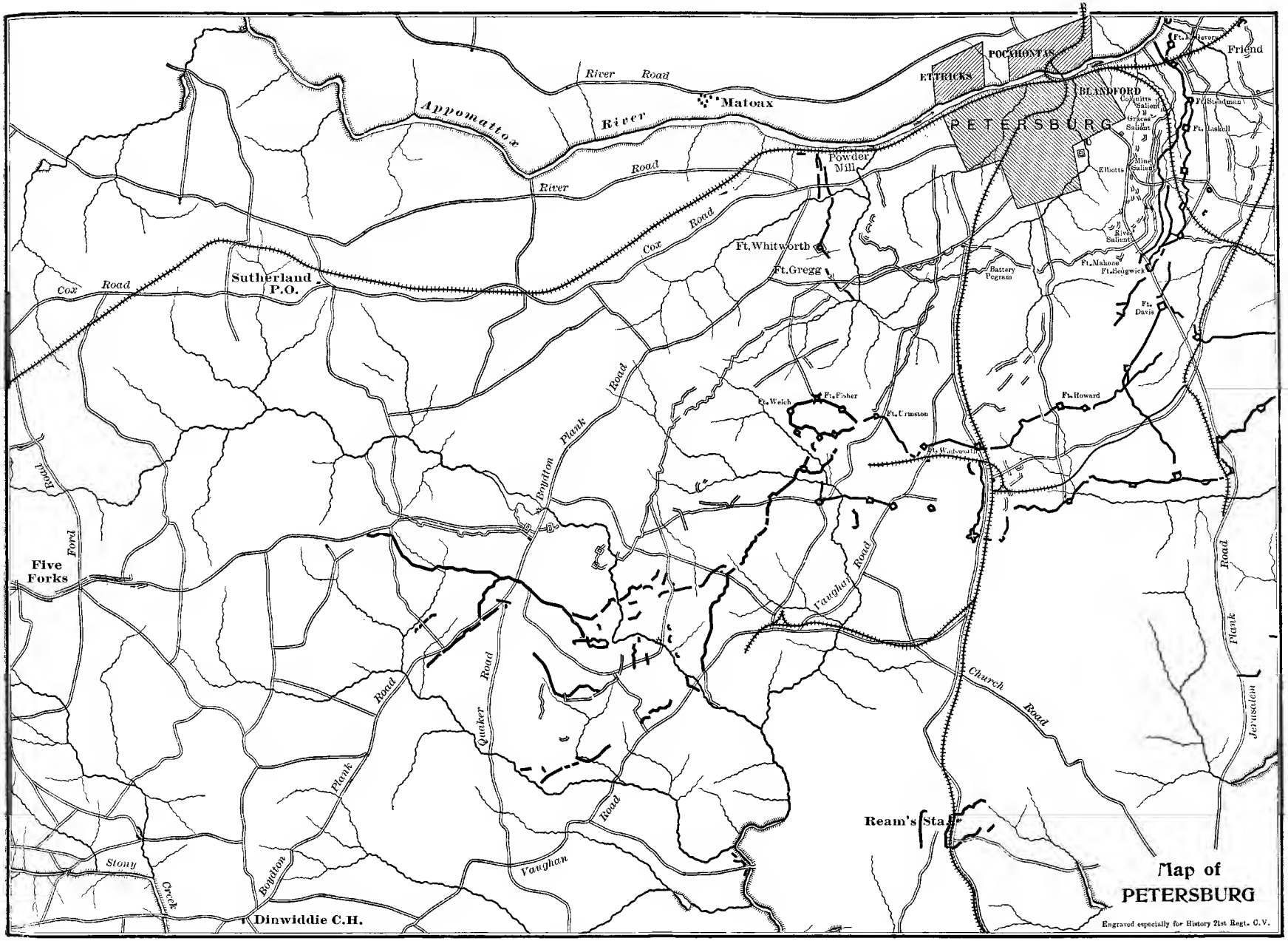
We will now go back a little to consider the part the Twenty-first took in these events. General Gettey's division, to which the regiment belonged, lost two hundred and eighty-four men. Our regiment was called out from its camp on the morning of the day preceding the battle and marched upon a field that sloped toward the river. We stacked arms and waited our turn to cross. While waiting, some enterprising speculator appeared, having come from across the river, bearing a heavy load of tobacco, spoil gathered from the hostile city, which he sold cheap, to the great delight of our men. But we were not allowed to remain long in peace. The enemy had caught sight of us and were training their guns. Soon a shot passed over our heads, with its dismal, threatening music, at which the whole regiment made obeisance, as does the full-grown grain before the passing breeze that precedes some threatening storm. Then a shell, more accurately directed, fell in the midst of a neighboring regiment. Speedily we withdrew to a more secure place.

Late in the afternoon we crossed the river, and abode in the city for the night, finding a resting place in the streets, or in the houses as was most convenient. During the next day we were held in reserve till late in the afternoon, being stationed on a street running parallel with the river, and very near to the pontoon bridge. Here we witnessed in part the passing of the teams, between the right wing in front of us and the base of supplies on the opposite side of the river. Ambulances also were busy caring for the disabled. Frequently the wounded would return on foot if the hurt was not too serious. In the early part of the day, we heard with a good deal of enthusiasm of the success of General Meade's division. But, as the hours passed by, the news of success on the left was followed by reverses. The firing at our front was kept up with varying intensity. There was no news of victories gained. It was ominous. Yet it was our first battle, and we

were sure that our army was so great and strong, that it would be impossible to check us. Therefore, the high expectation of success with which the conflict was begun, was very slow to yield to the thought of defeat.

At last the sun sank through the dim haze to its rest. We had waited during these eventful and anxious hours, ready to obey any order, yet thankful that we had so far escaped. At length, about sunset, we were ordered forward through the streets of the city towards the front. Reaching the last street that runs parallel with the enemy's works, we "filed right," and soon halting and coming to the front, found ourselves facing the enemy. Along the side of the street looking towards the battle-field were scattered buildings, the interval between them filled with a picket fence. Immediately the Colonel gives the order, "Forward, guide center, march! Get along the best way you can."

Hastening forward, we removed all obstacles not stationary, and went around those we could not move. A hundred hands quickly laid fences low on the ground, while companies that found buildings in their way filed around them and took their places in line on the opposite side. Leaving the city speedily in our rear, we hastened over ground somewhat uneven, and soon reached the field of battle as the early twilight faded into deeper darkness. Our advance was about the time of the gallant charge of Humphrey's division. It was a wild scene in the gathering darkness of that lurid night, with shot and shell flying over our heads, the incessant fire of infantry from behind the stone wall repelling the charge, and the rapid firing of cannon from the rising ground along the heights. Scarcely had we halted, when a caisson just in front of us, hit by a shell from the enemy, was blown up in a blaze of fire, scattering with fearful noise, shot and shell, and broken pieces of boards in every direction. But with the approach of darkness there came a cessation of hostilities, and soon comparative quiet reigned. From a barn nearby, many


Map of
PETERSBURG
Engraved especially for History 21st Regt. C.V.
PETERSBURG
Friend
POCAHONTAS
ETTRICKS
BLANDFORD
Matoax
Appomattox
River
River Road
Powder Mill
Ft. Whitworth
Ft. Gregg
Cox Road
Sutherland P.O.
Battery Pegram
Ft. Mahone
Ft. Sedgwick
Ft. Davis
Ft. Howard
Ft. Welch
Ft. Fisher
Ft. Urmston
Ft. Wadsworth
Boydton Plank Road
Five Forks
Ford Road
Vaughan Road
Church Road
Jerusalem Plank Road
Quaker Road
Ream's Sta.
Stony Creek
Dinwiddie C.H.

of the soldiers supplied themselves with hay. And here, after the excitement of this eventful day, we rested for the night.

"Our bugles rang truce, for the night cloud had lowered,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered,
The wearied to sleep, and the wounded to die."

Before light on the following day we were withdrawn from the field and moved back into the city But scarcely had we finished breakfast when we learned that Burnside purposed to renew the battle immediately, charging Maryé's heights with the entire ninth corps, commanding the charge in person. He designed to move forward, left in front. As our regiment was near the extreme left, it would have brought us in front. The enemy were already aware of this contemplated movement, as at twelve o'clock of the preceding night a dispatch-bearer had been captured with the information that Burnside was to renew the battle in the morning. Had we made the charge, we should have found the enemy prepared to meet us; but fortunately, through the remonstrance of subordinate officers, this audacious command was never carried into execution.

What would have been the result to us if the charge had been made is not difficult to determine. We must have been a torn and shattered regiment, and many of us who now live to read an account of the battle would then have filled unmarked graves. But no one can know the feelings that possess the soldier who waits long hours in expectation of engaging in a charge, save those who have experienced it. There is less heart-sickness in the marching forward into battle than in the anxious waiting, for in the former case the mind is occupied with something to do, in the latter it is filled with deep forebodings.

When, however, the anxiety of the coming charge gave way to the realization that it would not be attempted, our stay in the city became more pleasant. Empty houses were used as hospitals. The soldiers found in the deserted stores

provisions that supplied their wants, while in the vacant shops and yards was found fuel for cooking our newly gained supplies. Thus were passed the two days following the battle. The wounded were transported across the river, back to the old camp or to the hospitals farther north. On the night of the fifteenth we were again ordered forward to the battle-field as a picket line. The movement was made in silence, commands must be given in whispers. After a short stay we again moved back through the city, then over the pontoon-bridge, covered with soil to deaden the sound, then back to the camp, which we welcomed with no little satisfaction. Our loss had been slight, only six wounded, none killed. Respecting the conduct of the regiment in this its first experience under fire, the Colonel reports: "It is my duty and pleasure to testify to the gallantry, coolness and enthusiasm displayed by the regiment during the time it was under fire, and to the fortitude and alacrity with which the men fulfilled every duty required of them, during this day of excitement and suffering. The officers in particular have, without exception, shown themselves well worthy the trust reposed in them."

Of the battle, as a whole, it will ever stand as an example of brave fighting on the part of the men and poor generalship on the part of the leader. Says the correspondent of *The London Times*, at General Lee's headquarters: "That any mortal men could have carried the position before which they were wantonly sacrificed, defended as it was, seems to me idle for a moment to believe." It takes its place among the twelve great battles of the war. On our side the losses were, 1,284 killed, 9,600 wounded, 1,769 captured or missing; total, 12,653. The losses on the Confederate side amounted to 608 killed, 4,116 wounded, 653 captured or missing; total, 5,377. While with us after the battle there was discouragement and the consciousness of defeat, in the enemy's camp there were high hopes that soon the war would cease, with a recognition of the Southern Confederacy. Says General Longstreet: "General Lee went down to Richmond soon after the battle

to prepare for active operations, and returned with the information that gold had gone up to two hundred in New York, that the war was over, and peace would be announced in sixty days, that it would be useless to harass the troops by winter service."

A CALL FOR VOLUNTEERS.

CORPORAL PALMER'S NARRATIVE.

At the time of the great battle of Fredericksburg, 1862, I was a boy seventeen years of age, full of patriotism, as Connecticut boys have been in all of this country's struggles. I was a member of the third division of the famous old Ninth Corps, Burnside's former command, which the General held in reserve in the streets of Fredericksburg, until the last afternoon of the desperate fight. The plain in front of Maryé's heights, and the fatal stone wall, was the scene of many brave charges of brigades, whose sacrifices are now a part of the Nation's history Preparations began early in the day of December 13th. About 1:30 P. M., the second division, Ninth Corps, was directed to charge on the Hazel Run and Willis Hill front. At 4:30 P. M. there came a hurry order to the third division to go to the support of the second, and away we went, glad to take an active part, as we had been under fire more or less, for two or three days. As soon as we cleared the city streets, moving by the right flank, the Twenty-first on the right of division, we were exposed to a perfect shower of bullets and exploding shells from a general attack, which was taking place all along the front. Under this terrible fire we formed and moved forward towards the line of battle, the company to which I belonged, marching through

the back yards of the houses for two or three blocks, and we had a lively time in pulling up and breaking over the numerous fences to keep up with that part of the line which had less obstructions. We approached the scene of operations until the right of regiment reached the railroad at the depot, extending to the left through some brick kilns, a light battery of four pieces, situated on a low ridge in front of the left of regiment, shelling the enemy, whose front was near, as fast as they could fire the guns. We were ordered to lie down, which we did in short order, and settled ourselves into the soft clay of the brick yard, which offered some degree of shelter from the iron and lead which was flying so furiously around, and dangerously near, our heads. I noticed that it was owing to the nearness of the battery, that we were favored by so generous a portion of the enemy's ammunition. After a time the fire slackened, our assault having met with a bloody repulse, and, as it proved, maneuvers were immediately ordered to make one more grand final charge and end the battle.

As the attack ceased and the firing had become desultory, I raised up on my elbows; the colors of the regiment brushed my face. Pushing the flag aside, I glanced up and down the line. The regiment appeared like two rows of dead men, everyone except the Colonel, with his head, face down, as low as possible. Wondering what the next move would be, I saw the captain of the battery running towards the regiment. Arriving near, he called, "Where is the commander of this regiment?" He was answered that the Colonel was with the colors. Arriving near the Colonel, he repeated the question. The Colonel, who was on his knees, rose up and answered the captain's call. The captain, hurriedly saluting, said, "For God's sake, Colonel, give me six men quick, who know anything about firing a gun. I haven't men enough left to work my battery in the coming charge." The Colonel, facing the colors, repeated the call, adding, "Six men quick to volunteer to help the captain fight his guns."

I was the youngest member of the company; had heard and seen enough for several days, and especially during the previous hour, to know the seriousness of the situation, to realize the probable consequences of the act, to compare the exposure on the knoll, with the safety of the partial shelter of the brick kilns.

It took but an instant for me to determine that I would "set the pace" for that battery. By the time the Colonel had pronounced the word "volunteers," I stepped from the ranks closely followed by five comrades, all from my own company, namely: William H. Rogers, Wallace A. Beckwith, Jared B. Culver, and John W Brewster, all of New London; and Henry C. Lamphere of Montville.

We had but a few moments to look over the field and receive instructions from the sergeant, when the captain, reading the signals from the church belfry, gave the order to stand by the guns ready for action.

The troops that were selected to make the final attack, moved forward to the charge. Suddenly the enemy opened with every gun and musket that could be brought to bear. As we occupied the only rise of ground on our side, and was the only battery in action on our left, we found that several of the enemy's batteries were paying us particular attention, and that we had to take their concentrated fire. The battle grew more fierce! Twilight came on—twilight to darkness. The enemy had three lines of infantry: one three deep in the sunken road, one in rifle pits on offset back of road, the third part way up Maryé's hill, with the Washington artillery on top.

It was a grand sight! It was a great roar! One of the great battles of the war, and proved a terrible slaughter to the Union side. Our comrades in the rear testify that we kept the little battery barking. Our commander said our shells were bursting square in the ranks of the enemy, but our army could not accomplish the impossible. The heights

were too strong with earthworks, cannon and men, and the assault ended the battle for the night.

We were completely exhausted at the close. The guns would recoil some twenty feet at each discharge, and had to be rolled into position.

When the order came to cease firing, the sergeant pretended not to hear it. When the order was repeated, the sergeant said to us, "One more shot for luck." When the captain appeared with drawn saber, cursing us, he said in an undertone, "It's the infantry, they don't know when to stop fighting;" and loudly, several words that we will not repeat here.

My Captain, D. D. Brown of East Hampton, Connecticut, has often told me, that when we left the regiment for the battery, he never expected to see us again alive. There was a perfect shower of bullets around us. They rattled through and completely riddled a board fence in front of the knoll, struck the guns, splintered the spokes of the wheels. Several men were knocked down by the windage of shells. Shells exploded constantly over and around us. Several officers and men were killed, and many, including several in my regiment, were wounded in our immediate rear. We lived through it all, and fortunately were uninjured. Sunday morning the captain of the battery thanked us heartily for our services, and said, "As no immediate movements seem imminent, we might return to our regiment," which we found resting on Main Street. Reporting ourselves to the Colonel, saluting us, he said, "Are you indeed the six volunteers of yesterday, and all safely back? You may return to your company," adding, "*I am proud of my men.*"

The comrades of Corporal John G. Palmer, furnished the War Department with the following testimonial: Sergeant John C. Ladd, deposeth, "* * * Upon the Colonel's call for volunteers Corporal John Gideon Palmer, of Company F. jumped forward at once as one of them, and fought with the

battery until the close of the battle, reporting back to his company the next morning.

"I thought then and now that Corporal Palmer's bravery on that occasion was very conspicuous and commendable, his position being very dangerous, and for his personal heroism that day, I do not hesitate to recommend him for a medal of honor."

Orderly Sergeant Albert Leeds testifies "* * * Corporal John G. Palmer of Company F. was the first man to step forward at the colonel's call for volunteers, setting the example for others to follow. He took an active part in firing the guns of the battery, until the close of the battle. The battery was in an exposed position near the enemy's line, and I affirm that said Palmer's offering himself voluntarily to serve with it in such a severe action, was a conspicuous act of personal bravery on his part, and entirely outside of his line of duty. I recommend him for a medal of honor, as provided by act of Congress."

Hon. O. Vincent Coffin, Governor State of Connecticut, writes the following:

"John Gideon Palmer of this city, has been well known to me for many years, as an honored veteran of the War of the Rebellion—a thoroughly upright, straightforward, honored and trusted citizen. He has long been closely identified with the large manufacturing interests in this city of his uncle, Isaac E. Palmer. He is a member of our Board of Educa tion, director in one of our banking institutions, etc., and has been in many ways, a prominent, active, and in every respect, excellent member of this community

Delos D. Brown of East Hampton, Connecticut, being duly sworn, says: That he was an officer of the Twenty-first Regiment, Connecticut Volunteers, and commander of Company F, at the battle of Fredericksburg, Virginia, December, 1862. Late in the day of December 13th, the regiment was advanced to a point outside of the city, known as the brick yards, to sustain or support the last attempt to

capture Maryé's heights. In front of us was a low ridge upon which a light battery was briskly engaged in shelling the heights. During a lull in the assault, the officer commanding the battery, under great excitement, hurriedly appealed to our colonel, for six men, quick, who knew something about firing a gun, as he had not men enough left to work his battery. Our colonel at once called for volunteers. Corporal John Gideon Palmer, company F, the youngest member of the company, at once volunteered for the dangerous errand, was the first to run to the help of the battery, and served with it until the assault ended. His action in so quickly answering to the colonel's call, was a noble example for his comrades. I have several times stated, and repeat it here, that I never expected to see him return again alive, as he with the others rushed to the guns upon which the enemy was concentrating its fire. The colonel complimented them upon their reporting back to the regiment the next day, saying, "He was proud of his men."

For the gallant, patriotic, and brave action recited above of the said Corporal Palmer, I earnestly recommend that he be awarded one of the medals of honor provided by the government.

The following extracts are from letters from Major-General Daniel E. Sickles:

"DEAR CORPORAL PALMER—I herewith return the papers enclosed with your letter of the 28th instant. They tell an interesting story most honorable to you. You were as modest as you were brave, as I do not remember you ever told me of the Fredericksburg incident. It was a heroic act and deserves the medal of honor you have received for it. It will be a precious heritage to your family."

"You were a faithful soldier, and your service with me was always satisfactory. You are right to preserve your equipments and other memorials of your soldier's life."

"Sincerely your friend,

"D. E. SICKLES, Major-General."

MAJOR WILLIAM SPITTLE.

Captain D. D. Brown, commander of Company F, also writes us as follows:

"Corporal John G. Palmer's services after the battle of Fredericksburg, were unusual, and in so many different lines from his regiment, that they are worthy of being put on record.

"In Portsmouth, Virginia, he was detached with three men to guard the family of General Whipple, who occupied a confiscated house, being quartered in a Macon House omnibus. In Norfolk, Virginia, was appointed to duty with the provost guard, while the regiment was stationed in the city. From Newport News went on a raid up James River with other troops to Brandon Farms, and helped destroy $300,000 worth of Confederate supplies. Received an injury on this raid, the disability remaining to this time. Was sent to Mower General Hospital, North Carolina, for treatment. At his earnest request was returned to regiment on their return to Portsmouth, and took part in the execution of a deserter from both armies.

"When the regiment joined Butler's forces, he was left in camp, but begged the privilege of joining the regiment which he found on battle-field at Bermuda Hundred. Took part in rebel attack the same night. Few days after moved forward with skirmish line, and was within ten feet of his colonel, when he (the colonel) received his death wound. From White House Landing, was sent to Sixth Corps field hospital; to Harewood General Hospital, Washington; to Chestnut Hill Hospital, Philadelphia. From there to Clifbourn Barracks, Washington. September, 1864, was transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, and assigned to Second Company, Provisional Cavalry, and put on duty in the city of Washington. Was often on guard duty at President Lincoln's cottage out at Soldiers' Home. The company served as body guard to the President upon his return to White House. Was later appointed clerk to the squadron; January 6, 1864, was detached by Special Order No. 8, War Department, to accompany Major-General

Daniel E. Sickles, who was appointed an Envoy Extraordinay to Bogota, United States of Colombia, South America, on "Secret Service" for State Department. Sailed to Aspinwall on California steamer, Costa Rica, extending the trip across the Isthmus to Panama. Took British steamer Tamar, to Cartagena, Santa Martha, and Baranquilla. Went up Magdalena River to Honda, and rode mule back over three ranges of the Andes Mountains to Bogota, Capital of United States of Colombia. Was in Bogota when war ended, and Lincoln was assassinated. They arrived at the Brooklyn Navy Yard on United States Gunboat, July 2, 1865. In the summer was stationed in Boston with General Sickles, who commanded Vermont, New Hampshire and Massachusetts. He accompanied General Sickles in November, when the General was made one of the five Military Governors of the South, commanding North and South Carolina, with headquarters at Charleston. Was mustered out of the service December 16th, at Charleston, S. C.

"Remained in civil service in Charleston with General Sickles until September, 1866, when he came north, arriving home just four years to a day, from date of departure for the war."

It will be noticed that Corporal Palmer served in infantry, artillery, cavalry and diplomatic duty. He has quite a batch of papers connected with his army life, also has his whole set of cavalry equipments, with which he guarded Abraham Lincoln, arranged in a case and hung up in his residence in Middletown, which he shows with pride to his comrades and friends.

HEADQUARTERS TWENTY-FIRST CONNECTICUT VOLUNTEERS,
CAMP OPPOSITE FREDERICKSBURG, VA.

December 20, 1862.

To the New London Daily Star

A long time has now elapsed and many important events have occurred since my last letter to you, written while we were in Pleasant Valley, Maryland. Were I to go into details I might fill a volume with incidents which have taken place since the Grand Army crossed the Potomac and brought up on the shores of the Rappahannock; but minor affairs are of no account and sink into utter insignificance when compared with such experiences as those of last Saturday, December 13th.

We, here in the army, as well as you at home, had been looking forward from day to day, in expectation of a terrible blow being struck, and at length it came. I write this because we have in our regiment some faithful, fearless sons of New London, who have gone forth from home and friends and all that's dear to them to uphold their country's flag; who took part in that day's conflict, and gallantly faced the storm of shot and shell when called upon by their brave commander to do so.

It is true that the Fourteenth and Twenty-seventh, all honor to them, were earlier in the field, and got cut up more than the Twenty-first, but we were ready at the word "go," and went. Our Colonel says of us, having before the engagement had some anxiety as to how we would stand fire: "I now know that I have a regiment that is second to none in the service, and one on which I can rely, when the leaden rain and iron hail shower upon us."

Last Friday morning we marched from camp and with the rest of our division proceeded to the pontoon bridge in expectation of immediately crossing on arrival. Owing to the immense number of troops that went before us, we were held back till nearly dark before we were able to move on.

While halting on the north bank of the Rappahannock we experienced the peculiar sensation one has when he hears the unmusical sound of a shell in too close proximity to his ears. One of these dire messengers burst among the Fifteenth Connecticut, just ahead of us, killing one man and wounding two others. Another imme-

diately after burst on our left; then came the order for us to fall back out of range, which we did. Then we lay for an hour, and while thus, General Burnside and staff rode past us, and as usual was greeted with thousands of huzzas from "the bold sojer boys." He doffed his hat as usual and rode smilingly on.

Just before dark the order came to march, and away we went over the bridge and into that hot-bed of secession, Fredericksburg. Our company was quartered in a carpenter's shop, and a merry time of it we had all night long, little thinking of the dangers of the morrow. Saturday morning came and our brigade was ordered down to the bank of the river. We were to support the center under General Sumner. Soon the booming of artillery and the rattle of small-arms told us that a general engagement was taking place. A twelve-pound parrot shot came whistling over the bank about this time right over our company and buried itself in the sacred soil about twelve inches. We all diminished somewhat in stature, but soon straightened up and concluded we were none of us hurt. Soon the shells began to drop in the river beyond us, and all around, till their name was legion; while here we lost four men wounded by pieces of shell. About four o'clock P. M. we were ordered to the front and away we went with a will.

Passing through the outskirts of the city we were subjected to another fire of shell and shot. We halted in the street and took it coolly for about ten minutes in this position, and then marched in line of battle over fences, tearing them down as we advanced, through ditches, until we came upon the Fifth Rhode Island battery, blazing away in good style. It was then evident to us that we had come up to support this battery It was here that Colonel Curtis of the Fourth Rhode Island was killed, a minie ball going through his head.

The officer commanding the battery came to us and called for volunteers to help man the guns, as he was short-handed, having lost many of his men. Six men, all he called for, jumped from the ranks of Company F and went on the dangerous errand. (See Corporal Palmer's narrative.) The night wore quietly away, and just at early dawn we were awakened from our slumbers by the crack of rifles, warning us that we were within short range of the enemy. We were not long in coming to time. On getting into

line we were marched back to the city to await further orders. They soon came and were in substance as follows:

The Ninth Army Corps were to storm the batteries by a simultaneous movement at ten o'clock A. M. (this was Sunday). Our brigade was to be in advance, and the gallant Twenty-first was to lead the brigade. Our dangerous errand was whispered from mouth to mouth, and pale faces told the forecast of the dangerous task we were to perform. I talked with several of our company, and although all seemed to know and realize the danger of facing those impregnable works, not one talked of sneaking. The common resolve was, we will do our duty, let come what will, and die, if need be, like men, in the ranks. The hour of moving arrived, and the sun in midheaven proclaimed half the day gone, and yet we moved not. We waited "Micawber" like for something to turn up, but it failed to "turn" until the sun retired behind those ugly earthworks and twilight faded into darkness. Then came the order, "The men will sleep on their arms ready to move at a moment's notice." About midnight a volley of musketry aroused us from dreams of the bloody battle-field and caused us to assume the perpendicular instanter. It proved to be only the firing of pickets, and after a few moments' shivering the boys relapsed into quiet slumber again. Morning at length came, and after shaking off the drowsy god, we found we still lived.

After refreshing the inner man with hard bread, pork and coffee, the impatient query came from all lips, "What's going to be done next?" Sure enough no one knew. "Evacuation" began to be whispered about; the wounded were being removed north of the river, and many other little movements seemed to indicate evacuation. Thus matters stood—we still in the city, till just at dark a shell came whistling from a rebel gun right toward us and burst just across the street from us. It was undoubtedly aimed at our fires, over which the boys were busily engaged cooking their suppers. No damage was done save the spoiling of an evening meal, as the boys were obliged to "douse the glim" at once. Soon after this we marched again to the outskirts of the city, and lay there for some two hours until ordered to cross the river, which we did at nine o'clock Monday night. We reached our camp after an hour's march and were tired enough to enjoy a good

night's rest, which we got. I have seen it stated in some papers that the troops were eager for another fight, but I have seen no eagerness manifested in this vicinity to get into such a slaughter-house as was the plain where our noble troops were butchered so inhumanly on Saturday last.

I am, yours, etc.,

F. F

WASH DAY.

CHAPTER VIII.

FALMOUTH AND NEWPORT NEWS.

(November, 1862-February, 1863.)

During our stay of nearly four months at Falmouth, Virginia, from November 19, 1862, to the 13th of the following March, some events occurred aside from the battle of Fredericksburg worthy of special notice in our history. Of these perhaps the most grievous was an epidemic of typhoid fever which carried off many of our number. This was directly traceable to the excessive hardships and exposures of the march and the camp, lack of tents and unfavorable ground. Our first camp after reaching Falmouth was occupied for only one week, and was by far the most objectionable of all. It was located on a level plain of clayey soil, with an uneven surface, caused by the alternate elevations and depressions of a planted field. The depressions between the ridges seemed well fitted for holding water, which the clayey soil refused readily to absorb. The weather was threatening upon the night of our arrival; the temperature was chilly and the sky overcast with clouds that betokened speedy rain. Having just ended a four days' march, the men were too tired to be particular, and not knowing where they would be on the following day, they adjusted themselves for the night as best they could with only a rubber pouch and woolen blanket for each.

No sooner had silence settled over the camp, unbroken save by the heavy breathing of the tired soldiers, than the clouds began to descend. Gently at first, then increasing in the quantity of rain, and the force of the wind, the storm became almost a tempest. The tired sleepers awoke to find themselves exposed to the storm, or, perhaps, soaking in the pools of water that formed all over the camp. Rising from their beds, no longer endurable, they looked around as best they could in the dark, only to find that all were in a like condition. Still the rain was falling and there was no sign of daylight. No council of war was held, yet very many of the regiment by a common consent, begotten by like interests, laid hold of as many axes as were available, and proceeded to the neighboring forest to cut wood and kindle fires for better protection. There, with rubber blankets thrown over their shoulders, they huddled around the fires, striving to dry their wet clothes and warm their chilled limbs.

The storm continued throughout two memorable days, leaving the ground, which could not be drained, quite unfit for a camp. After a few days we moved to another field sloping to the southward, where a light growth of pine trees and underbrush had lately been cut. In this camp we could establish good drainage, but we could not escape the seeds of disease sown by previous exposure. Shelter tents were now provided for the first time, and we had better quarters, though nothing to boast of, for December. It was now possible for three or four men by combining to have some slight protection from storms. If our stay was prolonged in any camp, very comfortable quarters could be provided by building log houses on a small scale, three or four feet high, plastering the crevices between the logs with clayey mud, which, when hardened, will last for a long time, and covering the whole with shelter tents. In addition to this, some of the more provident built fire-places that afforded a good degree of warmth. Occasionally snow would fall, against which the men were but poorly provided. From the diary of one, we find the

following: "November 17th, Thanksgiving Day Snow on the ground; shoes full of holes and rations short." We were thankful it was no worse.

Coming off duty after a storm, the officer-of-the-day writes: "At half-past five this morning, I visited the guard. The ground was quite muddy because of the rain yesterday, and is now freezing a little. I found three of the guard around one fire drying their feet and their clothes, with their guns stuck in the ground by the bayonet. Another was absent from his post seeking greater comfort by the cook-stove. Should they be reported it would go hard with them, but they will not be reported. One evening the entire regiment was called out to support a battery. The night was excessively cold for Virginia. Some, with overcoats and boots on, lay down and covered themselves with two or three thicknesses of blankets "to enjoy" a troubled sleep, and would awake with cold feet and frost well nigh a quarter of an inch thick on their blankets, while others would gather around a smouldering fire and trust to its scarcely genial heat for comfort. Amid exposures like these, it was not strange that there should have been an epidemic of typhoid fever, in which sickness and death visited the camp with alarming frequency.

One promising boy of nineteen years of age, from a home of comfort, reached Falmouth excessively tired. When complaining of his weariness in bearing the heavy burden of his equipments, he was asked why he did not fall out of the ranks. "I did not think it would be right," was his reply He gladly retired to rest with little preparation against the approaching storm. By early morning he awoke to find one of his legs soaking in the water. Shivering with the cold, he awaited the coming day. He was found by his comrades, disabled for duty With delirious mind and an eye already glazed by fever, he was taken to the hospital, a small dwelling, where from twelve to eighteen were placed upon the floor in a single room. As he patiently lay there in

his delirium, he tells his friend who visited him, "Mother is up stairs; she has a lot of good things for me." Again: "Mother stays up by your tent, doesn't she?" In a few days he was forwarded to a general hospital, where he soon succumbed to the fever and died.

Another youth, who had left a happy home with fond parents and loving brothers and sisters, was noticed by his company officer when at drill to be absent-minded. He was just a little behind time in executing the orders in the manual of arms. When asked if he felt well, he replied, "No, sir; not as well as usual." He was excused from drill and sent to his quarters. Next morning, by five o'clock, in his delirium he reported at the tent of the hospital steward and said that he had seen his company officers, and made arrangements for staying in the hospital. Perceiving his condition, he was taken in and cared for as well as possible. But it was only a few days before the sickness terminated in death.

Another faithful soldier, so weak that he could hardly walk, reported to the surgeon at the "sick call." He was required to report to the hospital and stay there. Soon he reported to the physician with the information that there was no empty bed for him, and only room enough in the hospital tent to spread his blanket upon the ground, at the end of one of the row of beds. He asked leave to return to his own tent, which was much more comfortable.

In view of all this, it is not to be wondered at that there should have been an epidemic of fever, that four captains should be absent by reason of sickness, that from our regiment twenty should have been buried in one short month, not to mention those who died in general hospitals. No wonder that this camp, so fatal to the regiment, should have received the name "Camp Death." To meet this alarming increase of sickness, Surgeon Soule was recalled from the division hospital, where he had been on duty in caring for the wounded. New measures were devised in the care for the sick and soon a better condition was apparent. A new

camp was selected upon higher ground, to which we moved January 8th. Here we found better quarters for the men, better adapted for cheerfulness and good health. And yet the remembrance of Camp Death will never be effaced from the memories of the living. Of the number lost from our regiment during the entire term of service, one hundred and fifteen died of disease. Of this number thirty-four died opposite Fredericksburg, eighty-one in all other places, but some of the latter number died as a result of disease contracted here, so that we may safely say that, during the three years of our service, of all those that died from disease, nearly one-third died at this place, or from disease contracted here, during a period of less than eleven weeks. In one-thirteenth of our time of service, nearly one-third of the deaths from disease occurred here.

Another marked feature of our experience while opposite Fredericksburg, and following the battle there fought, was the general feeling of discouragement. But in this we only shared in the general demoralization of the whole army Says Mr. Swinton in his history of the Army of the Potomac: "That the morale of the Army of the Potomac became seriously impaired after the disaster of Fredericksburg was only too manifest. Indeed it would be impossible to imagine a graver, or gloomier, or more sombre, or unmusical body of men than the Army of the Potomac a month after the battle. As the days went by, despondency, discontent, and all evil inspirations with their natural consequences seemed to increase rather than diminish, until, for the first time, the Army of the Potomac could be said to be really demoralized.'

The cause could not be concealed. It was lack of confidence in the commander. General Sumner said in his testimony before the war committee: "It is difficult to describe the state of the army in any other way than by saying, 'There is a good deal too much croaking; there is not sufficient confidence.'" Says General de Trobriand: "The com-

plaints against Burnside were repeated in sympathetic echoes, as well under officers' tents and around bivouac fires."

It could not be otherwise then that our regiment should partake of the common spirit of the army, though perhaps the common cause of discontcnt was not so apparent as in some of the older regiments that had more pronounced opinions respecting the merits of the commanding-general. Within our own camp it was a common saying often heard, "Who would not enlist and get the bounty?" One of the officcrs made bold to express his mind freely respecting the inefficiency of the commanding-general, and those in authority in Washington as well, closing his complaint with the words, "Well, my patriotism is played out." But soon after leaving, he returned to caution the one who had listened. "Better not say anything about this at headquarters." This disaffected officer soon afterward resigned. Could each of the enlisted men have had the same privilege, doubtless they would have left by the score. But to their honor be it said, that scarcely any deserted. Considering the privations suffered in the midst of defeat, accompanied as it was by cxcessive sickness and death, it is not a matter of surprise that many had the "blues."

Another feature worthy of mention was the attempted movement of Burnside, frustrated by a storm about January 20th. This time he resolved to cross the river six miles above the city. As all points were well guarded by the cnemy, he would deceive his adversary by making attempts at several points. Accordingly new roads were cut through the woods and cavalry demonstrations were made along the line.

The month had until then been favorable for army movements and the roads had been excellent. On the 19th of January the columns were put in motion. Franklin and Hooker ascended the river by parallel roads and at night encamped in the woods at convenient distances from the ford. Couch's corps was moved from below Fredericksburg. Prep-

arations for crossing were hastened on the twentieth. Positions for artillery were selected, guns were brought up, pontoons were within reach, and all was in readiness for the following day. But during the night a terrible storm arose, and then, as Sumner affirms, each man felt that the movement was virtually ended. The storm was very severe, yet brave work was done. The clayey roads became impassable by reason of the rain and mud. Yet Burnside, loath to give up this attempt, persisted in pushing forward the movement. The teams were doubled and trebled; moreover, ropes were added and the teams were re-enforced by one hundred and fifty men, but all in vain.

General Lee discovered the attempted movement and hastened to meet it. The rebel pickets at the river bank, observing the position of the enemy, jokingly informed the "Yanks" that to-morrow they would come over and help them. Meanwhile the storm continued, artillery, baggage-wagons and ambulances were mixed together on the impassable roads. It soon became apparent even to Burnside that the question now was, not how to go forward, but how to get back to camp. Thus, to the chagrin of the brave and well-meaning leader, the movement was abandoned. He thought he saw a lack of coöperation on the part of his subordinates and hastened to Washington with a demand that many of his leading generals be removed from the army. But the President refused to comply Then Burnside resigned his position as commander of the Army of the Potomac.

But while there are movements that pertain to the army as a whole, we find that each regiment has a history all its own, a wheel within a wheel. Perhaps the following extract from a letter written January 24th may give some idea of our position and movements:

"When I last wrote, January 16th, we were under marching orders, expecting to move in a day or two. In fact, it would be difficult to tell all the orders we have received. However, I will relate what we have accom-

plished. On the following morning, January 17th, we early packed all our possessions, rolled up our blankets, struck our tents, and were ready for the march. But we did not move. That evening Mr. P came to remove the body of his deceased son to Connecticut; next day we removed it from the grave and had it transported to the station. On this day also orders were repeated to be ready to march, and so we spent the day in waiting. Before night W died, and as we expected to move immediately he had to be buried at once.

"On the following day we had the same orders and still were kept waiting. The day was cold and cloudy, threatening a severe storm. We turned in for the night under the same conditions as on the two preceding nights, to hold ourselves in readiness to move at a moment's notice. About ten o'clock the Colonel's orderly put his head through the door of our tent and directed us to be ready to march by four o'clock in the morning. It was now raining very hard. In a little while he came round again saying that the drum would beat at three o'clock in the morning, and we must take our breakfast and be ready to march at any time. Well, we obeyed orders, took our morning meal at the appointed time, and as it was raining very hard and our regiment was not called into line, I lay down on my bunk and slept until nine o'clock. Then the orders of the previous day were repeated, and at night we had them reiterated. 'Be ready to move at a moment's notice.' These were the last orders we received. I have packed and unpacked what little I have three or four times."

This letter may give some idea of the uncertainty and unfulfilled expectations of the soldier's life. Seldom does he know where he is expected to go or what plans are being matured at the headquarters of the army He is never called into consultation, his advice is never sought; only this is required, that he hold himself in readiness to obey orders. Yet he is not without some general idea of what is to be attempted. He knows that the anticipated movement is

BREVET-MAJOR W. S. HUBBELL.

against the enemy somewhere, and in proportion to his confidence in his commanding general does he obey his orders with trust and courage of victory, or with questionings and forebodings of defeat.

When at Falmouth we were required to take our turn at picket duty along the bank of the river separating us from the enemy. Across this line conversation would sometimes arise. "Say, Yank, when are ye gwine to Richmond?"—the hail from a Confederate. "We'll get there, Johnny Reb, you bet,"—the reply. In our last camp at this place we saw, almost daily, the ascension of Professor Low's balloon. Rising to as great a height as the length of the ropes would admit, a good view was gained of the enemy's camps.

About January 10th a new brigade was added to our division, and our own Colonel, A. H. Dutton, was appointed commander. Thenceforth we were to be known as the Third Brigade, Third Division, Ninth Army Corps.

Among the days longed for by the soldier, none is more welcome than "pay-day." The first of these after leaving the state, came January 31, 1863, when we received our pay from September 5th to October 31st. This event was an occasion for a boom in the sutler's business, as he received pay for debts previously contracted, and found increasing quantity of goods passing over his counter.

Fortunately for the soldier, a change of location often brings new hopes, and opens a way whereby he may escape the despondency of past failures. This good fortune now awaited our regiment. One writes under date of February 6th: "We have good news, marching orders again. The expectation is that we go to Fortress Monroe and from thence to some place in North Carolina. Only the Ninth Army Corps is to leave. Many of the regiments have already left and we expect soon to follow—have been ready all day." The prediction of the writer was not far out of the way, for the Ninth Corps was under marching orders to go into camp at Newport News, and there await further developments. Lieu-

tenant-Colonel Burpee was at Washington, sick, and the major was absent on detached service, leaving the command for a brief time to the senior captain.

We took our leave of Falmouth, February 7th, marched one mile in the mud three to six inches deep, found transportation to Acquia Creek in box cars, where we arrived about six P. M. Before midnight we found quarters on board transports, and by one o'clock next day set sail for Fortress Monroe. By sunrise next morning we lay at anchor at Hampton Roads, and before night found ourselves at Newport News. We had a beautiful place for a camp, everyone agreeing that it was the best we had had since leaving Connecticut. The ground was level and sandy, consequently there was no mud. The weather was warm and pleasant, indicating the approaching spring. The beach was but a few rods from our camp, while a short distance from the shore, and in plain sight of our quarters, lay the wrecks of the ill-fated warships, Congress and Cumberland, which less than a year before had been sunk by the rebel ironclad, Virginia (Merrimac). But if these wrecks seemed to humble us, we could look to the eastward and see the place where the Monitor met and defeated the rebel ironclad, and sent her back to Portsmouth never to appear again.

It is difficult for one not having passed through such an experience, to realize the changed spirits of the men caused by our new environment. The sick seemed to revive and all to move with more life. The tone of the men was more cheerful, and of our five weeks' stay at this place, the soldiers carried away nothing but delightful memories. Here we found ourselves in communication with the city of Norfolk, to which some paid occasional visits.

During our stay at Newport News there occurred the resignation of four officers: Surgeon Soule and Lieutenants Leonard, Brand and Marble. Each of the last three had received promotion from the rank of sergeant since leaving Connecticut. But while these left us, we welcomed one des-

tined to fill an important place in our subsequent history, Lieutenant William S. Hubbell, promoted from a nine months' regiment. He was a graduate of Yale in the class of 1858, and a personal friend of Colonel Dutton.

While in camp at this place we found barracks in place of tents for our abode. In these there was greater protection from the severity of the weather, but whether they were more desirable may be questioned, as huddled together in close quarters, the soldier loses the retirement and quiet of "family life," enjoyed when a smaller number occupy separate tents. The line officers occupied two buildings, one for each wing of the regiment.

Everywhere there is some pest. No place is free. If we here escaped the lice afterwards found in the "pits," or the mud so annoying at Falmouth, we can never forget the rats of Newport News. Especially did they frequent the building occupied by the officers of the right wing, running over the faces of sleepers at night, and otherwise rioting at all times. After some deliberation a plan was matured whereby a campaign was waged against them, search was made, and every place, save one, where they gained access to the building, was closed. Arrangements were made for closing this entrance at short notice. At night one of the officers was detailed to stand guard while the others slept. He received orders to close the opening when he thought the invaders had entered in force, then give the alarm, whereupon candles were lighted and warfare began. As a result of this night attack, many rats were slain with no casualties among the officers.

But, as in many other places, our pleasant abode in this delightful camp came suddenly to an end. While plans were maturing for better quarters, and the day was spent by some in transporting timber from the forests to the camp for improvement in buildings, lo! that very night at eleven o'clock there came the unwelcome order to be ready to march next day with two days' rations.

CHAPTER IX.

THE SIEGE OF SUFFOLK.

April-May, 1863.

While separated from the Army of the Potomac, till we should again rejoin it at Cold Harbor in June of the following year, we were assigned to the duty of guarding the territory already captured along the Atlantic coast in Virginia and North Carolina. Among the fruits of McClellan's campaign of the previous year, we had remaining in our possession Williamsburg and Yorktown on the peninsula, also Norfolk and Portsmouth south of the James. These places, with the surrounding territory, were held by the Fourth Corps under command of General Keyes. The defense of the cities of Norfolk and Portsmouth, with Suffolk as an outpost, was assigned to General Peck's division of the Fourth Corps, some nine thousand strong. Suffolk was situated some twenty miles from these two cities on the railroad which connected them with Petersburg and Richmond, and seemed to be their most available defense.

On the previous September, a few weeks after McClellan had left the peninsula, General Peck, with his division, occupied Suffolk, and commenced at once to strengthen the place against any attack of the enemy. This was an easy task, as his right was defended by the Nansemond, a deep and narrow though crooked stream, while a few miles to the left was the

Dismal Swamp. Where rivers did not protect, strong fortications were erected, and by the following spring the twin cities of the coast had here a strong outpost. Meanwhile the Confederates, encouraged by their victory at Fredericksburg, began to cast their eyes over the territory already taken from them, with the desire to have it again in their own hands.

Very naturally they first turned their attention to the twin cities on the Elizabeth. Once masters of Suffolk, Norfolk and Portsmouth must fall. Holding these places, they might again close the navigation of James River, the most direct route to Richmond.

To secure this, General Longstreet was detached from General Lee's army, taking with him the divisions of Anderson, Pickett and Hood. A new department was created for him with headquarters at Petersburg. He consolidated the scattered troops that he found in his new department, making a new division, with General French as commander. General D. H. Hill was sent into North Carolina to reorganize the militia and threaten Newburn and Little Washington, while working in coöperation with Longstreet. And yet the one point of attack toward which these combined forces were headed was the lone outpost, Suffolk, held by only nine thousand men before they were re-enforced by our division.

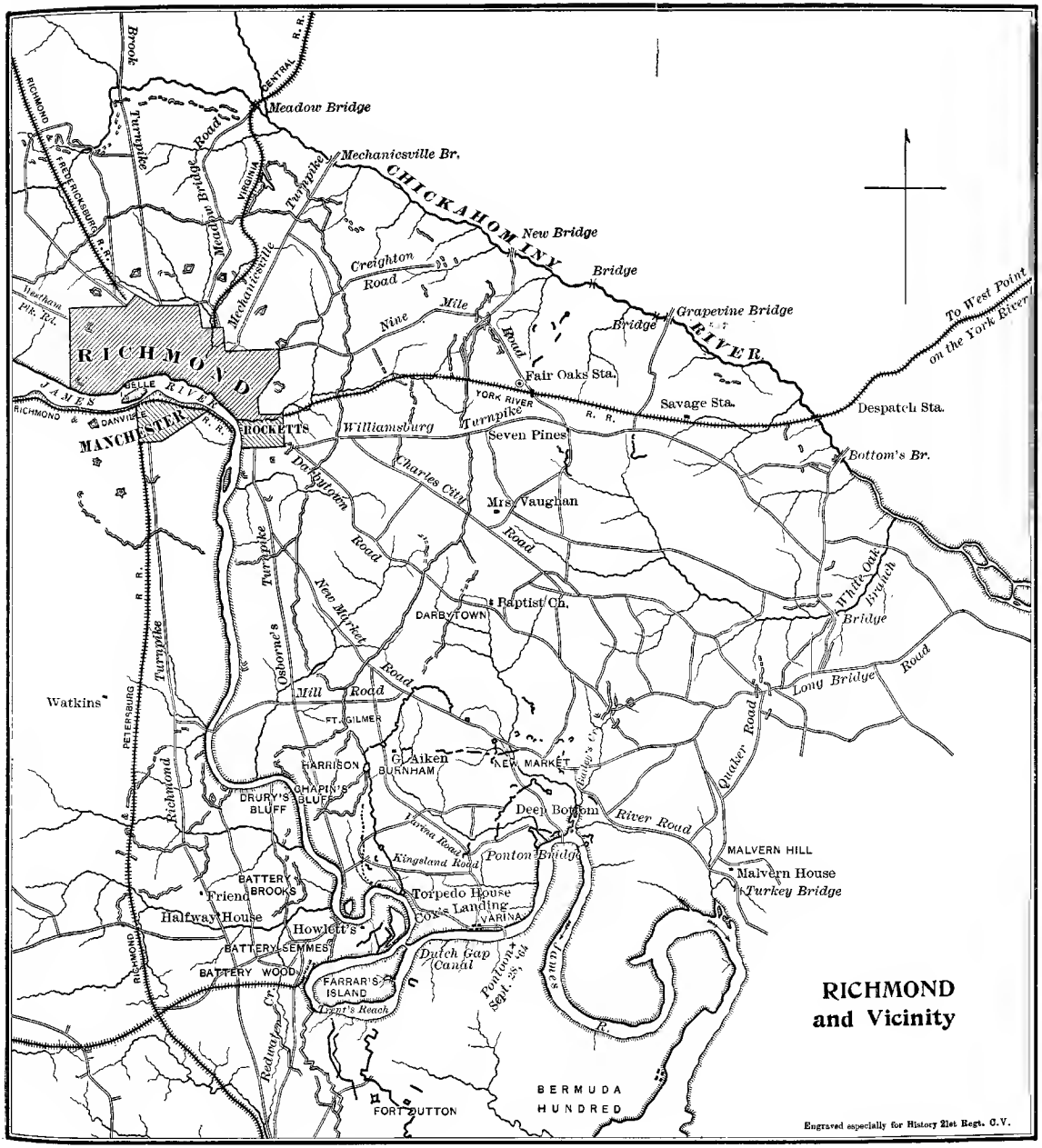
General Longstreet, in his account of the war, says that primarily his move in this direction was made for the sake of gathering provisions along the coasts of Virginia and North Carolina. His attack on Suffolk was due to the report of certain scouts sent out from Richmond. They recommended this movement, as they thought Suffolk could be turned and captured with little loss.

It was at this time, when Longstreet was beginning to concentrate his men on the banks of the Blackstone, some twenty miles from our outposts, and there to throw up a line of defense as a precautionary measure in case of defeat, that the vigilant commander of Suffolk called for re-enforcements. General Dix sent an order to the commander of the ninth

corps to forward immediately the First division to the support of General Peck. By chance, it happened that General Sedgwick, in command of the corps, was for the day absent in Baltimore, leaving his command with General Wilcox, commanding the First division. Not wishing to take his own men to Suffolk, he assumed the responsibility of changing the order and substituting the Third for the First division. By this, apparently chance event, the whole subsequent history of our regiment was changed, for being severed from the ninth corps, we found our field of action after this in the east, thus escaping the expedition to Tennessee, upon which the rest of the ninth corps was soon ordered.

The command to leave Newport News came to our regiment, as has been stated, late at night. We were required to take with us two days' cooked rations. All night the cooks were busy, and in early morning of March 13th we were in line and embarked upon the steamer City of Hudson. We soon reached Norfolk, where we left the boat for platform or box cars, and a little before night arrived at Suffolk. We encamped near the railroad about a mile from the village, which we found to contain about three thousand inhabitants. Here we remained for the rest of the month, waiting the approach of the enemy. But with twenty miles between us, we anticipated little danger, and the time was occupied for the most part in guard and picket-duty. Though it was now spring, yet "Falmouth weather" seemed to reappear. Snow fell four inches deep, followed by rain and mud. We did little or no drilling. We were provided with "A" tents. The newsboys regularly visited the camp with New York papers a day old.

Rumors of future movements circulated among the men to the effect that we were to be sent west with the old ninth corps now on the way While we were in this camp we had forty cases of measles in the regiment, only one of which terminated fatally. Being in close proximity to the village, we again felt the touch of civil life as we once more walked the



RICHMOND and Vicinity

Engraved especially for History 21st Regt. C.V.

streets, visited stores and conversed with men not in uniform. Here was given the opportunity of attending church, the first we had had for six months.

Says one in writing home Sunday, March 15th: "I attended church to-day for the first time since leaving home. It was with the Methodists in a fine building, where I found a full house made up mostly of soldiers of all ranks from colonel to private. As the minister entered, I fell in love with him from the first. He was somewhat advanced in years, with long white hair and swallow-tail coat. Neither was I mistaken. As he commenced the services, his prayer convinced me that he was a man of God and desired to save men. His sermon was not what some would call classical, but better by far than this—he told the simple truth in a direct way that could not fail to do good. Eight or ten ladies were present and joined in singing. It certainly seemed good to hear their voices again."

Though we failed in the usual time given to drill, yet guard duty was enjoined with precision. The Grand Rounds were made as regulations prescribed both on the picket-line and in the camp. The following extract is from a letter written by the officer-of-the-guard: "I am occupying a tent put up for the officer-of-the-guard and not permitted to leave till my time is out. The sergeant of the guard is with me reading. I have in charge four prisoners, a smaller number than usual. One was put in for drunkenness while on duty, and has for a punishment to wear a board twenty-four inches long by eight wide in front of the guard headquarters four hours per day, with the words clearly written thereon, "This man was drunk while on duty" The other prisoners are in for desertion. I have them at work making bunks for themselves. One poor fellow put in with the rest of the deserters has died from exposure due to sleeping on the damp ground. Two weeks ago while I was on guard this same prisoner was at work about the camp, but I excused him, as he complained

of back-ache. Poor fellow, it is hard work to disobey orders and attempt to escape."

For the purpose of guarding against any attempt to cross the river below Suffolk, some defenses were put up on the south bank of the Nansemond. Along with other defenses on this line, it was decided to build a fort near the river some five or six miles below the village. Our regiment was chosen for this purpose. The announcement of the project was received with much satisfaction on the part of the men, as it was thought we should have steady employment somewhat akin to the work given to the artillery regiments about Washington, who had, as we thought, an easy time. Consequently, on April 1st we broke camp and marched some four miles to our new destination. The pleasing impression received upon the announcement of the order to build was considerably increased when we saw the place chosen for the location of the fort. It was on a projecting piece of land situated in a curve of the river whereby it commanded the stream both above and below Here was a beautiful place for our camp—a level tract of land thirty rods wide fronting the river and bordered on either side by a grove of small pines. Within the grove east of the field were the officers' tents; to the west were the privates', while between was the parade-ground, extending some distance to the south. The fort was to be seventy paces long on the front side, the walls to be eight feet high, the whole to be surrounded with a ditch five paces wide and from eight to ten feet deep.

In the estimation of many, if not all, we never occupied a camp that seemed so inviting. Being somewhat isolated we should have more independence. The open field, the pine grove, the river flowing close by the camp, combined to make the place attractive. We resolved at the first to fit up our quarters for a prolonged stay. The following extract from a letter throws some light upon the ways and means for attaining our end:

'I went out to a place not far from camp owned by a secessionist, where I found other officers helping themselves to boards as they could find them. I saw a good pine board fourteen feet long and as many inches wide attached to the barn, which with some difficulty I procured and transported to camp. We were all well satisfied with the material for making our quarters comfortable, more so, indeed, than the former owner, who, in place of submitting to the loss, appeared in camp and entered a protest against our acts. It was decided that the boards should be carried back, but not till we had a good floor for our tent and a table for use You know that our motto is, "Down with the rebellion,' and as this man had a son in the rebel army, we thought it no more than right that we, who have left our homes with their comforts to endure the hardships of army life for the purpose of preserving the very country he was trying to destroy, should at least be allowed the privilege of taking so much as a few boards to aid in making our quarters more comfortable."

Thus each soldier strove to make his own abode as convenient as possible. Yet we found the work on the fort somewhat burdensome. Shoveling was not just to the taste of very many of the men. While the farmers and laborers among us were more or less accustomed to the use of the shovel, yet there were very many of other occupations, to whom it was a new implement of labor. However, the daily detail was made and the men alphabetically assigned to work on the fort without regard to individual preferences. Being somewhat removed from other regiments, we had to keep a strong guard and picket-force around the camp, for no one knew when the threatening army from the Blackwater would appear, neither did we know the point he might choose to attack.

The following experience of an officer in command of the picket may reveal something of what, at times, had to be endured: "Yesterday I was officer of the picket

again. During the day it was cold and cloudy, and at night it commenced snowing very hard. My headquarters were with the reserve, numbering a dozen men, stationed about a quarter of a mile from camp. Along the line we guarded we had six picket-stations. We had gathered around the fire as best we could, and, with overcoats buttoned up to our chins, strove to keep comfortable. Some of the outer stations were not allowed to have fires. During the night till twelve o'clock the storm continued with no cessation, then held up a little, and by daylight ceased altogether. Of course no one could sleep. The orders of the picket were to halt everyone approaching, and if at second command to halt, the one challenged does not stop, then fire. Under such circumstances visiting the picket is interesting work." With the excessive labor laid upon us, drill and dress parade were altogether suspended.

After a week's work on the fort, the work was pushed forward with increased energy, and three companies of the Thirteenth New Hampshire Regiment relieved us of picket duty. One hundred and fifty men per day were kept at work on the fort, sometimes as late as nine o'clock at night. Evidently there was some anxiety to complete the task. Meanwhile, Lieutenant-Colonel Burpee returned to the regiment, much to the satisfaction of all the men. The stormy weather gave place to pleasant days, and as the men were off duty, they could be seen at work, adding to the comforts of their abodes or enjoying the improvements already made. There was a spirit of contentment in anticipation of the coming summer, to be spent on the banks of the Nansemond.

To afford means for meeting our wants, the always-welcome paymaster arrived and left with each man four months' pay, being full payment up to the last of February. With the money just received, with comfortable quarters, and in antici pation of a long stay, some of the officers sent for their wives. "I wish you could see what a delightful place we have," writes one, "I am sure you would be pleased with it." But,

alas! two hours after the above sentence was written, the long-roll sounded, and in early evening of April 11th, the regiment hastily left the camp with the fruits of all their labor, the half-finished fort, and hastened back to the camp they had left eleven days before. *The enemy have appeared in heavy force upon both our flanks.*

General Longstreet had not been idle. In order to weaken the forces at Suffolk, the real place of attack, he had directed Hill, in North Carolina, to threaten Newbern and Little Washington. This had been done so effectually, that General Foster, in command in North Carolina, had become alarmed and called for re-enforcements. As there was no immediate prospect of an attack at Suffolk, one entire brigade of our division had been ordered to respond. But, just as they were embarked on the cars for Portsmouth, news was received from General Vielle, of the latter place, to the effect that Longstreet was on the point of marching against Suffolk with all his force at once. This information, received April 8th, only three days before his arrival, was taken from a Confederate emissary. Of course the order was countermanded and the brigade remained with us during the siege. Three days after this, Longstreet arrived, expecting, perhaps, to find our forces weakened because of the aid sent to North Carolina. It was no small army that he brought against us, consisting of thirty thousand men in four divisions. But he found Suffolk well protected and any surprise was impossible.

Says the Compte de Paris: "Suffolk formed a vast entrenched camp, consisting of redoubts and lunettes, connected by a continuous belt of about ten miles in length. Notwithstanding its extent, the belt was easily defended, about six miles of it being protected by water-courses. At the north it was bordered by the deep waters of the Nansemond, at the west by a considerable tributary flowing from the right side of the river, at the northeast by a large stream called Jericho Creek. At the southeast the belt had been extended beyond this stream in order to command the isthmus that separated it

from Dismal Swamp. * * * The defenders of the place were fully prepared; they had at their head a chieftain and some leaders whose intelligence and activity compensated for their small numbers. On the one side there were from nine to fourteen thousand matched against from thirty to forty thousand on the other."

While we were thus behind our breastworks, awaiting his coming, Longstreet, with his large force, reached Suffolk two days after we left the camp where we were building Fort Connecticut. With two divisions on each side of the Nansemond he hoped to take the place by a sudden attack, but found that any surprise was impossible, for General Peck was well informed of his movements. Then his plan was to cross the river and attack from the north. With the two divisions of French and Hood on the north side, he matured his plans for crossing. But just here he found an unexpected obstacle in the gun-boats, six of which were above Hill's Point and two below, soon to be re-enforced with four others from Norfolk. To clear the river of these boats, Longstreet planted many guns along the left bank, and as the flotilla guarding the river was approaching the lower Nansemond, the concealed battery of the enemy opened upon them, doing much damage.

The defense of our line along the river was intrusted to General Getty in command of our division, who now comes to the aid of the navy. The battery at Hill's Point must be silenced. To accomplish this General Getty, with three hundred picked men from the Eighty-ninth New York and Eighth Connecticut, being conveyed by gun-boats on the evening of the nineteenth, landed near the battery, and before the enemy were aware of what was going on they found our men in their works. One hundred and sixty-one rebels were captured with five guns. A strong detachment of our men was left in the redoubt, the capture of which cost us only four killed and ten wounded. The river now seemed secure for our gun-boats, and Longstreet began preparations for a siege,

while he awaited the coming of General Hill from North Carolina with re-enforcements.

Meanwhile there was for us a period of close watching and arduous picket-duty. To many of us there was little appreciation of our real danger. One poor soldier wrote home: "To-day the orders were about the same as before, but I do not see anything of the enemy. If they are going to attack us I wish they would do it. I am inclined to think it is only a scare, and that the general commanding is more frightened than hurt." Perhaps this feeling was shared by very many in the regiment, and General Peck, an efficient officer, suffered, in our estimation, as being unnecessarily particular and cautious.

Our position after leaving Fort Connecticut till we went on the Chuckatuck raid may be learned from the report of Lieutenant-Colonel Burpee. "We remained in support of the Irish legion on the Edenton road until Tuesday, the fourteenth. On the fifteenth, in accordance with orders from Colonel Dutton commanding the brigade, I moved the regiment to occupy and strengthen that portion of the line of defense on the opposite side of the town, extending from Fort Jericho on the right to Battery Onondagna on the left. We remained on this line until the twentieth. On the twenty-first we were ordered to relieve the Thirteenth New Hampshire Volunteers on the line of pickets extending along the river from the mouth of Jericho creek on the left, to Battery Morris on the right, throwing one company over the island in front of and to the right of that battery. This line the regiment defended until Saturday evening, May 2d, and during that time there was much firing between our pickets and those of our enemy, but the only casualty to this regiment was one man wounded."

During this time our duties were wholly confined to picket-duty; dress parade was held only once during the entire month. The wives of the officers who had reached Norfolk, in anticipation of a peaceful sojourn at Fort Connecticut,

returned without having seen the regiment. We were heavily re-enforced, so that we had over twenty thousand men. Among those who came to our aid was the Twenty-second Connecticut, nine months' men. In this regiment were not a few well known to our own men, and camp courtesies were cordially interchanged.

On April 21st, Generals Halleck and Dix visited Suffolk and the surrounding works. While on picket duty on the Nansemond below Jericho creek, which was continued with but little interruption, there was at the first, frequent picket firing. The following is from a diary: "April 25th. Have to work nights digging rifle pits; cannot work in the daytime, rebel bullets too thick humming by our ears. April 26th, Sunday. No firing on either side. April 27th. Last night the rebels dug some new pits, and this morning opened on us. We kept low. E. D. W wounded in the shoulder. April 29th. Rebels opened on us from across the river; bullets humming in the air, and we giving them as good as they send." After awhile this ceased by mutual consent. While the firing was kept up, hardly any of the enemy were to be seen, and if we caught sight of one, he dodged promptly behind some tree. After the firing ceased we could see them in great numbers.

They came down to the bank of the river and freely conversed with our men on friendly terms. They say they would like to hang both Jeff Davis and Abe Lincoln and then close the war. In their estimation the war is continued by the officers and "big men." For themselves, they are sick of it. Some more venturesome than the rest cross the river on a raft and exchange their tobacco for our coffee.

When opportunity offered on picket duty, there was very general courtesy manifested between the opposing lines. Sometimes unlooked-for developments occurred.

The "Johnnies" across the little river were too well protected or at too great a distance to be in much danger from our bullets, so even the pastime of shooting at them was

denied us, and after various expedients to improve the situation, the time still hung heavy.

One morning a few of the members of Company I resolved that, inasmuch as they could not get near enough to the rebels to shoot them, they would make their acquaintance in another manner, and a plan was matured to hold a "council of war" through a rank and file flag of truce. The inevitable handkerchief on a stick was quickly prepared, and from behind a protected spot at the extremity of the point of woodland that extended into the swamp between us and the enemy, it waved for a few moments and was answered by the rebels in a similar manner. The veterans from both armies promptly stepped out from "cover" and advanced with that confidence which has always distinguished the American soldier, that the little emblem of peace was a protector, and that the truce would not be broken by either friend or foe.

It was a long stretch of swamp that the six or eight men of Company I had to pick their way over before arriving at the margin of the narrow Nansemond, that divided the two squads, but they got there, and speeches were immediately in order.

"Billy" Patterson (who does not remember "Billy," with his fund of stories and songs and rich Irish wit) was loaded for the rebels, and he was soon giving Yankee taffy to the dozen graybacks from the Twenty-ninth Alabama, who had leisurely come down from behind their earthworks to meet us

In the midst of the talk and advice given and received, a shell from our own Fort Connecticut, just around the bend of the river, burst so near that the fragments made anything but sweet music as they clipped through the air about us and resulted in an immediate adjournment of the "private" council of war.

The boys from the Twenty-first, not knowing at first where the shell came from, supposed the rebels had broken the truce, and started for shelter at a Bull Run pace, expecting to

be shot at every leap. One of the boys who led the retreat on the home stretch, says: "I glanced over my shoulder to see who were still safe and the sight was indeed a ludicrous one. The ground was marshy, and while some went down to quickly rise again, the rest were pushing forward with wild leaps towards the friendly shelter that seemed so far away. They all reached the cover of the woods at last badly blown, but congratulated themselves that they had come safely out from the "jaws of death," and were covered only with mud.

Those in the rear heard some of the rebels say, "Don't run, boys; we won't shoot." But the panic was on, and there was no stopping until safety was assured. The friendly and *private* communication thus opened with the rebels continued for a day or two with the exchange of coffee and tobacco; but as soon as the flag of truce affair reached headquarters, strict orders were issued, and there were no more "hello, Yank, or Johnny Reb" while picketing the Nansemond.

For three weeks General Longstreet had been maturing his plans for an attack. Siege guns had arrived from Richmond and General Hill's division came to re-enforce him. He seemed about ready to try his strength against our thirty thousand men, when he received word from Richmond hastily to re-enforce General Lee. Threatening movements had developed between the armies of the Potomac and North Virginia, and what promised to be a severe contest for us, was suddenly abandoned. At three o'clock in the morning General Peck was informed of a Confederate withdrawal. To verify the report, General Getty with seven thousand men crossed the Nansemond in pursuit, while two detachments hurried over the river below the village. It was left to the Twenty-first to constitute one of these forces, Major Crosby commanding, accompanied by two pieces of artillery and a small force of cavalry. This raid is known in history as the expedition against Chuckatuck.

We quote from the official report of Major Crosby: "My orders were to march to Chuckatuck and from thence to

Reed's Ferry, opening communication with the Fourth Rhode Island on my left. The troops were under way for Chuckatuck at half-past four o'clock Sunday morning, the distance being two and a half miles. My skirmishers came upon the line of rebel pickets about half a mile from the Nansemond, their fires still burning. The rebel pickets fell back to Chuckatuck as we advanced. When within half a mile of the village, we saw a company of rebel cavalry drawn up in the main street leading into the village. I ordered Lieutenant McDavitt to open fire upon them with artillery, and the rebels, after a few rounds, retired to the further side of the village at the juction of the Reed's Ferry and Isle of Wight roads. I advanced the skirmishers to the village and moved up the column. Appearances indicated that the enemy would make a stand at that point, but they again retired, a portion of their force taking the Isle of Wight road, but the greater number retiring by the Reed's Ferry road.

"As soon as my command were in the village, I sent Sergeant Trowbridge of the Mounted Rifles, and his detachment of cavalry, to reconnoiter the road leading to the Isle of Wight, and also ordered Captain Spittle, Acting-Major of the Twenty-first, with Companies A and K, to skirmish along the Reed's Ferry road. From the accounts given by contrabands at the point, the enemy's cavalry were estimated at about three hundred strong, and that they had a camp at Isle of Wight and also on the Reed's Ferry road. I ordered Lieutenant McDavitt to put the artillery in position to command both roads until they could be reconnoitered. On discovering that the enemy intended to make no resistance at this point, the column was moved ahead on the Reed's Ferry road. Captain Spittle came upon the camp on this road, about half a mile beyond Chuckatuck,—the enemy had just left, their camp fires still burning.

"About a mile beyond Chuckatuck, the roads branch off, one leading to Reed's Ferry, the other to Everett's Bridge. The footprints indicated that the enemy's cavalry had retired

by the latter road, but as the two roads ran near together for a time, I halted the column at this point, put the guns in position commanding both roads and ordered Captain Spittle to reconnoiter them. The enemy were then reported nowhere in sight. The column was at once set in motion along the Reed's Ferry road, with the exception that Lieutenant McDavitt, with one piece of artillery and a sufficient support, was left behind to command the Everett's Bridge road until an advance was secured. The column had moved but an eighth of a mile in advance, when I ordered Sergeant Trowbridge to make a reconnoissance on the Everett's Bridge road, for about fifty rods, passing over the same ground which our skirmishers had previously gone over. The cavalry had gone but a short distance when the enemy, who had suddenly returned, opened fire upon them, killing one and wounding two of their number. Lieutenant McDavitt opened upon them at once and shelled them back towards Everett's Bridge. The column was delayed at this point about half an hour, but, there being no sign of the enemy's returning, I advanced the skirmishers rapidly on the Reed's Ferry road, and again set the column in motion. Our march was necessarily slow, owing to the thick underbrush through which the skirmishers were obliged to make their way.

"On approaching the west branch we again discovered the enemy's pickets. The skirmishers, under Captain Spittle, Captain Shepard, and Captain Belden advanced gallantly and were soon engaged. The artillery was moved up with supports and opened fire at once, commanding the opposite bank of the creek, where the enemy had two companies of sharpshooters as a support. The skirmish at this point was short and spirited, resulting in our capturing one lieutenant, three sergeants, two corporals, and ten privates of the enemy Our loss was three wounded, one of whom died some two hours afterwards, as we were without surgical aid.

"We encamped Sunday night on the Nansemond near the ferry and under protection of the gun-boats. On the next

morning Captain Spittle was sent out with Companies A and K to reconnoiter, and returned, bringing two deserters, who were dispatched to the general commanding. He further reported that the enemy on the opposite side of the west branch from us commenced their retreat on the evening previous at eight o'clock, and that the most of their forces had retired before midnight, burning behind them the bridge at Page's mill.

"I am under great obligations to Flag Officer Captain Cushing and also to Captain Lamson. Acting Master's Mate Lawrence rendered me great assistance in giving information where to post the artillery, so as to be of service to our troops engaged with the enemy on the other side of the creek. My thanks are due to the officers of the regiment for their prompt and hearty coöperation. The patience and courage of the men after the fatigues of the past ten days are deserving of special praise. I take pleasure in mentioning the gallant conduct of Lieutenant McDavitt of the Fourth Wisconsin Battery, and the prompt and efficient manner in which both he and his men performed their duty. The detachment of New York Mounted Rifles under Sergeant Trowbridge are also deserving of great praise, for though a few in number, they were of the greatest assistance. The casualties are as follows: Company K, killed, Private Alfred J. Freeman; Company A, wounded, Private Hiram Loomis; Company K, Private Lyndes C. Bushnell."

The following is from an order issued from Division Headquarters:

HEADQUARTERS 3D DIVISION, 9TH A. C.
NEAR SUFFOLK, VA.
May 4th, 1863.

General Orders, No. 28.

(EXTRACT.) Nor will he (the commanding General) suffer to pass unnoticed the services of those who crossed the Nansemond, at Sleepy Hole, who drove the enemy's cavalry from Chuckatuck and seized Reed's Ferry, capturing an officer and fifteen men.

Such deeds prove the mettle of the men and show that, when well led, they need fear no enemy.

By Command,
BRIGADIER-GENERAL GEORGE W GETTY.

The prisoners captured were members of the Fourth Texas Regiment and good-looking men. They seemed to think that neither party in the war would conquer, that General Hooker would "play out" quicker than Burnside or McClellan, and that the last mentioned was our best general. We encamped for the night on the north bank of the river near where we captured the prisoners.

One of the exciting incidents of this expedition was the "Battle of the Hogs," which afforded quite an excitement for the time, and, as it took place in the enemy's country, might have been attended with serious results to the expedition. It will be remembered that we had effected a crossing of the Nansemond River, and were to work our way back some eight or ten miles into the enemy's country and then to make a detour and join General Getty's troops, which were to force their way across the river at Suffolk. General Getty, however, failed to effect a crossing on account of the strength of the opposing forces, so that we finally fell back to the river. In doing so we surprised and captured some eighteen or twenty rebels. On our arrival at the river we threw up breastworks and also posted a line of pickets about a mile in front of our position. It was while lying here, waiting transportation across the river, that the battle occurred. After posting the pickets, it was discovered that the light growth of bushes and wood was alive with hogs, and in a short time the battle opened. Some of the officers of the expedition opened the engagement and soon re-enforcements had augmented the force engaged and the fight became general. Men running back and forth along the picket line, firing their guns and shouting, attracted the attention of the expedition; fearing that the pickets were being attacked,

the men were ordered to fall in and the battery was trained on them and waited for the pickets to fall back. And meanwhile the battle raged, and the slaughter went bravely on, and the firing increased, and the hogs charged, and the men charged, and the field was soon strewn with the dead and dying. "Well! well!" says the commander of the expedition, "I don't see why those pickets don't fall back." All this time the men stood in line awaiting the attack and the gunners stood by their guns ready for the orders to fire. Fresh pork was falling and bade fair to become a drug on the market. Finally the commander could stand the suspense no longer, and calling the officer-of-the-day, ordered him to ride out there and see what was the matter. The officer-of-the-day at once proceeded to the front, where he soon "sensed" the situation and returned to report that the enemy (the hogs) had made an attack on the picket line and were being repulsed with great slaughter. There being no doubt but the men already engaged would be sufficient to dispose of the enemy, orders were given to break ranks, amid much laughter and applause. Pork was for a while the principal ration of the Chucatuck expedition and their friends.

Our stay on the north bank of the Nansemond was of short duration. On the fifth of May we crossed the river and re-occupied our old camp. On the following day we moved our camp to a new location near Battery Stevens. Before reaching our camp night came on and a thunder-shower overtook us. As our route lay in part through pine forests we were enveloped in dense darkness, relieved only by the electric lights from the clouds. Thus in darkness and in the midst of a severe shower we halted for the night, but the light of the next day revealed a fine place for a camp. Here we spent a week in making baskets, which, when filled with soil, were used to complete the breastworks. With this work there came an end to our stay at Suffolk, which had occupied just two months to a day. It had been a period of unusual activity though of little fighting. Our escape from

a battle with General Longstreet's forces was due to General Hooker, whose operations at Chancellorsville hastily called away the enemy from our front.

LETTER OF SERGEANT WILLIAM B. AVERY, TWENTY-FIRST CONN. VOLUNTEERS.

CAMP FIVE MILES FROM SUFFOLK, VA.

May 10, 1863.

Saturday night, May 2d, we left this place and marched down the Nansemond river sixteen miles, and about four o'clock Sunday morning, crossed the river into the land of rebels, guerillas, bush-whackers, etc. Our little band consisted of two rifled cannons, six of the mounted cavalry, and the Twenty-first Connecticut Volunteers. We had two skirmishes with the rebels before we came to Chuckatuck. In the last one, one of our cavalrymen was shot in the arm near the elbow. He is getting along very well now. Another cavalryman was hit six times and instantly killed. One bullet went into his left eye, coming out at the back of his head; another went into his mouth, coming out near his right ear; another went through his right side; another through the calf of his leg; another hit him on the hip; and another went through his neck. We buried him on the spot where he fell. We then marched on until we came to a corn-field, where we had another fight. One of Company A's men was wounded in the leg by a rebel.

About the same time a man in Company K was hit in the hip by a rebel bullet, and lying down was at first unobserved, but he was soon seen and the boys carried him and laid him down under the shade of a tree, where he lay till he bled to death. His wound was so bad that the bleeding could not be stopped. He

was buried on the spot where he died. The fight ended, the prisoners were sent across the river, and all was still.

In the corn-field the guns were stacked, all loaded, and every man lay on the ground near his gun, ready at any time should the enemy approach. There the men lay on the ground in the dust, some on the back and arms spread out, some on their side, some on their faces, some across each other, and in this manner lay the Twenty-first Connecticut Volunteers, tired, sleeping, and well used up, while the hot sun poured its torrents of heat down upon them. There they lay, officers and men together, all asleep. A few rods at our left lay the wounded man of Company K, a little body of men around him, witnessing his dying moments. Soon he left this world, and his body was laid in the ground in the same spot where he breathed his last. Soon after he was buried, crack went a report from a rebel sharpshooter's rifle, and whiz went a bullet over our heads and striking in the dirt. Soon, crack went another from the same direction, the bullet going over our heads. Then the order came to "fall in," and nearly every man had to be severely shaken to wake him up, they being so tired. We were then marched down on the point, near the river, and we dug a rifle pit nearly around it; there we stayed till morning. The night after the fight about thirty men were placed about a mile in front of us, as pickets, to notify us, should the rebels make an attack.

Monday, a captain and a few men went back and took up the body of the young man last spoken of, brought him down to the shore, and he was carried across the river (on the Union side), and there buried. The man in Company A who was wounded was carried to the shore soon after he was hit and put aboard the gun-boat, where he was well attended to. Monday night we were all taken aboard the gun-boats and carried across the river, when we marched to camp.

A few days ago a body of cavalry went across the river, went nearly to Chuckatuck, and took up the body of the cavalryman, who was killed and buried there. They brought him across the river and buried him on this side. Soon after we buried him (at the time he was shot), the rebels came and dug him up to get his boots, but we had taken them off before we buried him.

Our regiment is now about six miles from Suffolk, on the Nansemond River, building a battery. Our company is doing guard duty at General Dutton's headquarters, about a mile from the regiment. We have enough to eat and drink and enough to do.

(Signed) WM. B. AVERY.

BUSINESS AHEAD.

CHAPTER X.

BOWERS' HILL, WHITE HOUSE, YORKTOWN.

May, June and July, 1863.

After the enemy left Suffolk, it was decided to change the line of defense for the twin cities of Norfolk and Portsmouth, bringing it nearer the base of supplies. By this means we should have a shorter distance to guard and fewer men would be needed. Consequently Suffolk, with all its recently constructed forts, was abandoned, and a line of defense marked out in a radius some seven miles from Portsmouth. To this new position we were ordered on the 13th of May, and after marching thirteen miles, went into camp at Bowers' Hill near the railroad. Here we remained nearly a month and a half in what proved to be a pleasant and enjoyable camp located on the ground once held by the "Louisiana Tigers." While here we were kept busy in building forts for the defense of the city If there is little excitement in the use of the spade, and some discouragement in the amount of work to be done, yet there is encouragement in the large numbers to do the work. Each one feels that he is only one out of a great number, and that his individual task is small. Therefore, with patient, if not with enthusiastic, efforts, Fort Kingsbury was completed and

received its quota of guns. Also, a second fort was commenced and was well under way before we left.

But aside from the drudgery of digging with the pick and spade, our stay at this camp was unusually pleasant. The weather was favorable, except when the heat was oppressive. If we were annoyed by mosquitoes and gnats, we comforted ourselves with the thought that no real danger could come from such an insignificant enemy. The officers who failed in their attempts to have their wives with them at Fort Connecticut, were now more successful, and on June 7th four ladies appeared in the camp. Writes one of the men in his diary, "Great curiosity for us to see women from Connecticut." Soon it was rumored in camp that our Colonel, now in command of the brigade, was away on his wedding trip. Here, in our usually quiet camp, there occurred one day considerable excitement caused by a raid on a would-be sutler. Provoked beyond endurance by the high prices charged for his goods, the boys rushed upon his tent with groans and cries of "Cut the ropes," etc. The guard was immediately called out and order restored, but in the evening the tent was taken down and goods removed. Doubtless the feeling against him was intensified by the fact that he was once a member of the regiment and discharged at Newport News. He soon left for Connecticut no more to return.

When no enemy threatens and we feel ourselves secure from all danger, there is a freedom from care giving rise to a sociability that renders a soldier's life in many respects delightful. Especially is this realized on the part of those who have been recently exposed to some hardships. The quiet of camp life comes as a vacation to the school-boy after the anxiety of a trying examination. One remembers with pleasure the delightful evenings here enjoyed, when twilight long lingered between daylight and darkness. The labor of the day was completed. From neighboring camps came the soul-stirring music of the bands, while from our own grounds came the delights of song. Few will forget the sweet melodies of

Charles Craw and Otis F Luce of Company A, whose charming voices afforded enjoyment for many an hour to interested listeners. The song, "Do They Think of Me at Home," stirred many a heart.

Not a little interest was manifested in the grotesque conduct of the colored people as they gathered in the camp, and urged on by the men, would amuse the spectators by singing and dancing. From this race the soldier was always sure of sympathy, and never has the writer known of confidence reposed in the colored man being betrayed. While on our way from Battery Stevens, an old colored man by the road side was watching us with much interest while we were passing. In response to the words "We have got down here at last," he replied, "Yes, I bless de Lord dat you hab come. I has been praying for it dis long time, and now pray God Almighty dat you may succeed."

One of our neighbors while here was a colored clergyman. Acquaintance with him led to a knowledge of his past history. He thought he had a call to the ministry when he was twenty-one years of age, but he did not know how to read. By the light of pine knots in the evening, after his work was done, he overcame this obstacle, and when able to read the Bible commenced his ministry.

At this camp we welcomed our second Chaplain. Captain John E. Wood, promoted from Company C to this office about the time of our leaving the state, resigned in the following January. Rev. Thomas G. Brown, appointed April 21, 1863, joined us immediately after receiving his commission and remained till the mustering out of the regiment. He was a Methodist minister and brought to his work a sincere desire to do his duty. By the manifestation of a consistent Christian character, by his genuine sympathy with the men, whether to the ministering to the wounded in battle—his coat was once torn by a shell while on duty under fire—or by humbler acts of kindness and religious counsel in camp, he won the respect and love of the entire regiment. After the

close of the war, he was a constant attendant at the reunions of the regiment, and no one was more heartily welcomed by the boys than he. It was now about nine months since we left the state, and there were vague rumors in camp that Governor Buckingham of Connecticut had gone to Washington with a view to have our regiment enrolled as one of nine months' duration. Of course there was no foundation for the rumor, unless it was that our quota would have been filled if such had been the case. Yet it reached even to our friends in Connecticut, which only shows what was the secret wish of many at home, as well as in camp. Two members of the regiment, for desertion, were sentenced by a court-martial to wear the ball and chain for three months—a six-foot chain securely fastened to the ankle with a six-pound ball attached.

The engineer officers, in laying out the defenses to be constructed by the troops, had little regard for the wishes of property owners. One of the forts on which we labored was located in the midst of a six-acre field of corn, now partly grown. A commission was appointed, consisting of three citizens of the neighborhood and three officers of the regiment, to assess damages. Perchance, if the owner could prove his loyalty to the flag, he might, at some time, secure damages. Of the three citizen commissioners who signed the report, two, unable to write their names, made their mark. And yet these were chosen by the property owner as among the most competent of his neighborhood.

In the course of our stay here, we came in contact somewhat with our civilian neighbors in the immediate vicinity, prompted, in part, perhaps, by a desire to secure fresh eggs, or other supplies for the mess, or in part, for sociability or curiosity. In one instance there was found the foot-wheel, or small spinning-wheel, with the hostess dressed in cotton cloth, the material of which had been raised by her husband, while the labor of transforming the fabric into a dress had been performed by the hands of the wearer. When one ventured to speak of the factories at the North, where one person, by

machinery, could do the work of fifty with a spinning-wheel, she replied that she had always made her own cloth for her clothes and did not want any factories. When told of the schools at the North, where it was expected that everyone would learn to read and write, she replied that she did not care for schools; she had never known how to read, and her children could get along as well as she had done. This, in her estimation, seemed amply sufficient.

But an end comes to the history of every camp. One fort had been completed as the work of our hands, and a second was in process of construction. And now, after a residence of nearly six weeks at Bowers' Hill, with its pleasant surroundings, we regretfully leave to join in the campaign up the Peninsula. This movement was directed by authorities from Washington. It was hoped that since General Lee, with all the troops at his command, had invaded the northern states, there might be a chance for the Fourth Corps to make a successful advance upon Richmond. But experience proves that our troops would have been of more value in assisting the Army of the Potomac than by any attempt to capture a city so securely defended as the Confederate capital. However, we must make the attempt to gain the wisdom. Consequently, the entire force, amounting to fourteen thousand men, embarked on transports, at Yorktown, for White House Landing, except the cavalry, which, led by General Spear, made its way up the Peninsula by land. This force, amounting to a thousand men, destroyed the bridge over South Anna, near Hanover, thus intercepting railroad communication between Richmond and Fredericksburg. General Getty was dispatched to Hanover Court House, while General Keyes with five thousand men set out for Richmond. But it was found that the enemy had not left their Capital without ample defense. After losing twenty men, General Keyes abandoned all attempts on the city, and both his own force and that of General Getty returned.

The three weeks devoted to this campaign afford some events worthy of notice. The summons to join this movement reached us at Bowers' Hill one Sunday afternoon. Next morning we embarked on transports at Norfolk, and proceeded to Yorktown, where we encamped at night. In close proximity to our camp were works of historic interest, which were visited by many of our men. Here were the elaborate works thrown up the previous year by General McClellan. In our front was a large plain near the midst of which, enclosed by a low railing, was marked the spot where at the close of the Revolutionary War, Cornwallis had surrendered his army to Washington. In this field there were acres covered with low blackberry vines, the fruit of which was now ripe, affording a luxury to many of our men. In the estimation of some, this event was of sufficient account to give a name to the expedition, "the blackberry raid."

June 26th, we left Yorktown on transports, and on the same day reached White House Landing. Upon going into camp at this place we received the news that General Dix had appointed our regiment as provost guard, with Major Crosby as provost-marshal. This appointment was received with great satisfaction on the part of the men, as it indicated the confidence reposed in us as a reliable, well-drilled regiment; we were also quite sure of escaping the dangers of severe fighting, should such occur. However, some rather questioned their good luck, thinking that, if the army gained any glory in battle, they would be deprived of the same. Because of this appointment, we remained at the landing, guarding supplies and other property that might be exposed in any way. We were also to guard all prisoners that were not held by their respective regiments, and especially to have care of any that might be captured in battle. There were for us more freedom and greater privileges in this position than we otherwise should have enjoyed.

June 27th, Colonel Spear's expedition returned from the successful effort to destroy the bridge over South Anna,

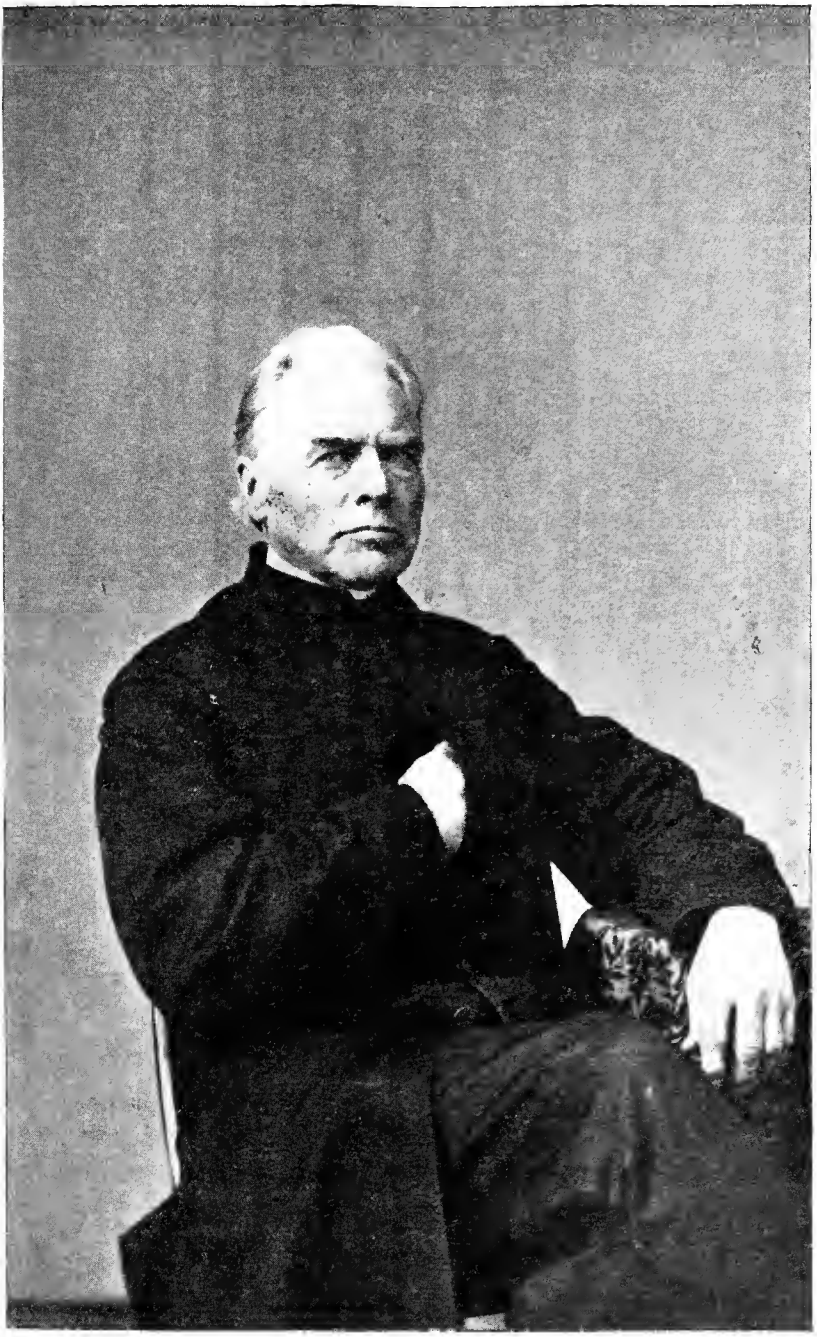
bringing with them one hundred and five prisoners, besides thirty-five baggage wagons with three hundred mules. They also destroyed forty wagons and six thousand bushels of grain. Among the prisoners was General W. H. F Lee, captured in his own private carriage, which was brought in and left near our camp, while the prisoners were sent by transports down the river. It soon became evident to many that the carriage of so distinguished a general might have some mementos worthy of being sent to friends at home, and soon it was discovered that the vehicle was somewhat mutilated. Learning of this, General Dix, whose head-quarters were on board a transport, desired the provost-marshal to make a thorough search in his camp for any relics of the captured property. If any were found, he must report the guilty party, for he had given his word of honor that the carriage should not be injured. At once every officer was summoned to appear before the provost-marshal, and directions were given to make a thorough search in every company street throughout the camp. With these directions, there was the added command, "I should be very much mortified, and very sorry to find that any of our men should be discovered among those that had injured the carriage."

The officers fully shared in the feelings of the major, and the "thorough search" revealed not one vestige of the vehicle in camp. They so reported, and it was at once concluded that another regiment in camp, not far away, had perhaps been the guilty party, and General Dix was so informed. We never heard that he believed the report implicitly.

July 4th, about one-hundred of our regiment were sent out as guards of supplies for General Getty's division. They started at 2 o'clock A. M., and halted for the night at 10 P. M., marching by way of King William's Court House. Next day, having marched twenty miles, they met the division, returning to White House Landing, where they arrived on the seventh. With the return of these expeditions, there was a large number of contrabands that came in and sought access

to Union territory. It was here that news reached us of the victory at Gettysburg, and the capture of Vicksburg. The good fortune of our arms at these important points, compensated in a measure, for our lack of success in our advance toward the rebel capital. The following letter, written July 7th by one of the regiment, may show the spirit of a soldier in view of these victories: "Lee's army is defeated. This morning news reached us that Vicksburg had fallen. The enemy has left Tennessee. Prosperity has once more smiled upon us. Dark hours, filled with the deepest anxiety, have given way to great light, and every true, loyal heart to-day rejoices. I sincerely thank God for it. Never before have the affairs of our country looked so prosperous, and never have I felt so encouraged as now. I cannot write my thoughts upon this subject—a soldier's heart feels what it cannot express."

July 8th, the day after General Getty's expedition arrived, we started on our return to Yorktown. Now appear some of the inconveniences of being provost guard for an army. We have to march as rear guard, the cavalry only being behind us. We have orders to bring up all stragglers, as any left may fall into the hands of the enemy. The following description found in a letter, written the next day after reaching Yorktown, may give some idea of the work left to our regiment: "Our march from White House Landing to this place was decidedly the hardest marching we have done. The distance was fifty miles, which we completed in three days. Being rear guard, it was our duty to bring up the stragglers of the whole army, which was not a very agreeable duty. The first day it rained very hard for nearly three hours, swelling the streams that crossed the road, so that we all got our feet well soaked. We encamped about nine in the evening. I went to a brook and washed the mud from my trousers and stockings, then wrapped myself up in my blanket, that I had used during the day to protect me from the rain, took off my boots to be used for a pillow, and slept



CHAPLAIN THOMAS G. BROWN.
(The Hero of Drewry's Bluff.)

as best I could. Next morning we were up by four o'clock, and soon were on the march with short rations. The day was extremely hot, and we must needs march twenty-two miles before going into camp for the night. The morning of the third day we started by sunrise; some of the regiment had no breakfast whatever, some had fresh pork that they had captured along the way, which was cooked and eaten without salt, or bread or vegetables. We had not gone many miles, however, before we met the supply train from the commissary department, which furnished us with a much needed breakfast and army rations. The canvas-covered baggage wagons, as they came jolting over the roads, never looked better, and hunger was a good seasoning for the hard-tack and coffee. I was on guard with Lieutenants S. and C. We had not gone far when we found a soldier unable to march by reason of sickness. I saw a darkey a short distance off with a team, which I pressed into service, and secured a ride for the patient, as I did for others in like condition. We reached Yorktown and went into camp about dark. When I pulled off my boots, I found my feet blistered, a condition, I believe, in which most of the regiment shared."

Next day, not a few of the men availed themselves of York river as a resort for bathing, for which, with its beautiful, sandy shore, it afforded unrivaled facilities. July 12th, we started for Hampton, encamping for the night at Big Bethel, where one of the first battles of the war was fought. Only two houses were to be seen, and those not prepossessing in appearance. On the second day we arrived at Hampton about noon. This was a village of over a thousand inhabitants before the war, with some fine buildings, but these were burned by General Magruder, leaving the beautiful location peopled with a few whites and many blacks, who sheltered themselves in miserable shanties. Next day we left on steamer "Express" for Portsmouth, from whence we marched to our old camp at Bowers' Hill. Very glad were we to reach this place, after an absence of nineteen days. Before night,

however, we received orders to report to Portsmouth as provost guard. This was very welcome news, as it secured a permanent place, good quarters, and city life. But in view of the previous march, we were allowed to stay in camp till next day, when we struck tents, turned in much of our camp equipage to the government, and left with pleasant hopes, in anticipation of our renewed duties at Portsmouth. Doubtless the report of the Assistant Inspector, General Donohue, had not a little to do in securing for us this position. While at Bowers' Hill, after inspecting our regiment, he reports: "I believe this regiment equal, if not superior, to any I have ever inspected. I predict that the Twenty-first Connecticut Volunteers can be relied upon to fill any position to which it may be assigned."

A HALT ON A HOT DAY BESIDE GOOD WATER.

CHAPTER XI.

PROVOST LIFE AT PORTSMOUTH AND NORFOLK, VIRGINIA.

ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE REGIMENTAL REUNION AT EAST HAMPTON, MAY 17, 1881, BY CAPTAIN W. S. HUBBELL.

It is of the lights more than the shadows of army life that I now propose to speak. We were no strangers to the severer, the ghastly side of war. But it was our good fortune also to look upon Mars in his more festive moments and to see what may be called the sunny side of the grim monster. Such was our experience at Portsmouth and Norfolk, Va., which I shall endeavor to recall in these pages. There is a legend concerning one of the picket boats which were used to explore the shallow streams emptying into the upper Potomac. According to the story, this little steamer was of exceeding light draught—in fact almost capable of making passage where a heavy dew had fallen over night. Of course such a penetrating craft was much valued and won renown for many exploits. At last the command of the tiny vessel was given to a new and ambitious captain. He was determined to make it hot alongshore for the rebels, who had hitherto kept out of musket range. He therefore borrowed a ten-pound Parrot gun, from a battery at the rear, and after much difficulty, established the ordnance amidships of his

craft, which staggered fearfully under the new burden. He then steamed slowly up the creek until within range of a farm house, which he supposed to be the headquarters of a rebel cavalry outpost. The gun was loaded with a double charge and carefully trained upon the distant station. The lanyard was pulled and a terrific explosion rent the air. But, as the tale concludes, the ten-pound projectile remained stationary in mid-river, while the gunboat itself, cannon and all, was blown by the recoil clean across to the Federal side, and landed high and dry upon the bank.

Provost duty is a species of light-weight soldiering, more full of mishaps than of peril, more celebrated for recoils than for punishing the enemy. Still, it was an interesting experience and our luck was much envied by the division when we were ordered to Portsmouth in July, 1863. It was during what was perhaps the most brilliant fortnight of the war. The month opened with the battle of Gettysburg, July 1st, 2d and 3d. The "Fourth" had been made once more glorious by the surrender of Vicksburg to General Grant, while the Guerrilla Morgan had been beaten on the same day in Kentucky On the sixth the rebel Johnston was defeated in Mississippi, and on the seventh General Bragg was driven with great loss beyond the Tennessee River. On the eighth occurred the surrender of Port Hudson to General Banks, and once more the Mississippi was open to commerce. On the tenth the Union forces landed at Morris Island and began the siege of Charleston. The same day the capital of Mississippi was occupied by Union troops. On the day following, the rebels were driven out of their earthworks on Morris Island and took refuge in Fort Wagner, while the Federal troops in Tennessee entered Nashville. Lee meanwhile had been cautiously pursued by Meade, until on the thirteenth he recrossed the Potomac, his rear guard, fifteen hundred strong, having been captured.

At this time the Twenty-first Connecticut was, with the expedition under General Dix, sent out from Fort Monroe to destroy Lee's communications with Richmond. We had a weary march from Yorktown, moving the first day seventeen miles to Big Bethel and the next day the rest of the way to Hampton, the road being lined with overcoats and blankets discarded by the infantry in their hot and toilsome march. We reached Hampton on the thirteenth, just as Lee was crossing the Potomac, and the next morning boarded a transport for Portsmouth, and marched home to Bowers' Hill over a muddy road and under a burning sun. We were glad enough to tumble into our tents, and thus escape a heavy shower of rain, but were no sooner at ease than orders arrived for our immediate return to Portsmouth. The "Draft Riots" had broken out in New York. General Dix had been ordered thither from our department. General Foster had been put in command at Fortress Monroe, and our regiment had been chosen for provost guard at Portsmouth, with our Major as Provost Marshal.

This revolutionary bit of news set the camp aflame in a moment, and while our blisters and sore heels cried out for rest, yet we knew there was no help for it, but to march back the nine miles to Portsmouth without delay. The Major finally compromised, however, by forwarding Lieutenant Jennings with seventy fresh men who had kept the camp during our absence. The next morning, therefore, we started gaily back, attired in our best uniforms and inspired by the music of a bass drum which the Major had managed somehow to buy or borrow. We marched into Portsmouth by company front, and were quartered in comfortable barracks in various parts of the town. At first everybody was delighted with the change.

Our various guards were stationed, relieving the One Hundred and Forty-Eighth New York, and we prepared to enjoy life after a new and luxurious fashion. For the first time in our regimental history, we were in

reach of the best of provisions. Tomatoes were abundant, luscious and cheap. New potatoes could be had without trouble. Fresh eggs were delicious and plentiful, at twenty cents a dozen. Milk was ten cents a quart, and splendid bread, fresh daily, made us smile at the memory of the tooth-destroying hard tack, which still lay moulding in our haversacks.

Good-sized watermelons were plenty at thirty cents each, while cantaloupes went begging at five cents apiece. The great luxury of ice water was once more attainable both in hospital and in barracks. Besides this, the climate was delightful, the heat being tempered by a cool sea breeze in the afternoon of almost every day While the men, therefore, at Bowers' Hill were sweltering in their tents with the mercury at 115 degrees, we of the provost guard suffered no inconvenience from heat and were remarkably free from summer maladies.

There was, however, a constant demand for detailed men, to be stationed here and there as orderlies, clerks, and guards throughout the district, and gradually the regiment became much depleted in this way. We also had about four miles of picket line to guard, and although the posts were pleasantly located, with little to do save to examine passes, to intercept the rebel mail hidden in bags of oats, or to count the darkies who came into our lines, yet the men considered it hard to be on duty for two nights out of every three, and Lieutenant-Colonel Burpee, who had now rejoined us from sick leave, was half inclined to make request for another detachment of troops to divide with us the care of the city. The astute Major Crosby, however, dissuaded him, on the ground that worse things might befall us if we complained and that we might be sent back to Bowers' Hill to work nine hours a day in the trenches. On August 1st Colonel Dutton returned to us, and to everybody's delight resumed command of the regiment. We at once were made to feel his firm, yet impartial, hand. Dress parades were resumed, and although the

companies were small, yet a fine impression was made by concealing them on side streets until the drums sounded, and then having them emerge suddenly at once from their shelter and form on the colors along the line of the main street on which the headquarters was located. Occasionally we borrowed a band from the Norfolk post, and then the Portsmouth ladies so far forgot their enmity as to draw near while the "troop beat off." The men were all obliged to wear white gloves at parade and the utmost polish was required upon all arms and equipments. The Colonel endeavored to stimulate a wholesome rivalry between the companies by announcing that there would soon be a competitive inspection with a view to assign each company to its own place in the scale of merit. This inspection was held on the 14th of September and with the following result. The ten companies were found to rank in order as follows: First, Company K; next came successively Companies C, A, D, I, G, F, E, H, and B. Company K was therefore given the right of the line, Company C the left, and Company A received the colors at the center.

On the seventeenth of this month we had a new and unpleasant experience in connection with a military execution The culprit was a member of the Eleventh Pennsylvania Cavalry, commanded by the redoubtable Colonel "Sam" Spear of subsequent Fenian notoriety The man s name was John T Barnett, and he was originally a member of the Third Georgia Regiment, to which state he belonged. When the rebels evacuated Norfolk, Barnett deserted, and after living as a gambler for a time in Norfolk and Portsmouth, he enlisted in the Eleventh Pennsylvania. He again deserted and committed highway robbery, also attempting murder at the same time. He was captured, tried by a court martial and sentenced to be shot. Escaping from jail, he crossed the Blackwater into North Carolina, but was pursued by a squadron of the Eleventh and recaptured. We all remember the return of his captors through the streets of Portsmouth, dragging him by

a rope behind their horses. He was then defiant, shaking his fist at his captors and declaring that no jail could hold him.

We also remember him on the day when his execution took place; how he was brought in a carriage with three chaplains seeking to prepare him for death; how the three regiments with the artillery and cavalry formed in hollow square as the miserable man was led to the opening on the farther side of the square at the Oak Grove; how with bandaged eyes he was seated upon his own coffin, while a few yards before him stood the platoon of the provost guard, who were to execute the sentence (Their pieces had been loaded by other hands, and two of the twenty muskets contained only blank cartridges, so that each soldier might hope that he had not fired the fatal shot.) We also remember how the prisoner's white face was raised to Heaven and his lips moved in prayer as the band played a low, dirge-like requiem in signal for his death; how the officer raised his sword, the quick volley shattered the stillness and the poor wretch fell dead across his coffin pierced with eight bullets, any one of which would have been fatal; how the column of troops was reformed and marched in gloomy silence past the bleeding form, and with what feelings of relief we hastened back to our barracks in the town.

An episode of a much more cheerful character occurred in connection with the departure of twenty or thirty Southern ladies from Portsmouth and Norfolk to be escorted beyond Suffolk across the lines to their male protectors in rebeldom. The packing of trunks by these ladies as superintended by officers of our regiment, who were bidden to watch lest any articles contraband of war were concealed in the luggage. The trunks were therefore first emptied and a bayonet was thrust through the bottom to discover any double layer in which aught might be concealed. Then each article must be laid in singly and all flannels and other fabrics unmade must be torn into breadths so as to become useful only for wearing apparel. Then the trunks were locked and the keys taken

by the officer, who met the ladies afterwards at the station and handed them their keys after the trunks were on board. Nor was this the final precaution. The ladies departed in high spirits, having, as they plainly hinted, outwitted the Yankees after all. But on leaving the train at Suffolk, they were shown to a private room where a female detective lay in wait for them, who explored their clothing with a faithfulness that revealed an abundance of contraband material skillfully concealed beneath the ample folds of their raiment, so that the final laugh was after all on our side.

What persistent, unrelenting rebels those Portmouth beauties were in the summer of 1863! We can only wonder if they were ever reconstructed after we drifted beyond their defiant sight. It seemed that some of them had vowed not even to allow the shadow of "the Stars and Stripes" to fall upon their sacred Southern forms. Hence, they would always cross the street to avoid the passing beneath the folds of our flag. Knowing this peculiarity of their public walk, we contrived a trap to catch them despite their precautions. The entrance to the ferry boat was by a narrow gateway, over which we suspended an ample flag which covered every inch of the passage. Under its protecting shadow every person must walk who crossed over to Norfolk. But the fair rebels, having, as we suppose, held a council of war upon the subject, appeared at the ferry each armed with a huge umbrella, which, as she neared the gate, was raised and carried like a shield above the head to interpose between them and the hated symbol of their conquerors.

With the little girls of eight or ten years, we could sometimes make friends, but with their elder sisters or their mothers and aunts, no Yankee could be on speaking terms. They professed to view us with ineffable scorn and we thought their heroics a practical joke. Who does not wonder whether "Missouri Virginia Kelly" is still alive. She used to rage into the provost marshal's office to complain to Major Crosby about Yankee robberies of her father's plantation. And who

does not recall how the adroit Major used to change the subject by suggesting to Miss Missouri Virginia that she change her name to Massachusetts Vermont?

We enjoyed about ten weeks of this easy and diversified life at Portsmouth, when a new commander, General Barnes, was all at once assigned to our district, and we had orders on September 30th to move across the river and to exchange places with the One hundred and Forty-eighth New York at Norfolk. This was received with slight objection, being, in fact, somewhat like another chapter of the same story, and our privileges were in some respects enlarged by the transfer. We at first went into barracks as before, but after we had been inspected by General Barnes, he ordered five companies to encamp in tents around Academy Place, where regimental headquarters were established in one of the public buildings of the city. Colonel Dutton and Lieutenant-Colonel Burpee were now detailed as members of a military commission, and Major Crosby, being provost marshal, the regiment was placed in charge of Captain J. F Brown. We had less of picket duty to perform than at Portsmouth, but more patrolling of streets, guarding of warehouses and wharves, besides furnishing a harbor police of men who could manage a boat, and also the charge of the city prison and Custom House.

So many details had been made by the provost marshal of soldiers to work under him that only about one hundred and eighty men remained fit for duty with the regiment, and half of these went on guard regularly by turns every other day. There was a like scarcity of officers, so that the routine was rather laborious. Still, nothing would have vexed us more than to have been then relieved by some other regiment. We wished for no such relief as would cost us our situation.

There lay at this time in the city prison a noted civilian named Wright, under sentence of death for murder. He belonged to one of the first families in Norfolk and was a physician, an intense Southerner, who for some reason was not in the Confederate service, but residing with his wife and

MAJOR-GENERAL AMBROSE E. BURNSIDE.

three daughters in their own home. The victim of his ungoverned Southern "patriotism" was a Massachusetts officer named Sanborn, who had just been commissioned as Lieutenant in the new colored regiment, then recruiting at Norfolk. There was much subdued excitement among the rebels at this procedure, of enlisting negro troops, and, as we remember, it was distinctly threatened by the Confederate government that no captured negro soldier would receive quarter or be recognized as a prisoner of war. The Norfolk rebels were therefore greatly incensed at the sight of Sanborn drilling his black recruits in the public streets. One morning in those days, Dr. Wright started out for his usual walk, but, as he stated on his trial, "prompted by some indefinable impulse" he returned to the house and placed in his pocket a loaded pistol. Resuming his walk, he soon encountered the squad of negro troops, marching and countermarching, with the officer standing on the sidewalk directing their movements.

As Dr. Wright passed by. he muttered contemptuously at the Lieutenant, "Oh, you coward!" Sanborn turned upon him sharply, asking, "What was that you said?" The doctor repeated his insulting words, at the same time placing his hand beneath the folds of his coat, "which gesture," said the doctor on his trial, "is the universally recognized sign among Southern gentlemen that a man is armed and is about to draw his weapon."

Poor Sanborn, having lacked the training of a Southern gentleman, was not versed in this bloody sign-language, and while in the act of demanding further explanations, was shot dead by the doctor. Not unnaturally the newly enrolled negro recruits, just out of slavery, were thrown into a momentary panic, but they rallied in a moment, seized their late master and marched him ignominiously to the provost.

Every facility was granted the homicide for a fair trial before a military commission, and he was allowed for counsel the United States District Attorney, Mr. Chandler, with other

legal assistance. Of course there was no question of the deliberate murder. The prisoner indeed admitted the act. To most of us, Yankees, it seemed both unprovoked and cowardly. He was sentenced to be hanged on the 16th of October, or about two weeks after we removed to Norfolk. The utmost pressure was brought to bear at Washington for a pardon or for some commutation of sentence, and the condemned man was reprieved for one week about two hours before the time appointed for his execution. The rebels had repeatedly boasted that he never would be hanged, and all sorts of wild stories prevailed about his rescue and about mysterious measures to effect it. The doctor was a Freemason, and it was said that the Masonic Fraternity had decreed his release. It was said that on this ground Major Crosby had declined to hang a brother Mason, and Captain Shepard was therefore appointed Assistant Provost Marshal for that day in order to conduct the execution.

In connection with these rumors, one of our keenest and most eccentric officers, Lieutenant John Trumbull, visited the Norfolk Lodge, where, as he related, the following dialogue occurred:

"I've come down here this evening," said the Lieutenant, "to learn the truth of your stories about your intention to stop the hanging of Dr. Wright."

"Well, Lieutenant," was the reply, "of course there isn't a word of truth in it; we'd like to prevent it if we could, but we are completely overpowered by your forces."

"That is enough to be said, I'm satisfied," remarked Trumbull, turning to withdraw. "But don't hurry away so," continued the first speaker, "do stop and let us drink one another's health. Pray give us a toast, Lieutenant."

"Very well, let's have no hypocritical politeness about this thing. Here's to a clear field and a fair fight, and may the best man win."

"Hold a moment, I don't know about that toast," replied the Southerner, who was a disabled Confederate officer,

"What do you call a fair fight; matching my son, for instance, against a nigger?"

Measuring him slowly with his eye, Trumbull answered, "Well, yes; I should say just about that."

The liquor remained untasted as Trumbull turned on his heel and withdrew.

The week wore slowly away and every day we heard some fresh story about the intended rescue. Two nights before the reprieve expired, the doctor very nearly made his escape in the disguise of a woman. His wife and daughters had been allowed free access to his room in the prison, where Captain Belden and Lieutenant Cook were on duty as wardens. One of the daughters remained in the cell, having taken his place on the bed with her father's boots on her outstretched feet and her head covered with the bedding, as if overcome with grief at the parting interview. The doctor, disguised in his daughter's clothing, walked out of the corridor between his wife and other daughter, impersonating the mother bowed with grief, and with head enveloped in a shawl. Every soldier on duty at the prison had been touched by the tears and outcries which had been plentiful that evening, and the sentries, with natural delicacy, forbore to intermeddle beyond what duty actually demanded.

Thus, the three, with loud lamentations, passed the guards and reached the street. Liberty was almost reached, when the outer sentinel at the gate detected the feet of a man below the skirts of the middle mourner, and, quickly bringing his musket to bear, halted the party on the very threshold of escape, shouting for the "corporal of the guard," which outcry for once was not a vain clamor. The doctor was then seized and brought back, merely remarking to his captors, "Desperate measures justify desperate remedies." The guard had previously been offered a thousand dollars in greenbacks and a farm of five hundred acres if he would connive at the escape. On hearing this bit of news, Colonel Burpee ordered the entire regiment under arms, and to remain so for the

thirty-six hours yet to elapse before the sentence could take effect. A cordon of guards was stretched three times around the prison. The Eighth and Fifteenth Connecticut and the Fourth Rhode Island came over from Getty's division and were posted at the Fair Grounds, just outside the city, where the gallows were erected. The One Hundred and Eighteenth New York came in from their camp beyond the Fair Grounds and bivouacked in the City Hall yard directly opposite the jail. The provost guard and our patrols kept the city under continual surveillance, and it was said to be "impossible for a rebel to wink" without attracting notice.

All these and the later precautions were deemed necessary by General Barnes, who had trusty information of a plan for a dash into Norfolk by rebel cavalry, in coöperation with a rising of the secession element within the city, to effect a rescue. Up to the night of his attempted escape, the doomed man clung to the hope of a second reprieve, for which his friends were working with desperate energy at Washington. A final dispatch, however, came from President Lincoln, and was handed to one of the daughters, who tremblingly requested Captain Belden to open and to read it. It contained these words:

"I cannot interfere."

"A. LINCOLN."

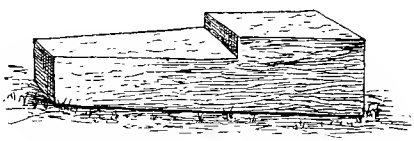
The next morning at nine o'clock the stern procession set out for the scaffold. We all remember the wailing and screams which greeted us from behind the closed window-shutters as we slowly marched through the principal streets. On reaching the scaffold, the prisoner was assisted to mount the platform, where he stood, calmly surveying the soldiers, arranged on three sides of the square about him.

Suddenly, his face lit up with eagerness, as he saw a cloud of dust in the distant road. Many of us at first thought of the rescue for which he evidently hoped. But soon we perceived that the dust was raised by a heavy column of infantry,

and that it was the colored brigade to which the murdered Sanborn belonged.

The clerical friends of the prisoner then repeated a brief prayer, after which they embraced him and withdrew. Captain Shepard next read the sentence of death and took his leave. Dr. Wright now advanced to the edge of the platform, and in a clear, firm voice spoke as follows: "For myself I have very little to say. As to the deed for which I am now about to suffer the extreme penalty of the law, I will say that it was done without malice and without a half hour's premeditation."

He then knelt down and repeated the Lord's Prayer, adding a short petition for mercy on his own soul. The fatal noose was then adjusted, the signal was given, and the next instant he was in eternity. His death was evidently painless, his neck being broken by the fall, and after sixteen minutes had elapsed, the body was cut down and given to his friends. The coffin was peculiar. At the head it was raised, as if a



box four inches high were fastened to the top. Around the sides of this upper rim were hung the photographs of his family.

The entire event made a most profound impression on the community, and, at least for a time, completely crushed the disloyal element in the two cities, which up to this day had been quite bold in the display of hatred toward the Union. Much as we sympathized with the sorrows of the doctor's family and with his manly bearing on the scaffold, yet we could not but feel that justice had triumphed and that his pardon would have been a grievous mistake. The rebel papers were boiling with indignation at what they styled

"another Yankee victory," and the daughters of the unfortunate doctor were adopted and their support assumed by some of the Southern States—such at least was their purpose.

A few days later a rebel was sent to Fort Norfolk for three months on account of beating a negro soldier, and afterwards the citizens were forced to respect our uniform, even when it covered a soldier with a black skin and woolly hair. The week previous to this, General Barnes had come into collision with the episcopate of Portsmouth—he insisting that one half the Sabbath day the soldiers should attend worship in the rebel church, and that the prayers be read for the President of the United States, as the book prescribes. The wardens, however, refused to have their edifice desecrated in any such way. The General then notified them that he should seize the house and use it as he liked. The wardens, therefore, invited the church members to remove books, cushions, communion service, etc., which they accordingly did. General Barnes, therefore, gave notice to the wardens that he should hold them responsible for the immediate return of everything abstracted. So the "Nasty Yankees" were left in full possession of the sanctuary. The following order was issued in connection with these events:

HEADQUARTERS NORFOLK AND PORTSMOUTH.

NORFOLK, Va., October 31, 1863.

Circular.

Arrangements having been made for the regular celebration of divine service for the benefit of the officers and men of this command, with their families (not excluding, however, any citizens who may desire to be present), notice of the same is hereby promulgated.

The service in Norfolk will be held at St. Paul's every Sunday morning at 10:30 o'clock.

The service in Portsmouth will be held at St. John's Church every Sunday evening at 7 o'clock.

It is hoped that the officers and men of this command will feel the importance of attending these services.

The men will be marched with side-arms only to the church, and return to their quarters in the same way.

Care will be taken that no injury is done to the building, or property which may be left in the pews by their owners. The regiments will be held to a strict responsibility in this respect.

By command of

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JAMES BARNES.

GEORGE H. JOHNSTON,
Captain and Assistant Adjutant-General.

Lieutenant Walter Long of our regiment officiated as organist, and some of the officers with their wives made up a good New England choir. In various directions, therefore, the period of our stay was marked by a tightening grip of authority over the rebellious town.

On October 20th, Colonel Dutton was sent by General Foster on a secret reconnoissance to Wilmington. His orders were to ascertain the strength and character of the enemy's defenses, the depth of water on the beach, and the best place for landing troops, with the best location in which to establish batteries for breaching Fort Caswell, etc.

The next day an expedition was started out on a half hour's notice to rout some guerillas. Eighty of our men, under Captain Frank Long, with Lieutenants Edwards, Dutton, Crane, Trumbull and Buell, departed on a steam tug for a voyage of eight miles up to the canal to the guerilla haunts. Much fun and little glory resulted from this scout.

From the tri-monthly return issued during the same week, it appears that we had at this time two hundred and sixty-one absentees "accounted for by name," and besides this, eighty more who were on "special duty," so that fully half the regiment was at this time scattered under other commanders than their own.

In November, General B. F Butler arrived at Fortress Monroe, relieving General Foster, who was wanted in Ten-

nessee. We did not fancy this change, inasmuch as General Foster was the warm friend and patron of Colonel Dutton, both of them belonging to the Engineer Corps of the regular army. As if to celebrate this transfer, on the night of November 6th a fire broke out in one of the Norfolk warehouses, wherein was stored a great quantity of sutlers' goods. The Twenty-first was ordered to assist in saving the property, and proceeded to do so, by replenishing their own stock of luxuries and necessaries. A large quantity of sutler's material was "saved" in this way to the great satisfaction of the volunteer fire department. As Jim Buddington expressed himself on the next morning, "It was enough to make a man get right up and purr." Soldiers who had submitted to the sutler's extortion had not much sympathy for his losses.

On the 17th of November, Colonel Dutton, who had returned from his Wilmington explorations, made a little party in honor of his twenty-fifth birthday. Mrs. Dutton and her mother, Mrs. Sands, together with Miss Alida Carroll, Captain Farquhar, the Colonel's classmate at West Point, and several of our officers visited Admiral Lee on board the "Minnesota" and also inspected the iron clad "Roanoke." Our beloved Colonel was in high spirits throughout the excursion, and not one of us thought of this birthday as being the last which he would ever spend on earth.

We celebrated the day before Thanksgiving by a raid into Princess Ann County after more guerillas. Starting at midnight, we marched eight miles in the mud and darkness, there being, in addition to the clouds, a total eclipse of the moon. Reaching the proposed rendezvous at five in the morning, we found (instead of forty rebels encamped on an island) only four men pretending to be citizens resident there. However, we brought them away with us on suspicion that one was a major and the other a lieutenant in the Confederate army. The night march no doubt did us good, but it took several days to restore the arms and equipments to their previous lustre. On our return, some of the men received Thanks-

giving boxes from home, which caused great rejoicing and lengthened the sick list for the next week.

December now came in with decided cold and frost, yet we were all of us comfortably housed, and we were beginning to consider ourselves entitled to all the "soft things" of this earth. Our Assistant-Surgeon even prepared to wed one of the Norfolk beauties, the lovely Eleonore Harrison. The war was going well for the Union everywhere. Chattanooga and Chickamauga had just been won, Bragg's army had been destroyed. Meade had now crossed the Rapidan, inflicting heavy losses upon Lee. Longstreet had abandoned the siege of Knoxville; Congress had ordered a gold medal to be struck in honor of Grant for his decisive victories in the West and South; President Lincoln had summed up the whole by his Proclamation of Amnesty, in case the defeated rebels would lay down their arms.

We fondly imagined that the rebellion might collapse before the new year, and already began to speculate whether we had met the demands of honor by serving twenty months with a loss in action of one man killed and a dozen wounded. At all events, we seemed likely to remain in Norfolk until the end of the war, for General Barnes had publicly affirmed that he would use all his influence to retain the Twenty-first Connecticut at their present post as long as he remained in command.

Suddenly, however, on the day after the Amnesty Proclamation, our marching orders came. We were relieved by the Twenty-seventh Massachusetts and ordered to Newport News, while General Barnes was replaced by General Wilds. Reluctant as we were to make this change, it was in every way best for us, and was needed to restore our martial tone and discipline. We had scarcely been practised in battalion drill for six months, the companies were much broken up and half the officers were on detached service. While as soldiers the men had gained in a species of smartness and style, yet we were fast losing that unity and harmony

which gives precision to a regiment and makes it formidable in the field. We fell in with regiments in our after service which had been made slack thoroughly and spoiled by like indulgence. We needed to live in tents once more; to hear again the bugle calls and to resume the routine of camp; to constitute one military household of ten companies side by side, and to recover the intimacies and the mutual dependence which this contact engenders.

Said Colonel Dutton to his officers: "Gentlemen, this order is good for us. Let us at all events pretend that we like it." A remark that deserves to be laid to heart by every soldier of the Republic.

So we passed out of provost duty, and though once afterward we narrowly missed being stationed in Portsmouth again, yet it proved to be only a halt on our way to the bloody fields before Richmond and Petersburg. In our weary marchings and desperate struggles with the enemy during the campaign of '64 and '65, how many times we longed for the flesh-pots and shade trees and safety of our six months' stay by the River Elizabeth! How bewitching seemed those dreamy hours by the sea and in the half-deserted streets, where guard mounting and dress parade were the two great events of the day; where even the officer-of-the-guard was furnished with a Quartermaster's horse on which to make his rounds, and where the officer-of-the-day could go to the theatre "for nothing," if it seemed necessary there to oversee the audience! How often, as we lay in those hot rifle pits before Petersburg, did we sigh as we recalled the awnings and easy chairs, the white linen suits and straw hats that were the off-duty indulgence of the summer of '63! And when we crept dodgingly up the zigzag called a "covered way" to the front line, amid whizzing bullets and bouncing Whitworth bolts, how many times did we long for those sauntering walks to the Marine Hospital on the bay or across to the fig groves by the fair grounds on the roadstead!

If perchance we might once more again go South for pleasure, is there a place we would sooner frequent than Old Point Comfort and the two cities just above Hampton Roads? Fortunate were we, once to dispense the military hospitalities of that charming retreat.

The following tribute to Connecticut soldiers was printed in the *Old Dominion*, a weekly paper, published at Portsmouth, Virginia. It is no more than fair to add that, at the time, the paper was not precisely under Virginian management:

"The gallant little State of Connecticut is well represented in this vicinity among the soldiery. There are now no less than five regiments from that state hereabouts—the Eighth, Eleventh, Fifteenth, Sixteenth and Twenty-first. Each of these regiments has seen active service, having been in several very severely contested engagements. Some, if not all of them, were in the memorable conflict on the banks of the Rappahannock, near Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862, and there bravely upheld the fair fame of the 'land of steady habits.' And these brave men, as brave men ever do, know how to conduct themselves in the busy city and on guard duty, as well as on the field of strife. This has been exemplified in the orderly conduct which has uniformly characterized the members in our midst. We have not heard of a single case of rowdyism, or wanton interference with private rights, since they have been stationed in our vicinity, but everywhere we hear encomiums of praise bestowed upon them for the rectitude of their conduct and the excellent morals which they exhibit.

"If these men be a fair index of the people of their state, then surely does Connecticut richly deserve her honorable sobriquet as the 'land of steady habits.' It has been our good fortune to be blest, since the occupation of our 'twin cities' by the Union forces, with the presence of some noble specimens of American manhood, but none have surpassed the sons of Connecticut, who now form so large a proportion

of the national forces in our midst. We wish you, soldiers of your country, long life and prosperity when your country shall be reunited and happy, hoping that you will receive, as we know you will, not only the grateful thanks of your countrymen, but the plaudits of your own consciences, for the efforts and sacrifices you are now making in behalf of Union and Liberty."

ABANDONED.

CHAPTER XII.

BY LAND AND SEA.

(December, 1863–February, 1864.)

After nearly three months of provost duty in Norfolk Virginia, as related in the preceding chapter, we were, on the 10th of December, relieved by the Twenty-seventh Massachusetts Regiment and ordered to Newport News. We went into camp near the same locality, where we were just about one year before. For more than a month after our return here our time was occupied mainly with the usual duties of camp life, together with daily practice in company and battalion drills. Newport News at that time was a place composed of only a few shanties occupied by negroes and the poorer class of whites, and was used mainly as a reserve camp and drill-ground for the unemployed troops of the Department of the James. Since then it has become a place of great commercial importance, the site of huge buildings and immense grain elevators, the terminus of an important railway, where millions of capital have been invested in the business now transacted there. During our stay there the wrecks of the ill-fated United States steamers "Cumberland" and "Congress" were to be seen at low tide, not far from the shore, and the boys often swam out to them, seeking relics of the famous old ships, whose crews displayed so much gallantry in their hopeless contest with the rebel ram—the destructive, the short-lived "Merrimac."

On Sunday morning, the 25th of January, 1864, an expedition, consisting of the gunboats "Flora Temple," "Smith Briggs," "General Jessup," and the large government steamer "George Washington," under the command of Brigadier-General Graham, accompanied by a force of about thirty of the harbor police of Norfolk, under command of Captain Lee, together with one hundred and fifty of the Twenty-first Connecticut, commanded by Captain Brown, left Old Point Comfort to make a reconnoissance up the James River. Proceeding up the river until within a short distance of Fort Powhattan, the troops were landed at what was called the "Brandon Farm." Two small howitzers were placed in position on the banks of the river. As soon as the forces were landed they made a reconnoissance back into the country some two miles, and succeeded in surprising a rebel signal-station, which was captured with all its apparatus and appurtenances, among which were messages deploring the change of sentiment in North Carolina, and the possibility of the return of that State into the old Union; also, information of the movement of a large rebel force through Richmond to North Carolina, and letters relating to the removal to the city of Richmond of a large quantity of grain and provisions then stored at the "Brandon Farm."

Having secured their prisoners and all the valuables that could be removed, the force returned to pay their respects to the stores on the farm, which the rebels intended to transport to Richmond for the use of the Confederate army. They found the farm in charge of Surgeon Ritchie, formerly of the United States navy, whom they made a prisoner. They succeeded in destroying bacon, flour, corn, oats, hay and other property, to the amount of from two hundred and fifty thousand to three hundred thousand dollars. This being the estimate made by the rebels, it is not likely it was exaggerated.

The gunboats had not been idle during this time, but had captured a schooner laden with tobacco, also a sloop not

BRIGADIER-GENERAL GUY V. HENRY.

loaded. On board the schooner were Jews with a large amount of money in gold and silver, United States notes, and Southern bank funds, together with a large assortment of jewelry. The vessels were taken to Old Point Comfort with cargo and prisoners, where the flotilla arrived Monday evening. The following is a list of the booty brought back by the expedition: Twenty-two prisoners, one schooner laden with tobacco, one sloop (light), ten horses, one hundred and fifty-three contrabands, and many other articles of importance.

By some mistake three of the members of the Twenty-first Regiment were left behind on the return of the expedition. Finding themselves alone in the enemy's country, and anticipating a rather unhealthy reception from the rebels, they took to the woods, where a "council of war" was held, to determine what course to take to get back again to the Union lines. Concealing themselves in the woods until night, they resolved to make an attempt to reach Old Point Comfort. They proceeded down the river about eight miles, where they found an old boat, in which they undertook to cross the river, but the boat sank with them and they were forced to abandon it. They constructed a raft, but that also sank and had to be abandoned. Proceeding further down the river, they luckily found another boat concealed in the bushes, with which, by constant bailing, they finally succeeded in crossing. They then struck across the Peninsula, in the direction of Williamsburg. Traveling only at night and keeping concealed during the daytime, they eluded all pickets and patrols, and after three nights of rapid marching—much of the way through deep swamps and tangled woods, with almost nothing to eat,—they arrived at Yorktown, bringing in with them three refugees from the rebel army. From Yorktown they were furnished transportation to Old Point Comfort, and from thence to the regiment at Newport News, where they entertained their comrades with the story of their sufferings and adventures.

Thus ended the expedition, which had proven a great success, and, if we may believe their own reports, was a severe blow to the rebels; and the results accomplished reflected much honor upon both officers and men composing the expedition.

The month of January was fast nearing its close, and still enacting the somewhat monotonous routine of daily drills, and growing rapidly fat in the enjoyment of our sweet dreams of peace and the more substantial enjoyment of good living, we begun to think that after all it was not so bad a thing to be a soldier. How soon those day dreams vanished and gave place to the sterner realities of war, after events presently showed. Thus in this case "coming events did not cast their shadows before."

To the soldier, who, at the dead of night, is startled from refreshing slumbers and pleasant dreams by the sound of the "long roll," or even at mid-day by the less startling but equally unexpected orders to be ready to march at a moment's notice, the remark may well be considered at least questionable, and the originator had evidently never been a soldier, and knew nothing of "long rolls" or "marching orders."

He had never experienced the indescribable and *pleasurable* emotions which the beating of the "long roll" at midnight, in the coldest season of the year, tends to awaken in the mind of one who, a moment before, was quietly and composedly sleeping, wrapped in his army blanket. He never had witnessed the spasmodic awakening of a regiment thus soundly sleeping, or beheld the laughable and ludicrous expressions upon the countenances of those thus called forth to duty by an event which cast no shadow in its coming.

To the spectator, the scene created by the "long roll" must be decidedly amusing. He sees some starting from their beds with the wildness of a maniac, others, but yet half awake, groping about in the darkness for a missing shoe, or tugging away at a tight-fitting boot, giving expression to all manner of unchristianlike words. Others, taking the matter

more coolly, joke and laugh at the expense of those more troubled and excited or less fortunate than themselves; while the majority, being in no very good humor, very affectionately unite in consigning the author of the affair to the warmest portion of his satanic majesty's dominions.

Marching orders in the day time, however, is another and very different affair, and is looked upon more as a humane institution, and consequently there is less excitement and a shade less swearing, though there are those in every regiment who seem to think it a duty to swear fluently and profusely at all times and under all circumstances.

To us, quietly situated at Newport News, Va., in the best camp we had ever had, and many of us in the enjoyment of the society of our wives, those marching orders came unexpectedly and preceded by no foregoing shadow.

But this was no time for ceremony, for the steamer "S R. Spaulding" was at the dock and we must embark. Orders came at 3 P. M. on February 3d, and at 8 P. M. we were nearly all on board, and after having provided as well as might be for the feminine portion of the regiment at what by courtesy was called a hotel, "we left them alone in their glory," with the hope that they might on the morrow return to their homes, where, far removed from "war's wild alarms," they might enjoy that rest which is unknown in the life of a soldier, and where marching orders may never come.

During the embarking of the regiment a very sad accident occurred, by which one man lost his life, and which cast a shade of sadness and melancholy over our whole voyage. In passing on board the steamer, Patrick Mulligan of Company E, owing to the imperfect light near the gang-plank, stepped from the dock into the river, and, the tide at the time running very swiftly, he was carried beyond the reach of assistance before help could reach him. A boat was immediately lowered, but the poor man, unable to hold out, threw up his arms, and uttering one wild and piercing shriek, sank down into the cold dark waves and was seen no more. A

thorough search was made by the boat for his body, but they returned to the steamer with only his knapsack, from which he had freed himself in his struggles in the water.

At 12 o'clock (midnight) we left the dock and began our voyage to Morehead City, N. C., having a very pleasant voyage until we passed Hatteras, when many of the officers and men began to lose their appetites, which had previously been remarkably good, and soon after many of them might have been seen upon the promenade deck leaning over the side of the ship and throwing themselves away. It happened very well for some of them, however, that their appetites were poor, for it was a bad place for a hungry man in Morehead City, and bad enough for a man that was not hungry.

We arrived here on the morning of the fifth, and disembarking immediately, went on duty in the fortifications. Previous to our arrival here the rebels had made an attack upon Newport Barracks, ten miles distant and on the line of the railroad running to Newberne, the barracks at the time being occupied by the Ninth Vermont, and succeeded in routing the Ninth, who, having in all probability an exaggerated idea of the enemy, made but a feeble stand, set fire to their barracks, the railroad bridge and a large amount of commissary stores, and fell back to the city.

A fort situated near the barracks and commanding the railroad bridge, with several heavy cannon, one a thirty-two-pounder, was also abandoned by its occupants with but a faint show of resistance, the flag being left flying on the flag-staff and the cannon unspiked. The rebels, on taking possession of the fort, spiked the cannon and destroyed the carriages and a large quantity of ammunition, cut down the flag-staff and took the flag.

A part of the One Hundred and Fifty-eighth New York regiment and a battery were in charge of the fortifications at the city, Colonel Jordeau, of the One Hundred and Fifty-eighth being in command of the sub-district.

On the afternoon of the day we landed, the Twenty-first, the Ninth Vermont, a part of the One Hundred and Fifty-eighth and one section of a battery, with a small force of cavalry, led by Colonel Arthur H. Dutton, of the Twenty-first, started for Newport Barracks, intending to go there or fight for it.

We arrived there about nine o'clock in the evening, having met with no opposition and seeing no enemy. We found the railroad damaged but little, one bridge only having been burned by them and one by the Ninth Vermont. The barracks were one mass of smoking ruins. A train of cars was also run up to the barracks the same evening. We encamped for the night near the ruins, and Colonel Dutton returned to the city on the cars, leaving the command to Colonel Ripley of the Ninth Vermont. In the morning we went on picket, where we remained until about two o'clock the next morning, February 7th, when we received orders from Colonel Ripley to fall back to the city, as the enemy had been discovered in our front in large force, and it was feared that they would outflank us and cut off our communication with the city. Accordingly we fell back a distance of five miles to a place honored with the name of Carolina City (though the city is one of the things yet to be), where, at the urgent request of Lieutenant-Colonel Burpee, commanding the Twenty-first, we made a stand and patiently awaited coming events.

Having remained here until afternoon and hearing and seeing no signs of an enemy, a company of the Twenty-first were ordered to move cautiously up the railroad towards Newport on a voyage of discovery, and to immediately report, by given signals, the state of the country and the practicability of an advance. A telegraph operator also accompanied the forlorn hope. They proceeded cautiously along until they arrived at Newport, when they were surprised, but not captured, by Assistant Surgeon Charles Tennant, of the Twenty-first Connecticut Volunteers, who, being

asleep when the forces left to fall back on the city, had, upon awakening and finding himself alone with only an officer's cook left behind in like manner, concluded to remain in possession of the place, which he did, until the arrival of the expedition of discovery, when he immediately sent back a dispatch stating that he had held the place twenty-four hours, and thought that he should be able to do so until re-enforcements arrived. Upon the receipt of this despatch it was suggested by someone that we make an immediate advance, and no objection being raised, an amendment was offered that we advance by railroad as the quickest way of re-occupying the place. Many of the men being in favor of the amendment, having, as they thought, marched over the road as much as was necessary already, it was unanimously adopted and the cars were ordered up.

Arriving at Newport, we were received by the Surgeon and the discovering party, and a salute of three guns was fired from a cannon they had found and succeeded in removing the spike from and mounting on an old pair of wheels. They reported having seen no enemy, and we reported the same.

February 9th a reconnoissance was made eight miles beyond Newport in the direction and vicinity of Gale's Creek, led by Colonel Jordeau, and composed of the Ninth Vermont, One Hundred and Fifty-eighth New York, Twenty-first Connecticut, part of a battery, and a small force of cavalry, and still no enemy was found, they having accomplished all they intended, and probably more, in their raid upon the barracks of the Ninth Vermont. They had evidently left as rapidly as they came. On the eleventh we returned to Morehead City, having been out eight days, which will be long remembered by the Twenty-first as the most *gay and festive* period of our service.

On the twelfth we returned to Newport and bivouacked for the night, and on the thirteenth left for Newberne by railroad, having shaken the dust off our feet, besides washing a large

quantity from our faces. We arrived at Newberne at 2 P. M., the thirteenth, and encamped near the city.

On our arrival Colonel Arthur H. Dutton was appointed Chief of Staff under Major-General Peck, who was in command of the forces and defenses of North Carolina.

Our camp was located but a few rods north of the city of Newberne, on the right bank of the Neuse, and near Fort Totten, where, after two weeks of industrious labor, in the intervals between drills and other duties, we fitted up our quarters with a view to comfort and convenience, and with the fond expectation of enjoying the fruits of our labors until at least the opening of the spring campaign. But, alas for our fond anticipations! How soon they vanished into thin air and passed away before the startling orders which came to us on Sunday morning, just fourteen days after our arrival in Newberne! While the deep and solemn-toned church bells were ringing the summons to church and to worship, reminding us of the Sabbaths in old New England and the days and scenes of long ago, the sound of the "long roll" fell suddenly upon our ears, calling us to other duties, and forcibly reminding us that, though the Sabbath was made for man, it was not made for the soldier.

Whether *all* these movements made by our armies upon the Sabbath were absolutely necessary or not, I shall not pretend to say, but that some of them were absolutely unnecessary there is, in my opinion, not a shadow of a doubt. Still, the first and greatest duty of the soldier being obedience to orders, he is in duty bound to abide by the orders of his superiors, whether they may seem to him to be right or wrong, and with them alone the responsibility must necessarily rest.

Pursuant to orders, we embarked on board the steamer "Thomas Colyer," and leaving Newberne, proceeded to Washington, N. C., where we arrived on the following morning, February 29th. Here we found a pleasant little town, situated upon the left bank of the Tar river, at the head of steamboat navigation, very prettily laid out, but occupied at

that time mostly by the families of the First North Carolina Infantry Regiment, on duty there, and other regiments from this state, the original inhabitants having, many of them, left for more congenial homes within the Confederate lines. The business part of the town was mostly occupied by sutlers and hangers-on to the army, and by the Quartermaster and Commissary Departments.

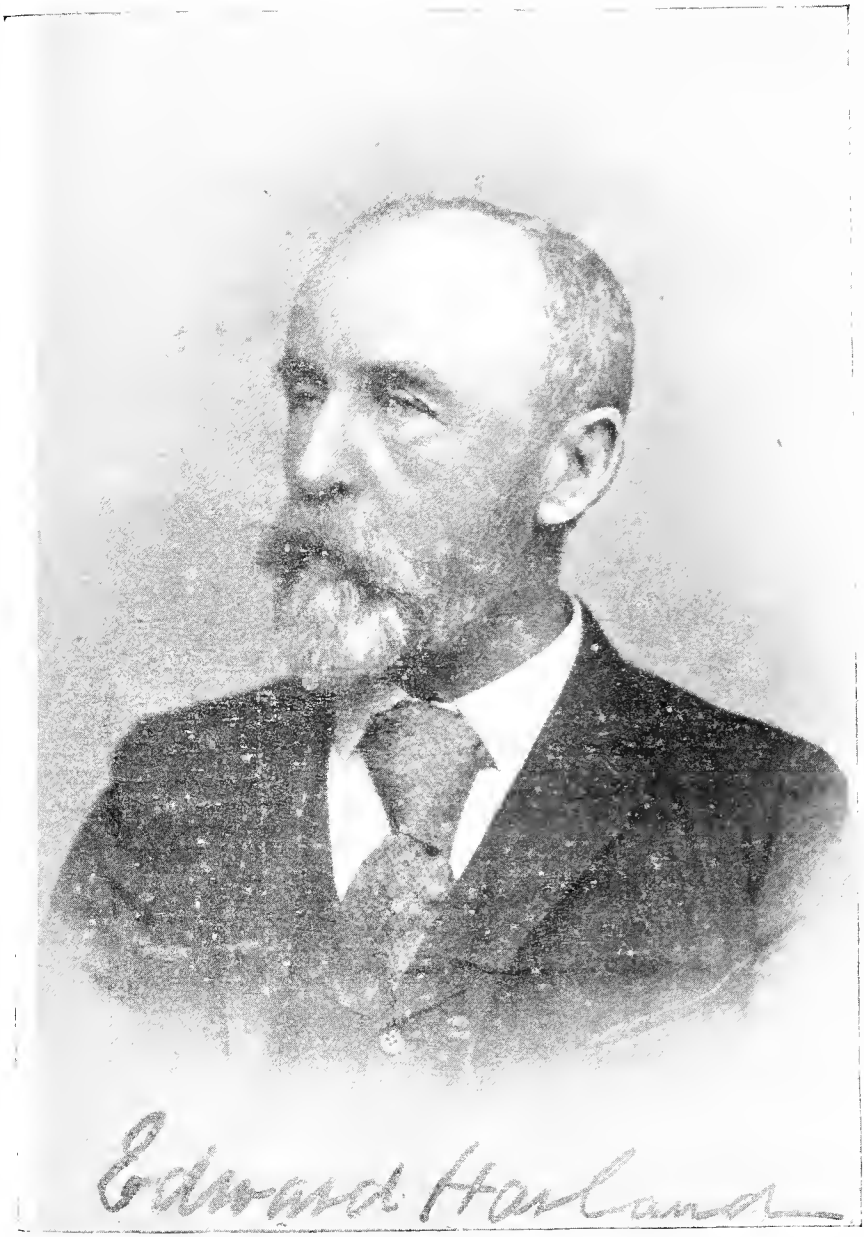
The troops here on our arrival were under command of Colonel McChesney, of the First North Carolina Regiment, who was soon relieved by General Harland.

Having disembarked, we went into camp just upon the outskirts of the town, near Fort Washington. Only four companies of the regiment, however, remained, the remainder being detached to garrison the different forts constituting the defenses of the town. The following was the disposition of the different companies: Companies A, G, F and C near Fort Washington; E and B at Hill's Point, about six miles down the river; H at Rodman's Point, about three miles below the town and on the right bank of the river; Company D at Fort Jack, immediately opposite to and across the river from the town; Company I at Fort Jones, on the left bank of the river, and at the outskirts of the town. Company K, being assigned to duty in a fort at Newberne previous to our leaving the city, did not accompany the regiment here, but remained on duty there.

General Harland arrived here on Sunday morning to take command of this sub-district, and reviewed the troops composing the command.

The Fifteenth, Sixteenth and Twenty-first Connecticut Regiments had lately been formed into a new brigade, called the "Connecticut Brigade," and was under the command of Colonel Frank Beach, of the Sixteenth.

The long period of quiet which had prevailed in North Carolina was at last broken by the attack and capture of Plymouth, twenty-eight miles distant, and the threatening of Washington immediately after. Preparations were made to



BRIGADIER-GENERAL EDWARD HARLAND.

repel any attack which might be made against the town, breastworks were strengthened, and guns mounted, and our force strengthened by the arrival of detachments of the Fifteenth Connecticut and Seventeenth Massachusetts Regiments. All the troops were assigned places in the works, and at 3 o'clock each morning were called out into the breastworks in readiness for action, where we remained until morning. Picket lines were strengthened, and every precaution taken to guard against surprise, and to insure protection to the town, and provide for its defense.

General Harland, ever active, superintended the arrangements for defense of the town in person, and by his activity and energy did much to inspire the soldiers under his command with confidence and courage.

Rumors of all kinds were in circulation in the town regarding the approach of large forces of the enemy, and considerable excitement prevailed among the citizens and other noncombatants of the place. The removal of women and children to Newberne gave rise to rumors of evacuation and caused considerable fluttering among the sutlers and others who had well-stocked stores with no "visible means" of removing or disposing of their stock.

These rumors were strengthened by the departure of the First North Carolina Union Volunteers on the morning of April 27th, and on the morning of the twenty-eighth it became evident to all that the place was to be evacuated. The Twenty-first were ordered on board the transport "John Farren," but were subsequently disembarked and returned to their position in the rifle pits. We were again ordered to embark, and returned to the boat for that purpose.

Reaching the wharf, we found that, through some misunderstanding of the Quartermaster, the "John Farren," which was laden with all our baggage, had been completely loaded down with negroes and their baggage. The way those darkies and their effects were transferred from the boat to the shore "was a caution" to the "poor emancipated

Africans." After the negroes were all disembarked our men were ordered on board to unload the baggage, and mounting the hurricane deck, where it had been packed away, they charged upon the confused mass of African possessions and commenced transferring them in a very unceremonious manner to the wharf. The scene which followed baffles description—and I doubt if the history of the whole war can present a like scene, or the Emancipation Proclamation of Father Abraham ever called forth another such sight. Feather beds fell like snow flakes, only rather more forcibly, upon the heads of the frantic searchers for "their own" household goods. Bedding, clothing and all manner of domestic goods, filled the air and fell like rain in one confused and inextricable mass. Stalwart wenches displayed the pluck and muscle of prize-fighters in giving punishment to luckless trespassers.

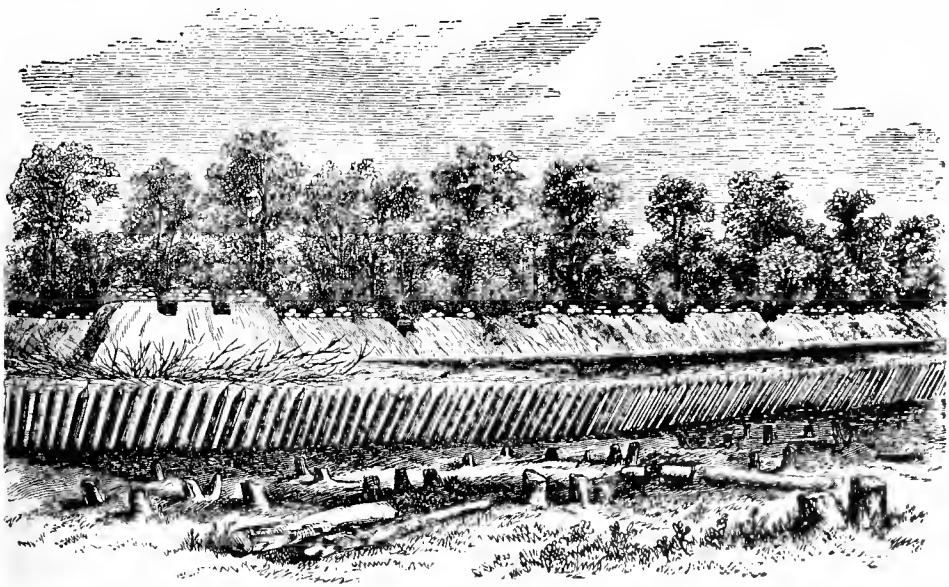
Hooped skirts were hurled gracefully from the deck to come down perhaps upon and over some corpulent wench, and adding to her wrath, already rampant. Some were crying, some laughing, some fighting, and all wrangled amid the shower of "bag and baggage," which "mingling fell." And thus we left them, to be subsequently conveyed to Newberne, but if they ever lived to sort that baggage they must have exceeded the average duration of African longevity.

We left Washington, N. C., just after dark and proceeded down the river to Hills' Point, where we took on board Companies E and B, which had been stationed there. Hills' Point had been the rendezvous of the negroes until transportation could be had to remove them to a more congenial clime. About two thousand had been sent there, and as we were waiting, the camp fires on the shore and along the coast, reflected by the clear water, presented a very picturesque sight. With but little delay we put to sea, reaching Fortress Monroe on May day.

Thus ended our campaign in North Carolina, which occupied just three months from the time we left Newport News, and during which time we had hardly seen a rebel in arms.

We lay in Hampton Roads until the next day, when we were ordered to encamp in Portsmouth. Hampton Roads presented a very beautiful sight upon our arrival there. Hundreds of steamboats and transports of all kinds were steaming back and forth in preparations for the forthcoming campaigns, and troops were coming and going in all directions, and everything had the appearance of decisive action in some direction.

We remained in Portsmouth until the ninth, when we received orders to re-embark and join General Butler's forces at Bermuda Hundred, where we arrived the morning of the tenth, and after a march of seven miles encamped at General Butler's headquarters, and remained as body-guard to the General until the thirteenth, when, on the fifteenth, we moved to the front near Proctor's Creek and took up position with Heckman's brigade in front of the enemy's works, and on the sixteenth fought the terrible battle of Drewry's Bluff.



BUTLER'S DEFENSES AT BERMUDA HUNDRED.

An officer, writing of our trip to Hatteras, says: "Again, after having been for several months tossed about on the boisterous waves of innumerable 'military necessities,' and 'rocked in the cradle of the deep,' by the tumultuous billows of old Hatteras in three different passages of the Cape, I here give you a hasty record of the past, and very briefly review the scenes that have transpired since I wrote you last. Here, in this quiet little village of Washington, N. C., entirely disconnected from any other portion of the world, except the connection found in one line of steamboats, which come and go with the most remarkable irregularity, occasionally bringing us a letter from the loved ones at home, bearing date far back in the dim vista of the past and telling us of scenes and occurrences of the long, long ago, we find but little worthy of record during our stay.

"On the first day of April an order was received calling for twenty officers and two hundred and fifty men to report immediately to Fortress Monroe. In compliance with said order we embarked on board the steamer 'Patuxent,' and leaving the remainder of the regiment in camp, proceeded on our voyage. And what a voyage was that, my countrymen! That night we anchored in the Palmico River, and the next day towards evening we met the steamer 'Francis,' originally a canal boat, and were transferred on board of her, where we found a detachment of the Sixteenth Connecticut, bound also for Fortress Monroe. We found the cabin of this remarkable craft to consist of one room, about eight by ten, and there were the accommodations for thirty officers in a voyage around Hatteras. Here we were to sleep, eat, and enjoy together the delightful sensations of seasickness and any other ills which a kind Providence saw fit to send us. The remainder of the boat was crowded with the men of each regiment and their necessary baggage. The boat hands also took their meals in the cabin, and insisted on being the first served, and very kindly offered the remainder of their meals to the officers at the trifling price of half a dollar each.

About eight persons could occupy the tables at one time, and the room had to be vacated by all others in order for that; and to allow for the setting of the tables we were obliged to give up the room for the greater part of the day, and hang over the deck or sit up on the top of some unoccupied pile of baggage. So passed the days. Would that the nights had passed as well. Crowded in the cabin, packed like sardines in double tiers, we passed most miserable and sleepless nights.

"Favoring breezes finally wafted us to Hatteras and our worthy Captain of the unworthy steamer 'Francis' came to the deliberate conclusion that, as he had no ballast, he could not pass the Cape, and so decided to return to Newberne for ballast. Noble old man! He, with all his nautical experience, had to go to Hatteras to find that he could not pass the Cape in ordinary weather with a vessel carrying no ballast. The return to Newberne was but a repetition of the voyage down, and upon our arrival we found orders countermanding those ordering us to Fortress Monroe and returning us to Washington, N. C. Gladly did we bid our gentlemanly Captain an affectionate and hearty farewell with the hope that he may not forget to take ballast when he sails down the dark river, from which there is no return. We left Newberne the same evening and arrived at Washington, N. C., April 5, 1864, and returned to camp, glad to get back."

SUPPLIES.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE BATTLE OF DREWRY'S BLUFF

ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE REUNION, MAY 16, 1876, BY CAPTAIN W. S. HUBBELL.

Twelve years ago to-day, my comrades, no insurance agent would have taken a risk on our lives. Our chances for longevity were too slender to justify any great expectations on that score, and the red clay of Old Virginia bade fair to cover our bodies in their last sleep. How grateful to us then would have been the assurance that we should meet here to-day, in a land of peace, from which even the memories of war have well nigh fled! Surely this is a better place than that foggy, swampy, lurid, sulphurous battle-field in the woods near Fort Darling. God be thanked for the difference in our favor to-day! And with such thanks in mind, let us proceed to fight our battle o'er again at Drewry's Bluff, on the 16th of May, 1864.

We had been spending the winter at that cozy and quite admirable retreat known as Little Washington, in North Carolina. Rumors had reached us of the policy of concentration whereby General Grant would rake together these scattered outposts and join their garrisons to his great column for the destruction of Lee. But our life flowed quietly on, with no rude alarms save now and then a picket volley at Fort Jack or a skirmish with the big black bear at

Rodman's Point. On the 27th of April, however, the enemy suddenly appeared from the direction of Greenville, and our entrenched camp assumed the dignity of a threatened post. There was much bustle and countermarching and some target practice at trees and ruined houses in the suburbs, where it was shrewdly supposed the "Butternut" clad foe were lying in wait. A party of skirmishers also pushed out into the woods until the evening's fire was drawn and two of the Seventeenth Massachusetts were killed. But it soon appeared that the time had come for the abandonment of our post, and whether accidentally or otherwise, these rebels had come upon us, just as we were about to evacuate the town. After two days, therefore, of rather fussy excitement, we embarked on the transport "John Farron," and taking in tow the boat "Pilot Boy" at Hills' Point with Companies H, B, and E, we steamed gaily down the Tar River, bound, as we supposed, for Newberne. The next morning, however, we discovered that our vessel was steering for Hatteras, where we took in coal, transferred four companies to a large schooner and bade our last good-bye to the shores of Carolina. The next morning, Sunday, May 1st, we were off Cape Henry, and through the fog could dimly perceive the great flotilla of gunboats and transports which were destined to plant Butler's army at Bermuda Hundred, four days later.

In due time we reached City Point, where we found one of the new "double-ender" gunboats engaged in shelling the woods on the north bank of the James, and the roar of this harmless cannonade was our welcome to Bermuda Hundred. The regiment was soon ashore and the fresh meadow grass gave us a nice couch on which to stretch our cramped limbs. Signs abounded on every hand that soldiers had recently passed this way, but all save camp followers and provost guards had disappeared, and we soon took up our line of march for the front. A half mile from the river brought us to a series of hills, some of them of uncommon steepness, up which we toiled. The roads were very blind and muddy

with recent rains. Swamps suddenly appeared in most unlikely places, and our course seemed most tortuous and uncertain, and our guide was often only half persuaded which by-path to take. Numberless creeks with miry bottom and no bridge intersected our course, while a smart shower of warm rain drenched us to the skin. The growlers and grumblers had a glorious time at their favorite occupation, and a little martial music, or a whiskey ration, were greatly desired by the rank and file. Darkness overtaking us at last, we encamped by the roadside, and spreading our "shelters," crawled under their white cover for the night. In the morning we found ourselves not far from General Butler's headquarters at the rear and soon had the satisfaction of seeing him sally forth with his numerous staff for his diurnal round at the front. Undisturbed possession of our camp was granted us for the day, and some of those who considered that we were born to good luck, began to whisper that we were destined for headquarters guard. But the next day such illusions were dispelled, for we were ordered to join the expedition before us.

We soon reached the broad and well-built turnpike running from Petersburg to Richmond, and the mile-stones encouraged us with their report of the diminishing distance between us and the rebel capital. Marks of recent conflict began also to appear by the roadside—splintered trees, fragments of shells, red-stained blankets, with here and there a dead horse or mule hideously rent by the missile which had struck them down. The sounds of battle, not far away, were occasionally borne back to our ears, and perhaps did not quicken our footsteps toward danger. We came at length to the Halfway House, an old tavern nine miles from Richmond, where we halted to await orders, and after some delays resumed our march, inclining to the right toward the river, and taking a narrow road along the edge of the woods toward the front line. Just here two General Officers rode rapidly by us, with several orderlies in their train, and we discovered in one

of the two our own idolized commander, Colonel A. H. Dutton. He had come on in advance of the regiment while the latter was delayed at Norfolk, and had volunteered as aid to General W F (or Baldy) Smith, by whom he was at once made Chief of Staff for the Eighteenth Corps. Before he could escape us we gave him three rousing cheers, which he gracefully acknowledged as he dashed on. We were destined to Weitzel's Division of the Eighteenth Corps. His division included three brigades under Wister, Burnham and Heckman. General Heckman's brigade was composed of the Ninth New Jersey, and the Twenty-third, Twenty fifth and Twenty-seventh Massachusetts. This force occupied the right of the army and was distant about one mile from the James River, this interval being picketed by two squadrons of colored cavalry. Our conductor led us to the left of Heckman's brigade, where we relieved our old friends, the Twenty-seventh Massachusetts, who had once before relieved us from provost duty at Norfolk. This exchange of places was the cause of much good-natured chaffing between the two regiments. Little did the Twenty-seventh suppose that by this movement they were about to be placed in the very jaws of danger, and that ere another sunrise they would be decimated and overwhelmed by the foe.

We ranged ourselves on their line in the woods, along which they had built a rude parapet of logs, and sent out three companies as skirmishers to the edge of the clearing in front, where they had orders to blaze away at the fortifications before them, until forty rounds of ammunition had been spent per man. Here surely was a grand opportunity for every officer to settle his ordnance accounts, by that magic paraphrase, "expended in action." It was now Sunday evening, the 15th of May, and with dark there came on a stillness which was almost ominous of the coming storm. As our own position is now settled for the night, let us take a general survey of what is to be the battle-field of the morrow and review the preparations now concluded.

General Butler had made a great mistake, as we can readily perceive, in not marching directly forth from Bermuda Hundred as soon as he landed his fine army of thirty-five thousand men. A quick and vigorous move of this kind must inevitably have resulted in the capture of both Richmond and Petersburg, since at that time, the only force with which Butler could have been opposed was a garrison of five thousand strong under General Ransom. But after entrenching at Bermuda Hundred on the 5th and 6th of May, Butler pushed out a force of five brigades under General Brooks to destroy the railway at Port Walthall, so as to cut the line of communication between Petersburg and Richmond. This strong reconnoissance failed and retired. Two days were lost in delay, and then on the ninth three divisions of the Tenth Corps and two of the Eighteenth marched toward Petersburg, but after skirmishing at Swift Creek, three miles from the city, the whole force retired, being deceived by the report that Lee was vanquished by Meade and was falling back on Richmond. Therefore, the 11th of May was spent in strengthening the earthworks at Bermuda Hundred. On the 12th of May the movement toward Richmond was begun in earnest, and on the thirteenth the position in front of Fort Darling was gained. On the morning of the fourteenth it was proposed to assault the works at Drewry's Bluff, but finally it was concluded to strengthen the Federal line by ordering up reserves, and so the next two days were wasted. It was Butler's intention to offer battle the next morning after our arrival. The enemy seemed to have retired into three square redoubts commanding the roads, and these, with the field works connecting them, were the outer fortifications of Fort Darling. Their line ran in a south-westerly course some three miles from the river, covering the approaches to Richmond from that quarter.

What has occurred meanwhile within the rebel lines during these nine days of indecisive operations by the Army of the James?

LIEUTENANT FRANK FOWLER.

CAPTAIN D. D. BROWN.

CAPTAIN A. M. CRANE.

LIEUTENANT A. AVERY BEVIN.

LIEUTENANT E. W. H. BUELL.

(It has been my good fortune to have access to the history of these movements by Colonel Fletcher of the Scots Fusileer Guards—History of American War—who says that he received his account from General Beauregard himself.)

As soon as Butler's movement was discovered, Beauregard was summoned at once from Charleston, whence he brought three thousand men. Pickett and Hoke with ten thousand men were hurried by rail from North Carolina, and probably the very soldiers who disturbed us at Little Washington, were confronting us again as we lay on our arms at Drewry s Bluff. The garrison of Wilmington, consisting of seven thousand under General Whiting, was hastened to Richmond, and Ransom and Colquhitt were already posted with five thousand men just outside the defenses of the rebel capital. This statement, according to Beauregard's own authority, gave him a force exceeding twenty thousand men. The uncertain and vacillating movements of Butler had given such time to concentrate the rebel troops that Beauregard now resolved to assume the offensive. He, therefore, sent an aide-de-camp to Richmond, with an urgent request to Mr. Davis that fifteen thousand men might be withdrawn from Lee, using the railroad for that purpose, and these being added to the twenty thousand already at Drewry's Bluff, might fall on the "Army of the James," overwhelm it, and then cross the river and assail the left flank of Grant, whilst Lee attacked him in front. Thus, the force under Butler could be crushed and all its material of war be destroyed, while Grant could be dealt a blow which would cripple him for the rest of the campaign. President Davis was about to give his consent, when he inquired if it might not in such a case be necessary for Lee to fall back on to the defenses of Richmond for temporary support. Being answered that this was quite possible, but that such a move would aid the desired result by bringing Lee and Beauregard nearer together, Davis refused his consent and ordered Beauregard to attack with the force at present at his disposal.

Let us be grateful, my comrades, that such was the issue, for otherwise, whatever might have been the result between Grant and Lee, we, at Drewry's Bluff, would never have got safely back into our "bottle" at Bermuda Hundred.

Beauregard's purpose for our annihilation having thus miscarried, he next arranged his plan of attack with the troops under his own command. He had organized his army into three divisions, under Hoke, Ransom and Colquhitt. In addition to this, he ordered Whiting with his division of five thousand men to move out of Petersburg, three miles beyond Swift Creek, so as to be within eight or nine miles of Drewry's Bluff. Ransom's Division was to endeavor to turn our right flank between Heckman's Brigade and the river and to get behind us on to the road leading to Bermuda Hundred. General Hoke meanwhile was to engage the Tenth Corps under Gilmore on our left and prevent it from going to the assistance of the Eighteenth. Colquhitt was to be held in reserve in the works at Fort Darling. Whiting near Petersburg was to attack Ames' Division near Bermuda Hundred, and to operate on the rear of Butler's army as soon as the panic set in. Certainly this is a very pretty plan on paper, and threatened serious mischief to us, if it could be executed aright.

What our own plan of battle would have been, had we been allowed to make the attack, I am unable to learn. It is hinted that the purpose was to press close up to the defenses of Fort Darling and to reduce it by siege. Sewell's regiment of New York Engineers had been ordered to the right of our line, and two regiments, the Eighth Maine and the One Hundred and Twelfth New York, were posted on the same flank in reserve. Here also was parked the heavy siege battery of twenty pound Parrotts under Captain Ashby, known as Battery E, Third New York Artillery. Our old friend, Captain Belger, of Battery F. First Rhode Island Artillery, was to be found in the same quarter with his brass twelve pounders in position.

But whatever may have been the intentions of our commander, they were forestalled by his more nimble adversary. Beauregard commenced the battle which both sides were intending to inaugurate. A dense fog enveloped the low ground and prevented us from discerning even a horse at the distance of a few yards. Under cover of this fog, at 4:30 A. M., the enemy crept up undiscovered until they were fairly past our right, and the first wave of attack fell upon the rear of the Ninth New Jersey. With a tremendous yell and a simultaneous discharge of musketry and artillery, the rebels poured in upon Heckman's brigade, and almost in a moment, the surprised General and over a thousand of his men were captured, disarmed and hurried to the rear. At the same time, another column charged down the road and endeavored to seize the battery of twenty pound Parrots. Captain Ashby and all the other officers of the battery were wounded, fifteen of the gunners were killed, and thirty of the horses disabled. A part of the guns with all the limbers and caissons were saved, but three of the pieces were abandoned to the enemy. Captain Belger also lost one of his guns. The Eighth Maine and One Hundred and Twelfth New York, who have before been mentioned as in reserve, now advanced gallantly to the rescue, and with the remnants of Heckman's brigade, succeeded in checking the enemy's pursuit. The rebels got badly mixed among themselves and fired into one another at times. Then Colquhitt's reserve division was brought up on the rebel side for a fresh attempt on our shattered right, and charge after charge was desperately made against us. Our right was slowly folded back and pressed around to the rear, but a resolute front was still presented to the foe.

And now we seem to have reached a point in our description, when we may wisely introduce the special record of the Twenty-first Connecticut, for we have come to a period of the engagement when the Twenty-first had become the last regiment on the right of the army and was fighting both in front and on the flank at close quarters with the foe. Heckman s

brigade was entirely broken up, and the enemy had followed along the right until checked by the Eighth Maine and ourselves. The Eighth Maine had now disappeared, and we had "changed front to rear on center company," thus placing our regiment in the shape of a letter L, with one face to the front and one to the right flank. There was nothing before us, or on our right hand, save the attacking rebels. On our left we could see no one in the smoke and fog, but took it for granted that our friends were there, if we had but time to hunt them up and develop their support. As for orders or supervision from any brigade or division commander, we had received nothing of the sort during the first three hours of the battle.

General Heckman was captured, and not even a staff officer came near us during all this time. We were fighting on our own hook, with our right flank "in the air" and our left in close connection with no one in particular. Fortunately, we were too inexperienced to appreciate fully our peril, and were not aware of the disaster which had swallowed up the rest of our brigade. We really had no idea that we were whipped, and had no intention whatever of abandoning our position. It seems to me, after carefully studying this whole engagement, that our stubborn and continued resistance on the right, was the main reason why General Ransom was checked and the rebels failed to penetrate to the rear of the Eighteenth Corps. Beauregard said that he had 'succeeded in driving the enemy from his rifle pits and turning his right flank, but, that owing to the heavy loss sustained in so doing, and to the disorder among his own troops, he was obliged to pause and call up his reserve. With the aid of his reserve division under Colquhitt, Ransom was able to maintain himself in the position gained, but could advance no further.' Now, we are competent to-day to give one reason, at least, why he could advance no further, and you, my comrades, were that reason. Our bullets swept the path of his approach, and for three long hours we declined to step aside and to let him pass.

Such being the facts, we may be justified in tracing the story of our own regiment through that eventful day. Having joined the army so late on the evening before the battle, not even our regimental name was included in the printed reports of troops engaged, and but for our list of killed and wounded, it would not appear that we had any part or lot in the affair.

At nightfall then, on Sunday, the 15th, we took possession of the line just held by the Twenty-seventh Massachusetts on the left of Heckman's brigade. Companies were told off to occupy the skirmish pits, cartridges were inspected, muskets freshly capped, ammunition boxes opened that a plentiful supply might be in readiness, and then the troops lay down on their arms to spend the night with such uneasy comfort as they could command. No fires were allowed, and cold rations without coffee made up our supper. About nine o'clock there was a picket skirmish on the Petersburg road in front of the Tenth Corps, which quickened our pulses and helped our wakefulness farther on through the night. Most of us were half dozing and shivering in the fog and wishing for dawn, when suddenly there rang out the report of a howitzer, and almost the same instant the bursting of a shell a few yards to the right. Every man of us was on his feet in a twinkling, but already the rattle of musketry and the yells of combatants were heard, towards the river, and our pickets began to fire furiously in our front and the answering shots from the enemy struck the trees about us and went singing beyond us. A soldier's first impulse at such times is to discharge his musket at something, and hence the first duty of our officers was to prevent the line from opening a fusilade upon our own skirmishers before us. We could not see these, but could hear the well-known voices of several officers encouraging the men to stand firm. Then the bullets came thicker, and we could hear the enemy crashing through the underbrush towards us, but our pickets began to straggle in and wounded officers and men began to appear, and all ex-

claimed: "They're coming! the Johnnies are right behind us!"

And sure enough, there, through the fog, loomed up a long line of men in gray, looking through the haze like giants in size. And now the eager Twenty-first opened with such a volley that the rebel host seemed to be riddled through and through. The assailants paused and tried to answer our fire, but for some unexplained reason there seemed to be no stop to our musketry. The first volley spent, one would imagine that men must wait to load again, but there seemed no such pause. All along the front now the roar was steadily heard and the enemy before us gradually edged off to the right. There Company K was involved in the thickest of the fray, and its gallant Captain Shepard was soon laid low. The same fortune had befallen Company E a few moments before, and its brave Captain Stanton had been severely hurt.

Despite their repulse, the enemy soon reappeared in our front, coming this time from our left, where they had made an unsuccessful charge. In front of Burnham's and Wister's brigades on our left, an excellent use had been made of the telegraph wires by the roadside. These had been removed from the poles and stretched from tree to tree and stump to stump before our slight entrenchments. In the dull morning light the rebels tripped and fell over this obstruction, which they were quite unable to discover. A similar precaution in front of Heckman would doubtless have saved his brigade. But as it was, they found our front the easiest to assail, especially since they had made a permanent lodgment on our right. The Twenty-first was therefore subject to constant rushes of the enemy, who tried to break in upon us both on front and flank. Again and again they were checked and our picket line restored. Colonel Burpee moved calmly along the ranks, his coolness, composure and well-directed orders exhibiting both his courage and the phlegmatic temperament with which he was endowed. Our sturdy old Chaplain, anxious to render practical aid, armed himself with an axe

and found a short method of opening ammunition boxes, from which he distributed cartridges to all the empty-handed.

Death was thinning our ranks and anon the good Chaplain, having supplied munitions of war to those in need, was beckoned to the side of a dying soldier. "Are you badly hurt, my boy?" said the old man. "Oh, yes, sir, I expect I've got to die." "Are you a Christian?" "Yes, sir, I hope I am." "Well then, thank God, let us pray." And down on bended knees by the dying man's side sank the fearless minister, and with bared head, looking up to Heaven, lifted his soul in prayer that God would receive the departing spirit. Meanwhile the air was alive with leaden hail, and the roar at times drowned the firmly spoken words of him that prayed. But God could hear. Those of us who witnessed the scene will never forget it, nor will they ever cease to honor the fighting old Chaplain of the Twenty-first, Rev. Thomas G. Brown.

Amid this carnage and confusion, the early morning had passed on, and it was now eight o'clock, although the smoke and the haze united to lend a gloom to our battle-field and uncertainty to our movements. At this juncture an aid from Weitzel's staff appeared, who seemed a brave, sensible man, and examined us narrowly through his gold spectacles. He said that he had been sent to ascertain how matters were going on the right, and added that an attack was to be made at once from the left by General Gilmore, whose forward movement would compel the rebels to fall back and would give us relief. He exhorted us to hold on a half hour longer and we should see the enemy in full retreat. It was doubtless on the strength of this captain's report that General Weitzel made his reply to one of our officers who had been swept off with fifty or more of our men by the retreat of the One Hundred and Forty-eighth New York, and who supposed the regiment was dispersed or destroyed. "Do you want the Twenty-first Connecticut?" said the General. "Well, then, go join them in the woods yonder, where they're fighting

like h—ll." Surely the sulphurous comparison was nearer the fact than almost any other simile he could have used.

So we rallied our courage and held on tenaciously for an hour longer. Many a time did we turn our ears anxiously to the left, expecting to hear the battle cry of the Tenth Corps, but naught save the rattling of the skirmishers could be discovered from Gilmore's front. Instead of diminishing, our enemy seemed to increase in numbers and audacity, until at last Colonel Burpee became convinced that they were working their way clear round behind us. Our numbers were decreasing rapidly. We had lost a hundred men and three officers by wounds, besides all our stragglers and others who had honestly missed their way in the fog and had retired. Colonel Burpee felt that we could no longer maintain our position. The men had fired away nearly a hundred rounds apiece, and some of their muskets were so foul as to be useless. The order was therefore given to fall back towards the Petersburg road. As a proof of our lonely situation, it is enough to say that we knew not in which direction our friends were, and narrowly escaped marching straight into the enemy's hands, only saving ourselves by facing square about and going in an opposite course. We were not pursued, and in five minutes reached the open field behind our battle line. Halting here a few minutes and receiving a fresh supply of cartridges, we reformed on the right of the Ninety-eighth New York, and the two regiments were ordered to charge again forward into the wood and to go as far as we could make our way. We did so, and were able to advance about twenty rods, when the firing was renewed for a time, then slackened, and at last well nigh ceased. This line was held while the wounded were collected and cared for, and later in the day the entire battle-field of Drewry's Bluff was abandoned by General Butler, and we retired without molestation to Bermuda Hundred.

Beauregard followed us at a leisurely pace through the rain and mud and worried us in our entrenchments for a few

CAPTAIN E. PERRY PACKER.

CAPTAIN ISAAC D. KENYON.

LIEUTENANT AND ADJUTANT FRANK C. JEFFREY.

LIEUTENANT FREDERICK A. RICH.

days, after which, he contented himself with watching us from an opposing line of works which prevented our progress. Thus was the back door of Richmond slammed in Butler's face, and he was "bottled up at Bermuda Hundred," as General Grant described the situation. Thus a re-enforcement of at least fifteen thousand men reached Lee in season to take part in the battle of Cold Harbor.

It is impossible to repress our mortification as we review the results of this engagement, and it seems outrageous that we should have accepted any such issue. The total loss of our army in killed, wounded and prisoners was two thousand five hundred. Five pieces of artillery had also been captured. But this was not so serious a misfortune as to warrant our retreat. The foe had also suffered heavily, and we had remaining an army of twenty-eight thousand men, a large portion of which was hardly under fire in the action of the 16th of May. It is said that Gilmore was ordered to the support of Smith, but misinterpreted the command as one to retire to the rear. It is certainly true that while the Tenth Corps was thus retiring, the enemy ventured to follow us up, when one regiment, the Fortieth Massachusetts, turned upon them, and, contrary to orders, made a bayonet charge, driving back the rebels a good half mile to their entrenchments. This indicates what might have been done had the entire corps advanced instead of falling back. But the Tenth Corps was withdrawn behind the Eighteenth. Then at 2:30 the artillery was retired except a battery or two to cover our retreat. Then the ambulances and supply trains were dispatched to the rear, and finally the whole army retreated, for no reason apparently save the will of the commander. The rebels did not pursue, nor offer us any temptation to change our mind. They were doubtless too glad to see us depart, for they had every reason to expect us to advance. They gladly accepted our generous gift of the abandoned battle-field, from which they gleaned a rich harvest of spoils.

General Grant is reported to have said, when he learned that Butler was back at Bermuda Hundred, "I ought to have put McPherson in command of the Army of the James." Had McPherson assumed command at noon on the 16th of May, we should in all human probability have been in full possession of Fort Darling before nightfall. What we needed was a competent commander.

But aside from the general result, we have every reason to remember with pride and tender interest our share in the battle of Drewry's Bluff. We were severely tested and for almost the first time came into vivid contact with all the horrible realities of war. Our loss was officially reported as four officers wounded—three of these so severely as to oblige them to withdraw from the service—and one hundred and six enlisted men killed and wounded, beside thirteen missing. Hence the regiment was far worse than decimated in this encounter. While serving through many hard-fought contests in the months which followed, our nerve and endurance were never put to a harder trial, nor was our list of casualties ever again so great in one battle. We really gained a vast deal of martial confidence in that engagment, and have always felt that, in so far as we were concerned, we won a triumph on that day

We were ordered to inscribe "Drewry's Bluff" upon our banner, and we placed the name as a victory on its folds. Throughout that day our flag was never lowered to the foe, and though its silk was rent with balls and its staff was splintered and drenched with the color sergeant's blood, yet some faithful hand was always extended to uplift the emblem of unconquered defiance. At one time the colors were planted in the center of a cartpath leading through the woods and the color guard were greeted with a concentrated fire at short range from the enemy. A minie-ball pierced the flag-staff and the wrist of him who carried it, but no one thought of flinching and the exposed position was maintained until the whole Federal line was advanced. We also made on that

day many valuable discoveries in regard to the bravery and efficiency both of officers and men. As we remember how one and another behaved under fire, there was something like a revision of former estimates, and many a modest and heretofore unappreciated soldier found himself a sudden favorite. Henceforth, this standard of judgment prevailed and promotions and honors were awarded on this basis.

"Whiskey-courage" was afterwards at a discount with us, partly through some painful experiences of our own, but mainly because of what we saw in many of the rebels whom we shot down. Numbers of them were thoroughly crazed with gunpowder and whiskey, a mixture of which was found in their canteens. These poor wretches were full of horse-courage and pranced around with drunken energy till they fell in their folly, pierced like any other target with the shots they had invited. Our prejudice against this method of preparation for battle was strengthened by our experience on the 16th of May. We concluded that when a man is "fighting drunk" all the good soldier in him is gone, and at best he is only food for powder.

Dear comrades, to have fought and bled together in one such battle as this which we have described is surely reason enough for the tie which binds us in a union of hearts. Even to have fought upon opposite sides in the great rebellion, may now become a reason of sympathy between North and South. Both Blue and Gray learned many a lesson of mutual respect as they crossed swords in the struggle for Richmond.

We do not seek by these rehearsals of the past to keep alive the old feud, but just the contrary. No Americans fraternize more readily or heartily to-day than Federal and Confederate, as they meet and discuss the campaigns of Grant and Lee. May we learn to know each other too well ever to quarrel again! Should our country become involved in another war, may the Blue and the Gray join hands again beneath the "Stars and Stripes" to subdue our common foe!

HEADQUARTERS TWENTY-FIRST CONNECTICUT VOLUNTEERS,
In the field near Bermuda Hundred, Va.
May 23, 1864.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL H. J. MORSE,
Adjutant-General Connecticut.

GENERAL—I have the honor to transmit the following list of killed, wounded and missing from this regiment, in the action of May 16, 1864, near Drewry's Bluff, Va. :

Captain C. T Stanton, wounded severely.
Captain J. M. Shepard, wounded severely.
First Lieutenant William S. Hubbell, wounded slightly.
First Lieutenant Alvin M. Crane, wounded slightly.
Second Lieutenant Aaron S. Dutton, wounded badly.
Chaplain Thomas G. Brown, wounded slightly.

KILLED.

Privates Wm. S. Munsell, Company A ; Daniel Schippeon, Company B ; Cyrus J. Pease, Wm. N. Mulkey, Company C ; Henry W. Thorne, Company D ; Amos F. Heath, Lyman Greene, Rufus C. White, Company E; Charles Avery, Thomas Marrow, Company H ; Sergeant Alfred E. Reynolds, Privates Aaron E. Eldredge, William Pickett, Benj. Starkweather, Company K.

WOUNDED.

Co. A—Privates Alexander M. Francis, Frederick W Glazier, slightly.

Co. B—Privates Jesse A. Clark, badly, Cornelius Halpin, slightly.

Co. C—Corporals Nelson Chapman, severely, Francis Hough, slightly ; Privates James McGrath, Charles Andrews, severely, Francis M. Brayton, badly, Horatio N. Fish, Wm. Johnson, Wm. E. Wheeler, slightly.

Co. D—Corporal Frank S. Babcock, slightly; Privates Wm. L. Allen, badly, Osmer H. Parker, slightly, A. N. Miller, John D. Hoory, badly, Jas. Topliff, John Nubley, slightly.

Co. E—Commissary-Sergeant John C. Douglass, badly; Sergeant John L. Hill, painfully; Privates Charles H. Williams, badly, Charles G. Avery, James Hislop, slightly.

Co. F—Privates Billings H. Payne, severely, Nimrod Nichols, Alvan B. Steward, slightly; Chas. Williams, John Weiler, Gottleb Lash, badly.

Co. G—Corporal Orrin S. Rix, slightly; Privates John Davenport, James F. Knight, Aug. D. Terwilliger, slightly.

Co. H—Sergeants F. A. Rich, Edward G. Childs, Corporal John H. Selden, Privates Charles H. Dutton, Gilbert West, Isaac G. Avery, slightly, O. C. Hills, Cornelius King, badly, John G. Lewis, H. Stevens, severely.

Co. I—Corporal Patrick Fox, severely; Privates Peter Fitzgerald, Henry Donahue, severely, George S. Thomas, painfully; Corporal George E. Wells, slightly; Privates L. M. Maynard, John Cranney, Henry Lomax, Charles G. Benedict, slightly.

Co. K—Sergeant Aug. Shepardson, severely; Corporal Rufus Dixon, badly; Privates Garrett Chehan, slightly, Charles C. Card, George E. Pond, J. B. Woodward, Edward A. Sweet, John N. Rice, severely, William Clark, N. P. Thompson, badly.

MISSING.

Co. A—Privates Ambrose A. Foote, Timothy H. Blish, David E. Talcott.

Co. B—Musician Edwin Rees (wounded).

Co. C—Privates E. F. Smith, Francis Mayo, O. D. Barker.

Co. D—Andrew A. Perkins.

Co. E—Oliver Brown, Albert T. Harris.

Co. G—Corporal M. V B. Kinne; Privates S. N. Billings, F. T. Bentley, A. D. Brown, E. M. Brown, George S. Congdon, John Dunham, Bradford Clark, Silas H. Main, Welcome Moffiet, Latham H. Park, Robert Sutcliffe.

Co. K—Corporal Giles F. Hyde; Private Augustus H. Cutler.

RECAPITULATION.

Killed, enlisted men,	14
Wounded, commissioned officers,	6
Wounded, enlisted men,	63
Missing, enlisted men,	21
Total,	104

I remain, sir, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

THOMAS F. BURPEE,

Lieutenant-Colonel Commanding Regiment.

HEADQUARTERS TWENTY-FIRST REGIMENT CONN. VOLUNTEERS,

In the field, near Cold Harbor, Va.,

June 8, 1864.

GENERAL—I have to report that Colonel Arthur H. Dutton, of this regiment, was severely wounded May 26th, while reconnoitering the enemy's position near Bermuda Hundred, Va. Also, the following list of casualties in the Twenty-first Connecticut Volunteers since June 2, 1864:

KILLED.

Co. D—Private Theodore D. Bennett.

WOUNDED.

Co K—Second Lieutenant Luther N. Curtiss, lungs, dangerously; Sergeant-Major Orlan D. Glazier, slightly.

Co. A—Corporal J. Francis Cowles, side, severely; Corporal Henry B. Luce, head, slightly; Privates Elihu Olmstead, leg, Orsemus Jepson, foot, Isaac Garrison, hand, slightly.

Co. B—Corporal William W. Norton, back, slightly; Corporal Dennis A. Langdon, finger, slightly; First Sergeant Benjamin B. Baker, shoulder, seriously; Privates David Wasson, head, slightly, David N. Parsons, foot, slightly, Edwin Campbell, thigh.

Co. C—Sergeant William B. Avery, leg, slightly; Privates Wm. Johnson, side, mortally (since dead), Abner Spencer, hand, badly, Wm. W. Holliday, finger, very slightly.

Co. D—Corporal Canfield J. Humphrey, leg, amputated; Corporal Harrison Rood, back, slightly; Privates Charles W Nichols, arm, amputated, Thomas Brundrett, groin, severely, Alfred P. Hanks, side, severely, Horace R. Chester, shoulder, slight.

Co. E—Corporal Nelson Wilcox, leg, slightly; Privates Gardiner Smith, shoulder, slightly, Wait Ridoback, Arvine A. Frazier, side, badly.

Co. F—Privates George D. Tinker, arm, slightly, Albert Rudd, thigh, mortally, John Murphy, ankle, slightly, Solon A. Moxley, thigh, badly, David Wright, head, slightly.

Co. G—Privates Charles M. Terwilliger, shoulder, severely, Giles Bushnell, thigh, badly.

Co. H—Privates Herbert E. Carpenter, face, severely, Morris B. Brainard, thigh, severely, W H. Greenwood, side, severely, Daniel L. Adams, abdomen (since died), Michael Horrin, foot, slightly, James Savage, face, slightly; Corporal John H. Selden, head, contusion.

Co. I—Privates Michael O'Donnell, leg, seriously, John Edwards, both legs, seriously, William Edwards, leg, badly, James Holihan, arm, slightly, Michael Lewis, head, slightly.

Co. K—First Sergeant John F. French, arm, slightly; Private James Ireland, head, slightly.

Killed,	1
Wounded,	48

I am, sir, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

THOMAS F. BURPEE,

Lieutenant-Colonel Commanding.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL H. J. MORSE,

Adjutant-General Connecticut.

June 9, 1864.

Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas F. Burpee was severely wounded this morning by one of the enemy's sharpshooters.

F. C. JEFFREY,

Lieutenant and Adjutant Twenty-first Connecticut Volunteers.

HEADQUARTERS TWENTY-FIRST CONNECTICUT VOLUNTEERS,
Near Bermuda Hundred, Va.,
June 19, 1864.

GENERAL—It is my duty to report that Colonel Arthur H. Dutton died at Baltimore, Md., June 4, 1864, of wounds received in the field May 26, 1864. Also, that Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas F Burpee, Twenty-first Connecticut Volunteers, died at the Eighteenth A. C. General Hospital, June 9, 1864. The following is a list of casualties in the regiment during recent operations in front of Petersburg, Va.:

WOUNDED.

Co. A—Private George L. Spafford, head, slightly.

Co. B—Corporal John Armstrong, head, severely.

Co. D—First Sergeant Dyer A. Clark, head, severely; Corporal Jerome B. Baldwin, eye, severely.

Co. H—Corporal Frank M. Carver, head, slightly.

Co. I—Corporal Lewis Bailey, leg, slightly; Private Charles Hudson, arm, severely.

I remain, General, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
J. F. BROWN,
Captain Commanding Twenty-first Connecticut Volunteers.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL H. J. MORSE,
Adjutant-General Connecticut.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS OF COL. THOMAS F. BURPEE, TWENTY-FIRST CONNECTICUT VOLUNTEERS.

BERMUDA HUNDRED, May 17, 1864.
Butler's Command on the James River.

We lay at rest, after reaching Drewry's Bluff, on the fifteenth, until four o'clock P. M., when we took position in front of the center of the rebel works, which position we were ordered to hold

at all hazards. On the next morning we had a battle. The night had been foggy and wet, and at four o'clock the fog was so thick nothing could be seen two rods off. I had just sent out Captain Brown with his company in front of the Twenty-first as skirmishers, when a tremendous fire was poured on the right of my brigade, which was the right of the whole line occupied by our troops. The enemy had turned our right flank, and were in our rear. The Ninth New Jersey and the Twenty-third and Twenty-seventh Massachusetts were almost used up by the suddenness and heaviness of the attack. I will not attempt to describe the whole fight now; suffice it to say that in an hour and a half I was left alone with the Twenty-first to cope with the enemy, who were in front, and both flanks and a thick swampy wood in our rear. The men fought well; in some instances, hand to hand with the rebels. We changed our front to rear and fought for five hours through the swamp and timber, gradually falling back, sometimes charging upon them when they pressed too hard upon us, and at last succeeded in bringing the regiment and most of the wounded on to the open ground, where we could get help. Our Brigadier-General was captured, and I received no orders at all until I had fought three hours, and when the fight commenced I could not tell how things were going on our right, and did not know that the enemy had got around us, until their bullets came from that direction.

I don't know what the Generals at headquarters think of our conduct, but I hear that we gained much credit and that the regiment was handled well. We were so long in the woods that they thought we had been captured. We lost one hundred and six men and four commissioned officers. As for myself, I received no scratch. A bullet struck the spur upon my heel and glanced off. God covered my head in the time of danger and brought me safely through. We were engaged from four in the morning until nearly noon, without an instant's rest, and had but little rest for the previous two days. Notwithstanding the hardships we have been through, we have very few sick men. I think it is their pluck which keeps them up.

Sunday, May 22d.

The papers did not give anything like a correct account of the fight on Monday. The Twenty-first was at that time assigned to Heckman's brigade, and although we fought five hours in one of the most difficult situations in which a regiment can be placed, we are not mentioned at all in the published accounts. But this is of no consequence, except as it shows the incorrectness of reporters. If I can discharge my duty acceptably to Him, what others may say or think is of little moment. Some officers go so far as to say that the stubborn fight made by the Twenty-first in the fog and obscurity of the woods saved the entire corps from destruction on that morning. But how that may be I know not. I only know that we tried to do our duty in the sight of God.

GENERAL ULYSSES S. GRANT.

CHAPTER XIV.

OPERATIONS ON AND NEAR THE JAMES RIVER.

(JUNE, 1864.)

Immediately after the battle of Drewry's Bluff, Colonel Arthur H. Dutton, of the Twenty-first Connecticut Volunteers, who had previously occupied the position of Chief of Staff under Major-General William F Smith, was assigned to the command of the Third Brigade of the First Division Eighteenth Army Corps. The brigade was composed of the Twenty-first Connecticut, Fifty-eighth Pennsylvania, One Hundred and Eighty-eighth Pennsylvania, and Ninety-second New York, and occupied a position near the center of the line of intrenchments stretching from the James to the Appomattox Rivers.

Here we were for several days engaged in strengthening the works upon our front, while nearly every night we were called out to repel some assault of the enemy, who seemed to be using every endeavor to discover the weak points in our line, as well as the strength of the force opposed to them, along our whole front. Nothing, however, of any great importance occurred until the morning of May 25th, when Colonel Dutton, having received orders from Major-General William F Smith to reconnoiter the right of the enemy's position, he

selected the Twenty-first Connecticut for the accomplishment of that purpose.

The following official report made by Major Hiram B. Crosby to the Adjutant-General of the State of Connecticut, furnishes a complete detail of the affair, in which the country lost one of the most promising officers, the brigade a most efficient commander, and his regiment a beloved Colonel and firm friend:

To Brigadier General Horace J. Morse, Adjutant-General Conn.

HEADQUARTERS TWENTY-FIRST REGIMENT CONN. VOLUNTEERS,
THIRD BRIGADE, FIRST DIVISION,
EIGHTEENTH ARMY CORPS,
June 6th, 1864.

GENERAL—On the 25th day of May, Colonel Dutton, commanding the brigade, having received orders to reconnoitre the right of the enemy's position near our line of intrenchments at Bermuda Hundred, designated this regiment for that purpose.

The regiment passed outside of our lines and crossed the deep and almost impassable ravine that runs along the left of our works, until it reaches the Appomattox. On the further side of the ravine the left wing was posted in reserve, and the remaining companies were advanced to the front. Our skirmishers swept along the west bank of the ravine and thence further into the interior, coming well on to the enemy's right flank. But night coming on, Colonel Dutton recalled the skirmishers, and the regiment returned to camp with orders to be ready to continue the reconnoissance early the next morning.

On the day following (the twenty-sixth) Colonel Dutton again crossed the ravine with his brigade, consisting of the Twenty-first Connecticut, the Fifty-eighth Pennsylvania, the One Hundred and Eighty-eighth Pennsylvania and Ninety-second New York, with orders to push the reconnoissance until stopped by the enemy.

General Devens' brigade also moved out on our extreme left, along the Post Watthal road, to coöperate with Colonel Dutton, who took up the line of march in the direction of Post Watthal. After an advance of about two miles, through heavy woods, our

skirmish line came upon the rebels strongly intrenched and almost hidden from view by the thick underbrush.

Line of battle was formed at once, but as our skirmishers were becoming engaged, Colonel Dutton, who then as usual, was on the skirmish line, was mortally wounded. The command then devolved upon Lieutenant-Colonel Burpee, Twenty-first Connecticut, who shortly after received orders to retire, as the enemy were then massing opposite the center of our intrenched line.

Colonel Dutton died from the effects of his wound on the 4th of June. He graduated at West Point in 1861, Kilpatrick, Custer, O'Rourke, Benjamin and Farquhar being among his classmates. Bold and chivalrous, with a nice sense of honor, a judgment quick and decisive, an unwavering zeal in his chosen profession, he was, in every respect, a thorough soldier.

As an engineer, his talents were of the highest order, and at the time of his death he had attained the rank of Captain of Engineers in the regular army. By his companions in arms he will never be forgotten, and to them his last resting place will be as a shrine commemorating the friendships which not the rude shock of war, nor lapse of time, can blight or destroy.

I have the honor to be, General,

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

(Signed), HIRAM B. CROSBY,

Major Commanding Twenty-first Conn. Volunteers.

On May 29th we received marching orders and proceeded to Whitehouse Landing, arriving there on June 1st. We then proceeded to Cold Harbor, where we participated in the engagement of the 3d of June, particulars of which will be found in the subjoined report.

To Brigadier-General Horace J. Morse, Adjutant-General Conn.

HEADQUARTERS TWENTY-FIRST CONN. VOLUNTEERS,

THIRD BRIGADE, FIRST DIVISION, EIGHTEENTH ARMY CORPS.

June 12, 1864.

GENERAL—I have the honor to submit the following report of the part taken by this regiment in the battle of Cold Harbor on the 3d day of June, this duty devolving upon me in consequence of the

death of Lieutenant-Colonel Burpee, who was in command of the regiment during the engagement referred to.

At three o'clock on the morning of the third, our brigade was formed in close column by division, the Twenty-first Connecticut being at the head of the column with fixed bayonets, upon which they were instructed to place sole reliance in storming the enemy's works. The brigade of General Marston, also in close column, by division, was in the advance. The two brigades at about daylight made an assault on the strongly intrenched line of the enemy, who immediately opened upon the advancing column with such a rapid and effective fire of musketry and artillery, that the brigade in front was thrown back with heavy loss, and in great confusion, upon the head of our column, which, notwithstanding, held its ground with the steadiness of veterans. The Twenty-first Connecticut was now deployed in line of battle on the advanced ground we then held, to guard against a threatened assault on the part of the enemy. The regiment was here exposed to a sharp fire of shot and shell, both direct and infilading, from the enemy's works, which were barely two hundred yards distant, but protected partly by the formation of the ground, which gave the men some shelter while lying down, the casualties, which otherwise would have been very heavy, were comparatively light.

We held this position some three hours, and were then sent to re-enforce General Burnham's brigade, in a contemplated charge upon the same work, from another point further to the left. General Burnham's brigade was formed in close column, by division, the Eighth Connecticut to lead the charge, and the Twenty-first Connecticut to follow in line of battle with orders to rely upon the bayonet alone in carrying the enemy's works. The enemy, however, appearing in such force along that portion of their line against which our assault was to be directed, the order was subsequently countermanded.

The regiment behaved with great steadiness throughout the whole engagement, receiving well-merited compliments from brigade and division commanders. A list of the casualties is annexed.

With profound sorrow I announce the death of Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas F. Burpee, who was mortally wounded at daybreak on June 9th, while going the rounds as Brigade Officer of the Day.

CAPTAIN HENRY R. JENNINGS.

SURGEON J. HAMILTON LEE.

LIEUTENANT GEORGE P. EDWARDS.

ASSISTANT-SURGEON CHARLES J. TENNANT.

He survived only until the evening of the eleventh. Lieutenant-Colonel Burpee had borne his part with distinguished valor during the Bermuda Hundred campaign. His coolness and good judgment at the battle of Drewry's Bluff will not soon be forgotten by his comrades in that hotly contested action. At Cold Harbor, he was equally conspicuous for gallantry. While in command of the regiment he was able and efficient, always discharging with promptitude every duty, particularly if concerning the comfort and welfare of his men, by whom he was much loved and respected.

I have the honor to be, General,

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

(Signed), HIRAM B. CROSBY,
Major Commanding.

Cold Harbor was evacuated by our forces on June 13th, and so silently and secretly was the evacuation conducted that the rebels did not learn of our departure until the light of day revealed the unoccupied works we had so lately held. We embarked on transports at White House Landing, and sailed down the Pamunky and York Rivers, and thence up the James and Appomattox, landing at Point of Rocks. Here we remained one night, when crossing the Appomattox on pontoon bridges, we led the movement on Petersburg, and participated in the engagements of those first few days, which resulted in such decided and complete success, and gave us possession of some of the most advantageous and important positions of the enemy, besides the capture of a large amount of artillery and many prisoners. Had the advantages thus gained been followed up, as they should have been, and the troops pushed on before re-enforcements could have been called to the defense of the city, the Grand Army of the Potomac would not have been slumbering in front of the Cockade City.

But the corps that had been depended upon to support us did not come to our help as was expected, and so delay was

occasioned which furnished opportunity for the re-enforcement of the enemy, and blocked the way for any further advance.

Thus the "Golden Opportunity" was lost, and what would have otherwise been a brilliant movement and an effectual and disastrous defeat of the rebels, became in reality a failure. So that we found ourselves in nearly the same position that we occupied two months before, confronted by a force that still resisted all endeavors made to dislodge them from their stronghold.

With full confidence in the ability and skill of General Grant, the army still looked for some important movements that would soon change the aspect of affairs. Worn down by constant duty and exposure in the trenches, the regiment now numbered only about two hundred men fit for duty.

The regiment was commanded by Captain James F Brown, Lieutenant-Colonel Crosby and Major Stanton being at their homes in the North, the former on sick leave, and the latter on account of wounds received at Drewry's Bluff during the engagement of May 16, 1864.

Captain Frank S. Long, of Company D, was instantly killed during the action of July 30, by the bursting of a shell. He was a brave and able officer and greatly beloved by his companions in arms, and at the time of his death was in command of the sharpshooters of the division. He was just in the prime of life and full of bright promise. Genial and affable, he won friends among all, and his memory, with that of our gallant Colonels Dutton and Burpee, whom he has so soon followed, is deeply engraven upon the hearts of his associates in characters which time can never efface.

SKETCH OF COLONEL DUTTON BY HIS BROTHER, MAJOR CLARENCE E. DUTTON, U. S. A.

JUNE 5, 1864.

Arthur Henry Dutton, Colonel Twenty-first Regiment Connecticut Volunteer Infantry, was born in Wallingford, Conn., November 13, 1838. He came from one of the oldest families in the state, which reckons many officers who have served their country in its wars: Colonel Benjamin Douglass, of the Revolutionary Army; General Joseph G. Totten, former Chief of Engineers; General Joseph Mansfield, who was killed at Antietam, and Major George Dutton, of the Engineers, who died in 1857 As a boy he was a fine scholar in the "district" school, much esteemed and praised by his teachers, and also by his little companions. At a very early age he manifested the premonitions of those traits which were so marked in after life, and which brought him honor in his subsequent brief career. The most conspicuous were quick perception, common sense, and a short, condensed mode of expression, which was often epigrammatic. He had no propensity for vice or mischief, but, on the contrary, had a happy faculty of keeping other boys out of it by means of short, witty expressions which laid bare the real nature of the mischief and made the less thoughtful ones ashamed of it.

At the age of fourteen he was sent to a boarding school in New Haven, and after two years' study entered the Scientific School at Yale College. In the summer of 1857, he was appointed a cadet at the West Point Military Academy. He at once showed himself to be an excellent pupil, and at the first semi-annual examination, was placed at the head of his class, a position which he kept until near his graduation, when he was obliged to share his honors with Patrick H.

O'Rourke, from the Rochester district. (O'Rourke was killed at Gettysburg, being then the Colonel of the One Hundred and Fortieth New York State Regiment).

Upon graduating, Dutton was appointed a Second Lieutenant of Engineers, and immediately assigned to duty on the staff of Major-General Mansfield, and was employed with Captain, afterwards Brigadier-General, Cyrus B. Comstock, in the construction of the earthwork defenses around Washington. In February, 1862, he was sent to Fernandina, Fla., which was then held by the Federal forces, to construct the defenses of that place. While serving there he was tendered the command of the Twenty-first Regiment Connecticut Volunteers, which he promptly accepted. He never sought the position; the position sought him.

His career as Colonel of that regiment is so well known to its officers and men, and has been so often recited that repetition seems unnecessary. He was finally detached from it, and became Chief of Staff to the Army of the James, commanded then by Major-General W F Smith. The position of a Chief of Staff to an army is one calling for the highest order of military abilities and attainment. It is one that has no recognition in the laws and regulations of our military establishment, though every war we have had has not only led to the recognition of the necessity for it, but has in practice created it after the necessity for it became manifest. As General Smith was soon superseded by General Butler, Colonel Dutton was assigned to the command of a brigade, and recommended for appointment as a Brigadier-General of Volunteers. The appointment was made under date of May 16, 1864, but before his commission was received and accepted he was mortally wounded at Bermuda Hundred on the James River, while conducting a reconnoissance in force. He was taken to a hospital at Hampton, and hopes were cherished that he would recover. The wound was by a bullet passing through his face from side to side, shattering the lower jaw. He was anxious to go North, and

with much misgiving on the part of the Chief Surgeon, he was permited to start. On board the steamer a secondary hemorrhage took place, and when Baltimore was reached his case was hopeless. He died the next day, June 5, 1864.

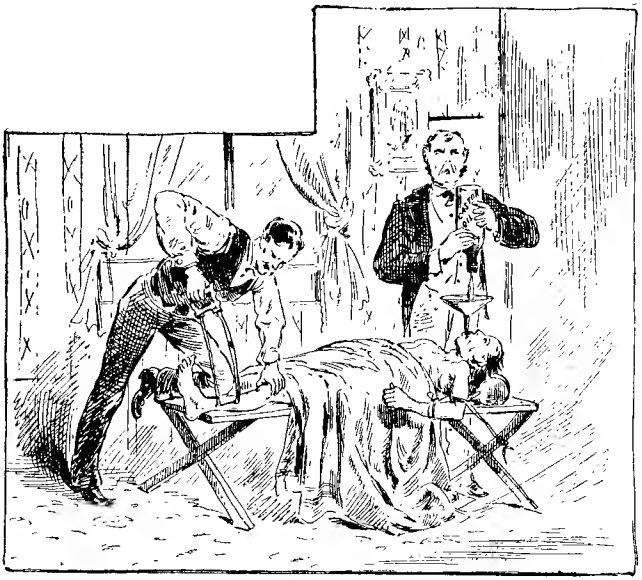
Colonel Dutton was married June 8, 1863, to Marion, the daughter of the late Rear Admiral B. F Sands of the Navy, a resident of Washington, D. C., and a family of distinction in the naval history of our country. The union was a most happy one during the single year of its existence.

Colonel Dutton seemed to be a man who was marked out for a distinguished career. The solidity of his character, his early development of that wisdom, sound judgment and penetration, which are usually expected only in men of greater age and experience, had made him conspicuous. It gained for him the admiration of high authority and recognition of his capacity for important duties and responsibilities. His officers and men felt it, his superior officers knew it. Every general officer under whom he served perceived that the young Colonel was a master who needed nothing but opportunity for a distinguised career. Combined with great strength and force of character was a certain calmness and placidity, both of temperament and manner. Such a combination is always impressive and insures confidence. His moral standards were of the purest and most exalted kind. His truthfulness was ideal, for he had an extraordinary faculty of representing everything with exactitude, and without a trace of false coloring by extravagant figures of speech, or by expressions which overdraw or unduly belittle. Even his wit, which was often brilliant, never led to a false impression. It illuminated without distorting. It never left any sting behind it, though it always amused.

In his personal relations he was most kindly and generous, but he never lost sight of justice. One remark of his is well remembered, that "a pound of justice in this world is worth more than a ton of generosity." In his social relations he was dignified and simple, but always refined in manner, neither

presumptuous nor bashful, easy to approach and leaving most agreeable impressions, not only upon people of his own age, but equally so upon his elders. Beneath a calm and quiet surface, there was also a strong undercurrent of romance and poetry in his nature. This was often made manifest to those who came into close contact with him, and it made him delightful to those who could induce him to disclose it.

The early death of Colonel Dutton was one of those tragedies which are the highest price which a nation pays when it goes to war.



SURGEONS AT WORK.

CHAPTER XV

THE BATTLE OF COLD HARBOR.

ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE REGIMENTAL REUNION, MAY 16, 1882,

BY CAPTAIN W. S HUBBELL.

The fascination of war is mainly in the retrospect. We study out a campaign with its intricate strategy, its bold manœuvers, its victory perching in the balance between the hostile leaders; we read of rushing squadrons, and flashing sabres swung high in the air and the long lines of steel leveled for a charge; of colors bravely planted on perilous heights, and blue columns swarming over the moat and up the counter-scarp of some belching fortress; we hear of the weary march, the patient siege, the gradual approach by parallels in the trenches around some doomed city, and at last of the head-long burst which captured the beleagured town; and we make such stirring scenes as these the background of our picture. Then we put our favorite leader in the forefront and center of our hero-worship. We dress him in all the blaze of his rank, with plume and sash, with gilded spurs, and jewels in sword-hilt or scabbard, and as his steed rears at the bugle-blast, or snorts defiance at the cannon's hot breath, whilst the rider sits him well and smiles unharmed amid the leaden hail,—we admire the glories and the magnificence of war. But the battle pictures are all of them painted after the battle is over, and after the red laurels are won. The groans and the

carnage are then forgotten and the perils are overpast. Our hero himself, no doubt, would acknowledge that he shrank from the field of his own renown, and that he would have gladly escaped from the combat into which he resolutely plunged. One of the reasons why the veteran loves to fight his battles o'er again, is because he describes past danger from the view-point of present safety. This contrast between what is and what was, heightens his satisfaction in the rehearsal of perils once encountered. It is largely due to the comfort of this contrast that I enter with pleasure on the task before me this afternoon. I am to describe one of the most sanguinary and stubborn battles in which any two commanders ever crossed their swords,—a battle which raged almost without intermission for ten days, yet, which was really decided in as many minutes on the third day's encounter; a battle in which the dead were numbered by thousands, and which definitely settled in the negative the question of marching from the Rapidan straight to Richmond. My testimony will be chiefly that of an eye-witness, and having thus, once for all, stated by authority, permit me to suppress the ego for the residue of the story. While, however, disclaiming my own purpose to be all "I's," let me invite you, on your part, and in no uncomplimentary sense, to be all ears.

Some novelist has said that, in order to do full justice to a story, the characters introduced should be traced back to their first parents in Eden, that thus all the ramifications of their history might appear. So, too, when we single out one, in the chain of struggles during our great American conflict, the embarrassing inquiry comes up, "How far back must we travel before we reach any intelligent starting point for the events we would narrate?" Happily for us, the limits are well defined in our case, and the arrears to be brought up, cover but a single month of our rebellion record.

Opening our calendar then at May-day, 1864, let us visit the great taciturn Ulysses, as he sits at evening before his camp fire on the Rapidan. Had we approached him then, he

would only have smoked on in silence, but time has since lifted the veil and we now can read his thoughts. He says: "I determined to hammer continuously against the armed force of the enemy and his resources, until by mere attrition, if in no other way, there should be nothing left to him but an equal submission with the loyal section of our common country to the constitution and laws of the land." This process he was about to commence, and although at times we feared that hammer and anvil would alike be crushed together, yet the sturdy hammer pounded away till the last of his terrible strokes was dealt at Appomattox Court House eleven months later. It was then that Sherman, himself, in hot pursuit of Joe Johnston, sent to the Lieutenant-General the following dispatch:

"I am delighted and amazed at the result of your move to the south of Petersburg. Lee has in one day lost the reputation of three years, and you have established a reputation for pluck and perseverance that would make old Wellington jump out of his coffin."

But in May, 1864, the eyes of the country and the world were upon this silent warrior, as they judged from a hundred signs that he was about to hurl his battalions against the wary foe. The Army of the Potomac had been thoroughly reorganized, consolidated and equipped. It consisted of the very flower of American soldiers. Trained in the school of defeat, the football of political intriguers, again and again sacrificed for naught, ever confronted by the ablest General and the best fighting material of the South, this patient, noble band of undaunted heroes was once more to sally forth, and for the first time under a thoroughly competent commander. It now consisted of the Second Corps, under Hancock, the Fifth under Warren, and the Sixth under Sedgwick, all under the manipulation of General George G. Meade and under the immediate control of General Grant. The cavalry, an arm of the service hitherto of little avail, was, all of it, consolidated

under Sheridan, who was destined to make it, for the first time, a terror to the foe. The Ninth Corps, under Burnside, which had been recruiting during the winter at Annapolis, and which was composed in part of colored troops, had also joined the Potomac army a few days previous, and was to share its fortunes henceforth to the end. All of the corps commanders and many leaders of divisions were graduates of West Point, and the old officers had been so judiciously weeded out, that not only the incompetent, but also the inharmonious, had been transferred to other and less important fields. The private soldiers were good men and true, well schooled in all the duty of bearing arms, and having so large a nucleus of veterans as to season the whole body. The regimental and company officers were brave men who had risen from the ranks, who had the sympathy of their subalterans, and who understood by experience how orders should be given and executed. In a word, the army was excellent in its material, in a high state of efficiency and never before so well fitted to take the field. It was also powerful in numbers, including a movable column of one hundred and twenty-one thousand one hundred and seventy-eight men, and its artillery numbered three hundred and sixteen guns. It lay along the north bank of the Rapidan, confronting and watching the force under General Lee.

The Confederate chieftain was, of course, aware of the mortal struggle which must soon begin, yet he did not despair of beating back for the fourth time the invading host. By a stubborn defense and by skillful return thrusts, he hoped to survive the remorseless blows of his new antagonist, and to send him reeling back like his predecessors to the safety of Northern soil. The sixty miles between the Rapidan and Richmond were as familiar as a chessboard to General Lee, and that veteran player had thus far checkmated every antagonist who had risked his pieces thereon. The great advantage of playing a defensive game he fully appreciated,

and now he calmly awaited an attack. He had selected with care every probable battle-field and had fortified every inch of ground that could be useful in punishing his assailant. He held the key to every road through that great tangled waste known as the Wilderness. If forced out of this stronghold he would make a stand at the river Mattapony, and if that was not enough, would dispute the passage of the North and South Anna and Pamunkey Rivers. Even if these crossings were forced, he had still the deep, unfordable Chickahominy, that fatal barrier, which had so often saved the rebel capital from our grasp. Now, as the proportion of loss between an assaulting force without earthworks and a defending force behind earthworks, is in the ratio of ten to one, it is evident that Lee had good reason to suppose himself secure. By compelling Grant to repeated assaults upon almost impregnable positions, the Union army would soon be decimated and disheartened and the task of taking Richmond would be abandoned as hopeless. So at least reasoned General Lee. The rebel soldiers were expressly assured in a circular from headquarters that, if they were successful in arresting this first advance of Grant's, the independence of the South was achieved.

Lee was strongly entrenched on the south bank of the Rapidan, his lines extending about twenty miles on each side of his headquarters at Orange Court House, his left flank resting on Gordonsville and his right protected by Mine Run, a creek flowing due north at right angles to the main river. His infantry was divided into three corps, commanded by Longstreet, Ewell and Hill, the cavalry being ably generaled by Stuart, who was slain by Sheridan a few days later. The force, of all arms, at Lee's disposal, was probably about ninety-six thousand men.

Colonel Taylor, the confidential Assistant Adjutant-General of Lee, gives these figures:

Army of Northern Virginia, April 20, '64,	63,984
Pickett's and Hoke's Division from North Carolina,	14,400
With Breckenridge's command from West Virginia, and Beauregard's from Richmond,	18,000
Aggregate of all troops engaged from Wilderness to Cold Harbor,	96,384

(Other rebel authorities put Breckenridge's and Beauregard's forces at 28,000. Lee's artillery included 224 guns.)

Having thus refreshed our memory as to the relative strength and position of the two grand armies, let us now return to the tent of our Federal Commander, whose duty it is to take the initiative in this momentuous campaign. Grant's plan was to cross the river below his own camp at Germania Ford, and by a sudden move turn the right flank of General Lee and cut him off from Richmond; then by a series of fierce and continuous battles, to beat him and destroy his army. Failing in this, there remained the alternative of forcing him back by edging down constantly the left flank of our troops, striking him a side blow at every step, and thus by threatening to overlap his right, compelling him to retreat on to Richmond and pursuing him thither. This feature of tactics explains why, in all the great conflicts which follow, the hostile armies were facing East and West, rather than North and South. The entire movement, from the Rapidan to the James, presents the spectacle of an army moving sidewise towards its goal, ever and anon halting to front and fight at right angles to its own course. The soldiers called it a crab movement, since the crab, while facing in one direction, reaches out and travels on towards its right or left.

Everything now was in readiness for the Army of the Potomac to move. At midnight on the 3d of May our cavalry, with an engineer party and pontoon train, threw five bridges across the Rapidan (here about two hundred feet wide) and the troops pushed on to Chancellorsville without

opposition. Before noon of the following day the army was safely over and on the march for the Wilderness Tavern. Thus far the movement had been a surprise to General Lee, who, as it seems, had expected our advance against his left at Gordonsville. He now hurries across his left wing, under Longstreet, to fall upon the Federal troops while passing through the ravines and impenetrable undergrowth of the wilderness. The rebels, having shorter and better roads to traverse, were able to outmarch our troops and to plant themselves across our path. Then followed that desperate wrestle for four days in those sombre thickets of scrub oak and pine. The end was a drawn battle, but the hope of Lee that we were retreating on Washington was rudely dispelled, for he soon discovered that Burnside and Sedgwick had again marched past his right and were on their way to Spottsylvania Court House. The astounding fact appeared that our army was neither beaten nor demoralized, but was being launched forward for another blow

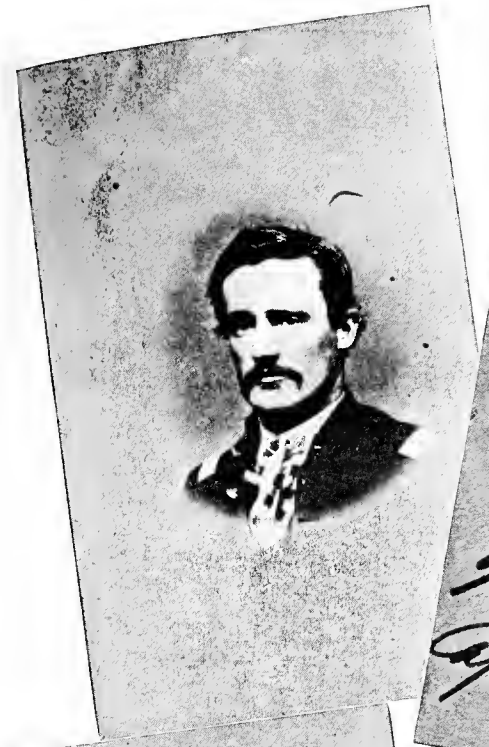
At this good news, the loyal North, which had been holding its breath with intensity of apprehension, burst into enthusiasm and President Lincoln issued a proclamation for a day of public thanksgiving and prayer. But the wildest excitement still prevailed throughout the land. The President and the heads of departments at Washington sat up all night to receive tidings. Lee was not yet routed and driven from the field. Orders were issued to arrest every fugitive and not to permit a single deserter to enter the defenses at Washington, and to put in irons all cowardly officers found lurking at the capital. Re-enforcements were hourly forwarded. The forts at Washington were stripped of their garrisons and members of the invalid corps put on duty instead. Thirty thousand volunteers for one hundred days were called out to play the soldier in camp and at the rear, and everywhere the nation guarded itself anew for the emergency of the hour.

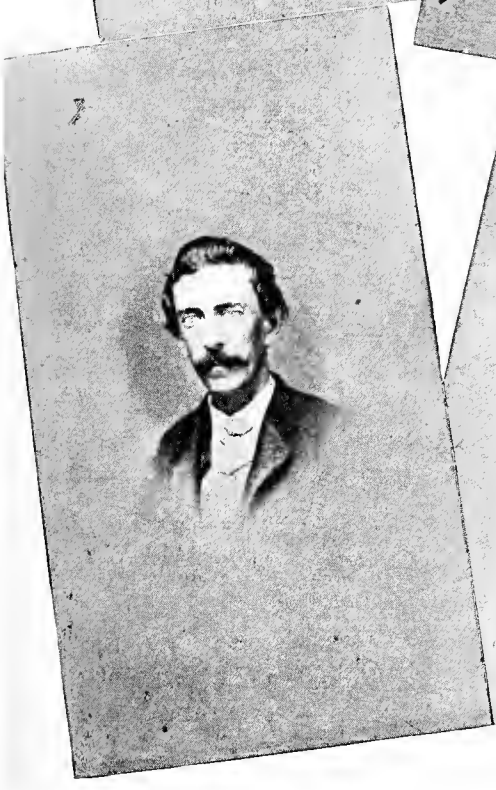
Meanwhile, Grant had been shifting his divisions from right to left, and thus creeping steadily southward, till he had

reached an open table-land fifteen miles from the Wilderness. Here, for the first time, artillery could do its awful share in the general carnage, and, prefaced by a fierce cannonade, on the 9th of May began the battle of Spottsylvania Court House. In the midst of this encounter, Grant penned his famous dispatch:

"I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer."

After twelve days of incessant and sanguinary struggle, it was seen that the attempt to crush Lee in this position was hopeless. Making a detour of eight miles to the eastward, the Federal columns were once more headed toward Richmond, and simultaneously the rebels started by parallel roads to escape their being cut off from their capital. Both armies reached the North Anna on the 22d of May, and heavy skirmishing occurred for the next three days. Onward by a flank movement again sped the weary soldiers, passing by the mouth of the South Anna and along the Pamunkey, into which it merges. At this juncture the gallant Sheridan reappeared with his slashing troopers, who had been raiding for two weeks in the rear of Lee's army, and had kept the rebel cavalry so busy as to prevent them from molesting our own trains and communications. He had killed the famous cavalier, General J. E. B. Stuart, had given Wade Hampton a severe drubbing and released three hundred of our soldiers on the way to Libby Prison, and had actually penetrated the outer defenses of Richmond itself, capturing a section of artillery and a hundred of the Home Guard. His round bullet head and his swarthy red face were a welcome sight to the Lieutenant-General, who at once dispatched him to hold the crossing of the Pamunkey and to reconnoitre beyond as far as Cold Harbor. This duty he fulfilled in gallant style, driving back the foe, and by noon of Friday, the 27th, he had seized the ferry at Hanover and thrown across a pontoon bridge. This ferry is only fifteen miles from Richmond, and the booming of cannon began to be distinctly heard at the rebel





CAPTAIN JAMES H. LATHAM.

SERGEANT ALBERT LEEDS.

CAPTAIN NATHAN A. BELDEN.

SERGEANT EDWARD G. CHILDS.

capital. Grant, having broken up the railroad behind him toward Washington, established a new base of supplies at the White House, on the river Pamunkey, from whence there was easy navigation to Chesapeake Bay and to Fort Monroe. This change of base gave the rebels great concern, although they affected to laugh at Grant for coming once more into the camp of McClellan. But the fact was patent and undeniable that, in spite of all their losses and over or past every obstacle, the Federals were creeping steadily down toward their goal, and that there was plenty of fight left in them yet. A long distance from their old basis, they had now established new ones, and there remained but one more river for them to cross before the spires of Richmond would be in sight.

Now it was that fortune seemed to interpose in Lee's behalf and that the fatal Chickahominy bade us once more to pause ere we appropriated the spoils so nearly within our grasp.

Among the coöperative movements which Grant had planned for the campaign against Lee, there were two which we must here pause to mention. The first was to be made in the Shenandoah Valley by a column under Siegel, threatening Lynchburg and the great artery of supplies for Richmond from the west. The other, and far more important advance, was to be made by Butler from the south of Richmond, and for this end he was furnished with a fine army of twenty-five thousand men. Of both of these expeditions, it is enough to say that, while they promised immense advantage, they proved to be lamentable failures, owing to the apparent incompetency of their commanders. Grant was indeed beset not only by rebel armies, but by the most inexcusable and incomprehensible blunders among his own subalterns. Bitter indeed must have been his regrets that he ever intrusted some major-generals with a corporal's guard. But he nobly held his peace and complained of no man's failure. He only modified his plans, kept his own secrets and fought it out alone, when his helpers disappointed him.

Siegel having been defeated in the west, Breckenridge cam at once eastward by forced marches, and with ten thousan men joined the army of Northern Virginia at Cold Harbo Butler having been bottled up at Bermuda Hundred, Beaure gard pressed on to the relief of his chieftain, and with abou fifteen thousand men occupied the battle-field of Cold Harbo on June 1st. With these re-enforcements, Lee was nearly a strong as at the opening of the campaign, and boldly offere battle on the banks of the Chickahominy.

We left Sheridan on his reconnoissance toward Col Harbor, and the main army behind him filing across th pontoons which he had laid. The troopers felt their way un molested until they reached the edge of the high bluffs whicl hide the Chickahominy valley. At the base of these hill they descried a force of cavalry and a brigade of infantr holding the cross roads at Cold Harbor. Sheridan instantl attacked, and the rebels, under Fitzhugh Lee, were driven o towards the woods and the river. Grant, on learning of thi skirmish, ordered Sheridan to hold the position at all hazards and at once hastened away the Sixth Corps.

The enemy made repeated efforts during the afternoon t dislodge our cavaliers, but they dismounted, every fourtl man holding the horses, and deploying as infantry used thei carbines with such deadly effect as to defy every assault Whilst they are sleeping on their arms, let us take a glanc at the moonlit battle-field, and thus be in readiness to under stand the terrible struggle which is close at hand.

Cold Harbor is a village of a single house, the tavern a the crossroads. Its importance in the present campaign la in the fact that it was the point of convergence for all th roads leading forward to Richmond, or back to the base o supplies at the White House. Grant, as we have seen, wa reaching down to lay hold on the Chickahominy, which wa really the outer ditch in front of the rebel capital. But as h knew that Lee had been heavily re-enforced, it was clear tha any effort to carry a direct crossing without a battle wa

hopeless. By holding Cold Harbor, Grant could move on at once to Richmond in case of Lee's defeat, as that would uncover the bridges of the Chickanominy. Or, if unable to force him out of the direct path, we should still hold the road by which to swing round below him on to the James. Furthermore, at the very moment when Sheridan was struggling to maintain himself at the crossroads, an infantry force of fresh troops, the Eighteenth Corps of fifteen thousand men from Butler's command, was hurrying down the White House to join the Potomac army at Cold Harbor Tavern. Understanding the strategic importance of his post, Sheridan sent back word that he was "hard pressed, but would hold on till he died, or until the infantry appeared." As usual, he kept his promise.

It is interesting to notice here how this campaign connects itself with that of 1862. Two years and a few days before this date, a portion of McClellan's army had marched over the ground which Grant was now traversing, and on that very 1st of June was fought the opening battle of a most disastrous series. The first action at Cold Harbor was known as the Battle of Gaines' Mills, in which the Fifth and Sixth Corps under Fitz John Porter, were so shattered by Stonewall Jackson as to compel the immediate abandonment of the White House and the destruction of its vast depot of commissary stores. As the veterans trudged on all night and day began to break, they recognized the old familiar landmarks and rehearsed to the new recruits the stories of the "Peninsular Campaign." "There was where my brother was killed," says one, thoughtfully, as he points to a deserted rifle pit on what was once the line of skirmishers. "You'll be lucky if you don't see him again before another sunrise," is the stern rejoinder. By noon, the Sixth Corps was within supporting distance of Sheridan and his peril was at an end. The infantry skirmish line was thrown forward, the artillery was posted and unlimbered, and soon the cannoniers were engaged in a lively duel. The region thereabouts is of a

somber and desolate cast, with frequent patches of low fores and little streams threading their way towards the deep sluggish river beyond. The ground was already marke with the obstinate struggle of the day previous, dead horses splintered trees and red stained clothing being visible alon the roadside.

General Wright moved forward his corps a few rods, clear ing the advance line of rebel pits and establishing himself i front of the tavern on the road to Gaines Mills. At 3 P M the head of a blue column appeared coming down the New castle road and the Eighteenth Corps, with ten thousan men under General W F Smith—commonly styled "Bald Smith",—after a severe march of twenty-five miles, wer ready for a hand in the coming brush. Without a moment' pause for rest, they form at once "on the right by file int line," deploy their skirmishers, quietly load their muskets and are prepared for action.

If we now stand in the doorway of the Cold Harbo Tavern, we can, perhaps, at a glance take in the situation a it appeared at 6 P. M. on the 1st of June. The house face toward the west, its front upon the road to Richmond an its south windows opening on the other road running at righ angles from Mechanicsville to Bottom's Bridge. A hug gnarled catalpa stands across the way, and under it are tw of General Wright's orderlies holding their horses, and a aide-de-camp renewing the cartridges in his pistol. As w stand up facing west, with arms outstretched, we have th battle line. The extreme right, or the right hand and arm of our symbol, represents the Eighteenth Corps in position the men in part sheltered by a friendly copse of pine an white oaks. At the right elbow the Sixth Corps laps on and its left wing represents the body resting on the angl of the two roads. This was Rickett's division, which wa joined at the left arm by Russell's division and at the lef hand by Neil's division.

If we choose to walk up the road toward the west we shall in five minutes reach the skirmish line, and if not very anxious for our personal safety, can look beyond to the hostile lines before us. In front of our extreme right there is a cleared space, a cornfield just planted, but destined soon to be trodden hard in the onward sweep of our hosts. In front of the right forearm there is a gentle upheaval, sparsely wooded with low pines, and just to the left of this a corresponding vale, degenerating into a marsh before we reach the rebel line. The belt of timber runs from here quite across the remainder of our front to the left. On the farther side of this belt toward Richmond is a beautiful strip of green field one-half mile wide, bordered at its farther edge by another belt of woodland, and it is just where the shadow of green deepens, that we see the line of red sand which marks the breastworks of Hoke, Kershaw, Picket and Field. All this plain is swept by rebel cannon and muskets. Behind the rebel front the army of Northern Virginia is hurrying into place to entrench along the river, and behind the Sixth and Eighteenth Corps the tired veterans of the Potomac are being rushed forward by Grant's iron will to force, if possible, the passage of the Chickahominy.

The first attempt to be made is to crowd the rebels back as closely as we are able to the river's bank, and if it may be, to drive them across. It was past six and nearly seven before the troops were formed and in readiness, and meanwhile the pattering of the skirmish fire had been incessant, and once our skirmish line had been charged upon and pushed back. It, however, rebounded by a return thrust and established itself more securely in an advanced position. At last the dispositions are complete, and the Sixth and Eighteenth Corps leap forward simultaneously with a ringing cheer to the hot work before them. They march in line of battle through the woods, dislodging the gray-coated sharpshooters from their hiding places and emerge upon the open field. At their appearance the rebel batteries commence firing with

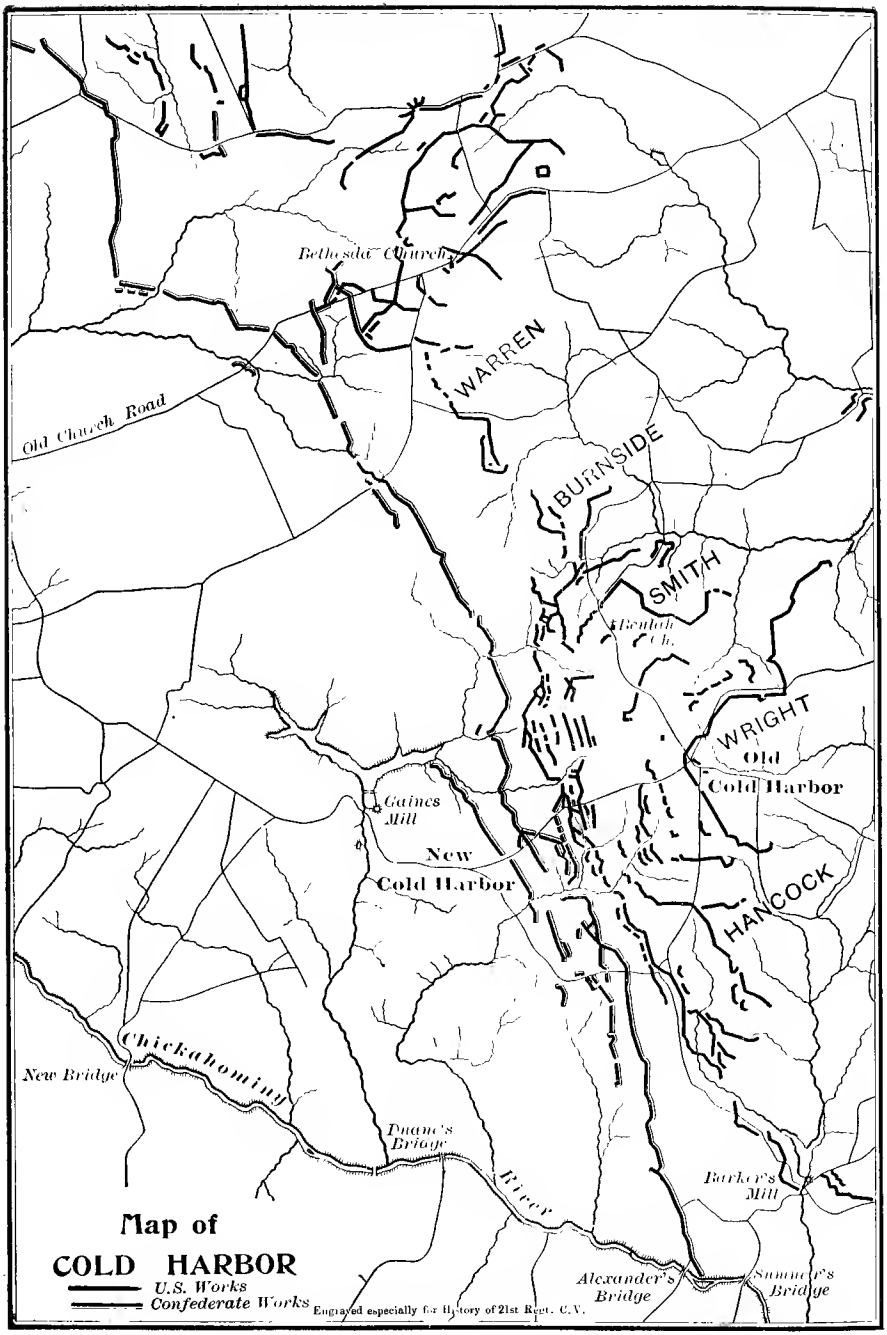
redoubled fury and the enemy's position is fully unmasked. Rickett's division of the Sixth Corps, having the shortest distance to traverse, was soonest engaged. With the utmost energy they rushed across the clearing, and striking the rebel works like a whirlwind, swept over them in a headlong burst, before the enemy could deliver a second volley.

While the Confederates were in the act of reloading their pieces, the line of hostile bayonets appeared at their throats and half a brigade were captured, disarmed, and hastened back to our rear. The residue of the rebel defenders in front of Ricketts took to their heels and disappeared among the reserves beyond. Russell's division, which moved directly up the road in front of the tavern, was met with a most withering fire from front and flank, and the whole plain seemed wrapped in a sheet of flame. Yet they staggered on close up to the entrenchments, and finding shelter along a favoring ridge, held on tenaciously to what they had gained. General Neil, on our extreme left, held his troops in reserve to protect against a flank movement of the enemy from that quarter. Devens' division of the Eighteenth Corps, who were posted just at the elbow of our extended right arm, found before them an intervale amounting almost to a marsh, which was also obstructed by felled trees and underbrush. But his men forced their way through this abattis, and rather in a helter-skelter form kept on, charged up the hill and took the rifle pits before them.

Brooks' division, next in order to the right, whose commander was a fiery old regular, had perhaps as hard a task as any and suffered heavy losses without inflicting much punishment in return. They were badly raked by an enfilading battery, and many of the troops, being for the first time under such galling fire, were somewhat shaken. Still, there was little flinching and many of the regimental commanders were gallant in the extreme. The lion-hearted Colonel Anderson, of the Ninety-second New York, a man of noble carriage and desperate bravery, was shot through the forehead and

fell at the head of his men. He had survived the battles of Malvern Hill and of Gaines Mills, only to be slain in this identical spot two years later. Lieutenant-Colonel Marshall, in command of the Fortieth Massachusetts, smarting under the undeserved censure of his superior and burning to show the high mettle that was in him, was also shot dead in the very forefront of the charge. A new regiment from Pennsylvania, bewildered by the inimitable antics of one of their leaders and by the disappearance of others who should have controlled them, lost their discipline and opened a tremendous fusilade more dangerous to friend than foe. The marsh and the sand hills and the hazel brush aided in breaking up their formation and in lending confusion. Yet the line responded with cheers to every rebel yell and neither halted nor turned back.

One of the brigade commanders, Colonel Guy V Henry, an intrepid young West Pointer of magnetic presence and merciless discipline, reckless of himself, rode back and forth crowding on his men, and at last with a smile of cool defiance, leaped his horse over the enemy's works, and as the dying steed lay struggling on the parapet, its rider coolly standing in his stirrups emptied his revolver in the very faces of the awestruck foe. On the extreme right our remaining division under Martindale was coöperating, as did Neil on the left, and so manoeuvering as to secure safety for our flank and rear. The brunt of the fighting, however, was borne by Ricketts, Russell and Devens, and while the nature of the ground prevented any but the former from cutting out entire sections from the rebel lines, yet the enemy was everywhere pushed back for more than a half mile, and this lost ground he strove in vain to recover. From dark until past ten o'clock did Beauregard persist in his efforts to retake his vantage, but he was everywhere unsuccessful. It was nearly midnight before the firing ceased and the weary troops lay down upon their arms. Our casualties had been severe during this brief engagement, the Eighteenth Corps losing


Bethesda Church
WARREN
Old Church Road
BURNSIDE
SMITH
WRIGHT
Old
Cold Harbor
Gaines
Mill
New
Cold Harbor
HANCOCK
Chickahominy
New Bridge
Duane's
Bridge
River
Parker's
Mill
Alexander's
Bridge
Summer's
Bridge
Map of
COLD HARBOR
U.S. Works
Confederate Works
Engraved especially for History of 21st Regt. C.V.

alone over two thousand in killed and wounded, while the Sixth Corps lost twelve hundred more. All night long the ambulances were gathering up their bleeding freight and moving toward the hospital field, that sickening tent of mercy at the rear. Perchance at some narrrow stretch of road, they were halted and turned aside by stern command, for even the wounded must make way for the ammunition wagons to bring cartridges up to the front.

Thus far we have sketched the preliminaries of Cold Harbor. The great struggle and the more horrid slaughter is yet to come. Where is our Commander-in-chief meanwhile and what are his intentions? Grant has reached a decisive stage in the struggle for Richmond. We have already seen how his efforts to reduce Lee's army to its minimum have been frustrated. By the failures of Butler and Siegel, and we may add by the failure of Banks to move on Mobile as ordered, it has been possible for President Davis to re-enforce the defenders of the rebel capital. But for this, the battles we now describe would never have been fought, nor would the National Democratic Convention three weeks later have declared the war a failure, nor have nominated McClellan for President. It was still possible, however, that Lee might be overcome by a coup de main, and to this final attempt at crushing his foe Grant now resolutely advanced. A grand assault to force the passage of the Chickahominy was to be the next move. General Lee had the river but a mile in his rear, and if his line could be broken, the entire rebel army would be ruptured and driven into the Chickahominy. From that Point to Richmond was a distance of only five miles, and Sheridan was ready to keep on the trail at a gallop till the capital of the Confederacy was won. Certainly the attempt was worth making and Grant did not hesitate.

On the morning of June 2d, as soon as daylight came, the picket firing was resumed and the whole army of the Potomac began to close in around its foe. The battle-field

of the day previous became the center of the grand line which stretched out for seven miles from Cold Harbor to Bethesda Church, the Federal troops facing south-west. The Ninth Corps held the extreme right, with the Fifth Corps on their left, next to which came the Eighteenth and the Sixth in their old positions, and the Second Corps on the extreme left, with Gregg's Cavalry posted for observation beyond. Wilson's Cavalry kept watch on the right flank, and Sheridan guarded the roads leading to the White House and held the lower crossings of the Chickahominy. It was the intention of General Meade to commence the assault on Thursday afternoon, June 2d, but the attempt to mass our troops and to change their position provoked such lively skirmishing as finally to bring on a regular attack from the enemy. This delayed the grand assault till the next morning, Friday, June 3d, when the columns were ordered to advance simultaneously at four o'clock, each of the corps and division generals having set his watch to accord with the timepiece at headquarters.

The troops were silently roused before dawn and the various regiments quietly took the places assigned them. The early morning air was chill, and the damp, swampy odors from the river made the dreariness greater. The hopeless look which many of the soldiers wore was quite noticeable. They did not expect to succeed, for they had not been able to carry the breastworks on Wednesday, and the rebels had been working hard for thirty-six hours to make them impregnable. Recognizing the duty before them as that of a forlorn hope, many of the private soldiers were seen writing their names on little slips of paper and pinning these papers upon the inside of their blouses, that in death their story might mutely be told to those into whose hands they should fall. The tactical formation for the charge was not in line of battle of two ranks, but in "column by division closed in mass;" that is, the width of the column in front was that of two companies or about seventy feet. Imagine three brigades

of four regiments each making a solid column of twelve regiments, perhaps six thousand men massed into a parallelogram such as I have described. There will be three such columns as these to every corps, and there are four of these corps to make the simultaneous move. Such is the battering ram which is to essay the task of butting its way through the hostile line. In some of the regiments all the percussion caps have been removed from the muskets in order to prevent the miscellaneous firing so harmful on the previous day.

This morning's work, if done at all, must be done with the bayonet alone. And now there is a metallic rustle and a faint gleam of steel among the waiting host. The officers are drawing their swords, the symbol of command. Then, amid a profound hush, the heavy tramp begins forward into the lair where the tiger lies in wait. Almost the next instant, the battle roar crashes upon our ears and every tree and leaf thereon trembles with the leaden hail. A space of only three hundred yards separates the blue from the gray, and across this interval the corps of Hancock, Wright and Smith advance upon the run. Opposed to Hancock on the left are the new troops from the Shenandoah under Breckenridge, and those at first recoil from the headlong charge of the Second Corps. The enemy is pushed out of his first line in a sunken road before his works, and driven by Gibbon and Barlow in confusion across the parapet into a second line of redoubts. Several hundred prisoners, a standard and three pieces of artillery are captured. The guns are at once turned upon the rebels and they are dislodged from the entire position. But this partial success is immediately turned into a reverse, for the enemy's reserves are at once thrown forward upon the disordered captors, and their hard-earned laurels are wrung from them in part, although the prisoners and the color are secured. The Second Corps falls back about sixty yards, and then, repulsing the counter charge, begins to entrench. Colonels Porter, Morris, McKeen and Haskell were killed, and General Robert O. Tyler was seriously wounded. The heroic Colonel

MacMahon, One Hundred and Sixty-fourth New York, with a fragment of his regiment, being separated by a swamp from the rest of his brigade, reached the enemy's parapet, planted the Stars and Stripes upon its bastion, and fell, covered with wounds, expiring on his colors in the rebel's hands.

Along our center, Generals Wright and Smith met with similar misfortunes. Assaulting with splendid intrepidity, they were able to make no permanent impression on the works before them. The carnage was terrible, and the gloomy hollows between the lines were lit up with the fires of death. The bullets seemed to come in torrents. Our enemy had in many places a plunging fire from which it was impossible to gain a shelter. The grapple was so close that the missiles of death struck with a spiteful energy utterly unlike that of a half-spent ball. The bullets did not whistle; they came with a rush like lightning and tore through and through the heroes whom they laid low. Our center, like the left, had rebounded from the concussion of their own blow against their immovable opponent, and the columns having been quickly deployed under a murderous fire, the long lines were stretched out again at about half pistol-shot from our foe.

Our sharpshooters were planted against the back of the old skirmish pits of the rebels and endeavored as far as possible to prevent their artillerists from working their guns. The Union soldiers were lying flat on their faces, hugging their mother earth with ardent affection, but hardly safe, even in her embrace. Many and many a gallant fellow was shot thus as he lay, hit squarely in the top of the head by a missile whose projectile force would almost carry it lengthwise through his body. Solid shot from an enfilading battery far to the right came crashing through the trees, showering broken limbs and iron fragments upon us. Our own artillerymen, in seeking to shell the foe, ofttimes cut their fuse a second too short, and hurled death into the ranks of their friends. Two field mortars from a safe hollow behind

the rebel trenches sent up their bombs, which, mounting high on unseen curves, came down to burst upon us. It seemed as if all the powers of earth and of hell were concentrated in the endeavor to sweep away every vestige of the Federal army

Just at the height of this awful din, a little brown bird stepped down from branch to branch of a splintered oak and plainly was seeking refuge amid human kind. Unconscious that we were madly slaying one another, the little songster seemed relieved of fright as he stood on the prostrate form of a dead soldier, and in a momentary lull of the musketry, sang a sweet, rich carrol that brought tears to many an eye. But, alas, we were not ready yet for songs of peace, and a bursting shell swept away the little messenger of love and the stern conflict went on unchecked.

The rebels were jubilant. Never before had they caught us at such odds or disadvantages. We could hear their shouts and often distinguish their faces. They were quite secure behind their heaps of sand and we were losing nearly twenty men to their one. Yet, their exultation was not always well timed, for as often as they essayed to issue forth upon us, they found our line unbroken and were repulsed. Despite these repeated sorties and the incessant musketry. the Federals sullenly held their ground, and as the hours passed on worked deeper and deeper into its protecting surface. The men had no entrenching tools, but with bayonets for trowels and with their tin cups for shovels, they dug by the instinct of self-preservation a channel of safety along their front. About noon, the order came from General Meade to each corps and division commander to renew the attack without reference to the troops on his right or left, but although this order was transmitted as usual, down through division, brigade and regimental leaders, not a man stirred nor was obedience insisted on. The first assault had been decisive and was so recognized by every officer and private engaged. In the words of Hancock's report, the troops had gone for

ward "as far as the example of their officers could carry them," and the silent verdict of the army pronounced against a further sacrifice of life. Before sunrise the fortunes of the day had been settled in the first ten minutes of the charge. The slaughter of twelve thousand nine hundred and seventy men during the subsequent battle had not modified the result. It is said that the rebel casualties were less than fifteen hundred in all on June 3d. On our right, the fighting in front of Warren and Burnside was unimportant. General Grant, in his report, thus briefly and frankly describes his repulse: "On June 3d we again assaulted the enemy's works in the hope of driving him from his position. In this attempt our loss was heavy, while that of the enemy, I have reason to believe, was comparatively light."

As soon as the welcome darkness came on, an attempt was made to better our condition. The pioneer corps with axes and shovels, were ordered up and rough breastworks begun along our front, which was straightened and proper connections made with right, left and rear. Skirmish pits were dug for the pickets a few lines in advance, and the reserves took the place of labor in the trenches. The musicians and the ambulance corps with stretchers groped cautiously about, responding to the groans of the wounded and the dying. Fatigue parties without arms or equipments were detailed to bury the dead. The ground was strewn with men in blue overcoats, some lying cold in death, some feverishly begging for water, some sleeping the deep, heavy sleep of exhaustion and dreaming over again their perils. Any unusual noise, sometimes even the snapping of a brittle twig, would provoke a random shot from the vigilant foe. Staff officers crawled warily to and fro, seeking to trace their path to the various headquarters with orders for the night and the morrow. It was well nigh impossible to take a step without treading upon some human being, either living or dead. Besides this obstruction, the ground was honeycombed with pits and holes where the men had burrowed for safety during the day's trial.

CAPTAIN CHARLES FENTON.

CAPTAIN ALBERT B. JOHNSON.

CAPTAIN GEORGE W SHEPARD.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM W. LATHAM.

Behind the front line where the shovels were languidly plied, there were no less than seven parallels of sand thrown up by the successive regiments in rear of each other. These ridges, in the dimness of night, looked like gigantic furrows turned up by some enormous plough-share and awaiting the harrow.

Prowling about with cat-like tread and greedy eyes, appeared one of those harpies of the battle-field, a plunderer of the dead. He was detected in the act of robbing an officer, whom he supposed to be wounded. Placed under guard till daylight, this rascal proved to be a bounty jumper from Philadelphia, one of those substitutes whom some men so patriotically furnished to represent themselves at the front. He was tried by a drum-head court martial the next morning and sentenced as follows: To be paraded at the point and prick of the bayonet and to the tune of the "Rogue's March" through every camp in the corps, and to wear on his breast and back meanwhile a placard labelled "Thief;" at the end of his march to be publicly kicked by the provost marshal, and then to be sent to the rear in disgrace. Strange to say, this pickpocket was glad to escape from the front, even at this disgraceful cost, and he doubtless deserted at the first opportunity and took the bounty somewhere again before the summer was finished.

Captain Franklin, of the Fourth Alabama, now residing at Selma, sends me this inquiry concerning the battle of Cold Harbor, June 3, 1864: "A color-sergeant came out with his regiment from the Federal lines opposite Law's Brigade in one of the assaults that morning. His regiment was so roughly handled that the survivors deserted him and fell back; but he, quite unconscious of his isolation, steadily advanced, solitary and alone, proudly bearing his flag. The Alabamians, admiring such courage, shouted to him, 'Go back! go back! we'll kill you!' But he, insensible to the situation, still marched forward, the solitary footman, erect and undaunted. Determined to spare him, they frantically waved him back, with still louder and more earnest cries, and

he finally stopped, and taking the staff from its socket, rested it on the ground. He then deliberately looked, first to his right rear and then to his left rear, and then seemingly for the first time taking in the situation, with the same moderation gathered in the flag, right-shoulder-shifted his charge, came to an about face as deliberately, and walked back amid the cheers of Law's men, who never saw anything equal to it before or since." It would be interesting to locate so handsome a tribute as this of the Confederate Captain Franklin. The man, if living, should be found.

Long before dawn of June 4th, the tired and dispirited Federals were under arms, in readiness for an expected assault from their exulting foe. Daybreak revealed many new features of our position. Now that our breastworks were built and we dared to survey the field, it appeared that our line was extremely irregular. Each division having entrenched its own front just where it had paused in its charge, the line was full of salient angles, in shape something like the letter W This feature of our position made it very strong for defense, since it gave us a cross fire covering our front.

It was also plain at a glance that most of our killed and many of our wounded were still uncared for. They lay close up to the rebel works and all along upon the narrow strip of neutral ground between our pickets. Occasionally one of the poor fellows would hold up his hand and wave it feebly to plead for rescue, but after one or two had been brutally made a target by the enemy for so doing, these motions ceased and the blue overcoats lay still, and we knew that many a brave soul was wrestling with a terrible death alone. It made us heartsick that we could afford no relief, but it was sure destruction to venture one foot beyond our cover. By a singular coincidence, in front of and close to the works of General Breckenridge lay mortally wounded his cousin by birth and by marriage, the gallant Colonel Porter, a graduate of Harvard and a noble man, but he was left to taste the bitterness of death alone.

The day was spent in sharp picket firing and in throwing up barriers for protection at every exposed point. It hardly seemed possible for a bullet to find its way through the thick woods to the open field behind them, but many soldiers were killed in the plain at the rear by chance shots. This open field was soon ribbed across with sand-heaps, behind which the reserves lay down to rest and smoke their pipes, and write letters home, and criticise the battle of yesterday, and to speculate upon what "Old Grant" would do next.

Along in the afternoon the rain commenced to fall in a dismal drizzle, which soon took off the gleam from every steel. No fires were allowed at the front, and night set in dark and cheerless indeed. At about nine o'clock the enemy made a vigorous attack upon the Second and Sixth Corps, but were repulsed with loss. This assault was an illustration of all the magnificent but terrible concomitants of a night engagement. Dreadful though the encounter may be by daylight, it is in some of its features a thousand times more hideous in the dark. First we had a startling volley from the pickets; then a few seconds later the crack, crack, of the aroused skirmish line, and then, timing in to punctuate each message of death, the sharp twang of a Parrot gun from the rear, or the belch of a howitzer with its load of grape or cannister at close quarters. Then came the thickening roar of the combat, till its sound resembled the simmering noise of a rapidly puffing locomotive, only a thousand fold louder. Then we heard the long fiendish yell, at which we all involuntarily exclaimed, "The Johnnies are charging!" and next the defiant Union cheer in response, which told of their repulse. After this a steady roll of musketry for an hour until at last passion is spent and the conflict dies away for the nonce. Add to this the dreadful indescribable glare of flashing gun-powder, and the consciousness that after each flash a missile is winging its way toward you, and the moment's suspense—especially where cannon are served at the rate of

forty rounds a minute—to conjecture where and whom the balls will strike.

For the next three days the work of entrenching and sharpshooting continued without interruption. On the night of Sunday, the 5th, the enemy assailed Warren, and on the night following, with commendable activity, they attacked Burnside, but in both cases without any success. The Union army was regaining its courage, and was still confident that somehow Grant would pull through and win the race for Richmond. Features even of amusement were not wholly wanting to the siege. The lines were so close and the marksmanship so good that nearly every one who showed his head above the trenches was liable to be picked off. Covered ways were dug, by which to get the men safely to and fro at the advanced posts. These ways were a zigzag trench wide enough for two or more to march abreast and deep enough to protect their heads from fire. Occasionally the men would try some practical joke like the following: In front of the Second Connecticut Heavy Artillery there drooped a rebel flag most temptingly near to our skirmish pits. While attention was called for the moment to another part of our line, a private of the Second Connecticut crawled cautiously out at the end of his pit and wormed his way forward till he actually caught the lower corner of the rebel flag. Then ensued a comical struggle for its possession. The Yankee pulled the staff over to himself, but the rebel on the other side held fast to his end, and so they tugged and strained, neither daring to stand up for fear of being shot by the watchful musketeers on either hand. A crafty rebel tried to reach over one arm and prod the Yank with his bayonet, but a ball through his hand soon induced him to discontinue. At last the rotten bunting gave way, and, with two-thirds of the flag in his grasp, the adventurous Yank fell over backward into a friendly pit, where he lay closely till dark, and then brought in his well-earned trophy.

I have already spoken of our difficulty in reaching those who had fallen beyond our entrenchments. The tropical sun had been pouring down for four days upon the battle-field and the stench was sickening. At last, in the evening of June 6th, an armistice for two hours, from 6 to 8 P. M., was agreed upon for the burial of the dead. Incredible though it may seem, there were several wounded who were found alive among the heaps of slain who were brought in after lying four days without food or water, or shelter from the broiling heat and the chilly dews. It is dreadful to think of those others whom nursing might have saved, yet who died in bitterness and agony and were buried among the heaps of unrecognized dead on that Monday evening. About seven hundred were thus huddled into a vacant rifle pit and covered up to await the resurrection morn.

But I must bring my story to a close. Were I to tell you all, I should overtax your nerves and transgress the limits of your forbearance. We have not even space to criticise thoroughly the manœuvers or to sum up the results of this sanguinary encounter. In some respects, this ten days' battle was a costly failure, and justifies the remark that our commander did not properly distinguish between the difficult and the impossible. Not long before the death of General U. S. Grant, he stated to a friend that the battle of June 3d, at Cold Harbor, was one of the two engagements which he regretted; the other one being the experimental assault on Pemberton's lines at Vicksburg, May 19, 1863. In other respects, this deadly battle served a wise end, since, under cover of its shock, our army was moved unmolested to the south bank of the James, from which we ultimately destroyed the opposing legions and entered Richmond. On the 12th of June, with admirable cleverness and dispatch, the position at Cold Harbor was abandoned by General Grant, and its soil was never again disturbed by the contending hosts. But it had been consecrated by martyrs' blood, and it holds in trust the ashes of thousands of our honored dead.

Inasmuch as our Brigade-Commander Colonel Guy V Henry was corps officer-of-the-day on the night of the withdrawal, it was my privilege to execute his orders in retiring the picket line after the main body was on its march for the White House landing. It was between 3 and 4 A. M., and the dawn seemed hastening to overtake us. Each one of the pickets must be personally visited and told in a whisper what to do and where to find the little reserve of a thousand men, which was all the force remaining in front of Lee's veterans. The latter suspected that something was in progress, but, fearing a trap, waited till long after daylight before they learned that our army had disappeared, and it was not for several days that Lee discovered our movement on Petersburg. But I shall never forget the sense of loneliness and peril at the front that night, with the knowledge that our preservation depended solely upon the ignorance of our wary foe. Their pickets were wide awake. They crowed like roosters, quacked like ducks, barked like dogs, and imitated all the sounds of a farmyard at dawn. Apparently they concluded that we were strengthening our picket line or relieving the guard, instead of retiring, and, fortunately for us, we were not molested as we slipped away to the rear and took up our rapid march to connect with our rear guard five miles distant. It was a welcome sight when we caught up with our stragglers and halted for a few minutes to make coffee and to rest the men.

A year of fighting and of victory has sped along, and the last remnant of armed rebellion has disappeared. Richmond, in June 1, 1865, is held by a Federal garrison who are grumbling over the necessity of serving out their time and of playing at war any longer.

From the captured city, one bright sunny morning, there marches forth a detail of one hundred men in blue. They are loosely clad in fatigue uniform and without arms, their officers alone carrying sword and pistol. A mule-team with a white-covered army wagon precedes them, containing their haversacks and a load of entrenching tools—shovels, picks

and long-handled spades. The men are chatting gaily and joking together, glad of any expedition to escape the daily drill and the monotony of camp. But as they trudge on along the Mechanicsville pike, they sober down more and more until when they halt at Gaines' Mill, they are quite silent and are evidently not anxious to proceed. What is the mission on which these men are sent? They are going to bury their dead comrades at Cold Harbor. It has been discovered that the rebels performed no rites of sepulture for our fallen ones. All the summer and winter and spring have our unburied heroes lain at the mercy of wind and storm, exposed to the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field. Their corpses have been overturned, their clothing has been stripped off, every pocket has been cut out and rifled, but no hand has offered to return the dust to kindly dust once more. There were two men who died in each other's arms, perhaps they were brothers, at least they were comrades dear. They have their arms about each other still, and still their waist-belts are girded round and fastened with the United States plate all green with brazen rust. Take up the twain as tenderly as a mother would her babe and lay them side by side, that e'en in burial their embrace may be unbroken. And so these wasted forms were shielded at last, when the cruel war was over, and after many days of labor this great potter's field was made clean.

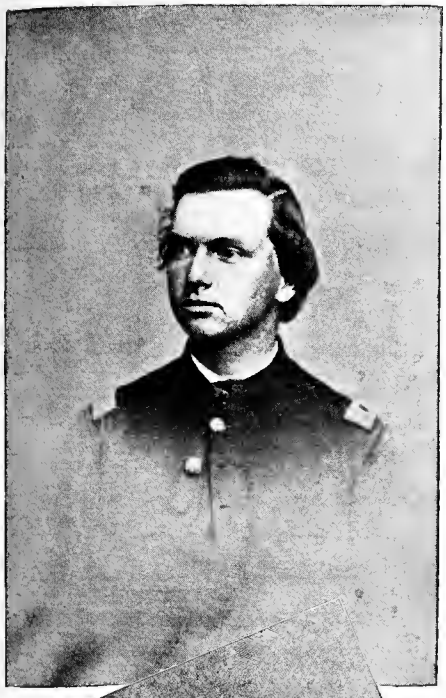
So we bid farewell to Cold Harbor with a sigh and perhaps not without tears, but feeling sure that even such aceldamas as these were not too heavy a price to pay for a nation's freedom.

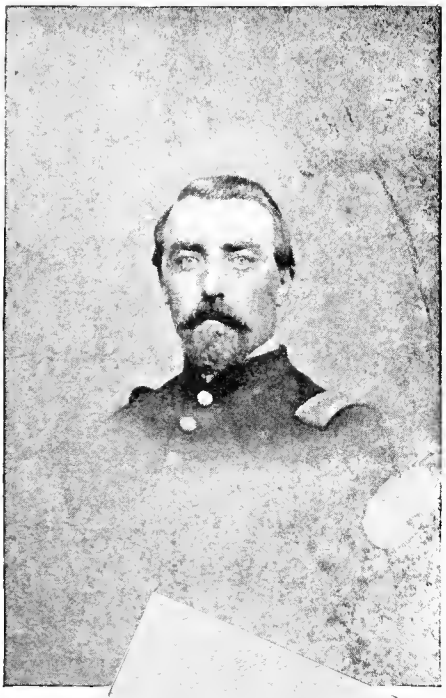
SKETCH OF COLONEL THOMAS F BURPEE.

Men who served with Colonel Thomas F Burpee in the Civil War have no need of a description of his life and character. They knew him. What most they desire now, if we may judge by their oft-expressed sentiments, is to be assured that he loved them as they loved him—with that love that only soldier comrades may know.

The briefest outline of his previous life is sufficient. Colonel Burpee, son of Thomas Burpee, a descendant of New England's earliest pioneers, was born in Stafford, Conn., February 17, 1830. Working on a farm, he earned the money to pay his tuition at Hall's Select School in Ellington, and his parents dying when he was young, early had to give all his attention to self-support. He held responsible positions in the Rock and Hockanum Woolen Mills in Rockville, in Terry's mill in Plymouth (in 1858), and in the Windermere mill in Ellington, where he was when the war broke out. He married Adeline Minerva, daughter of Ebenezer Harwood, in Rockville, Thanksgiving Day, 1852. Their first child, a daughter, died in infancy. The other two children are living, Lucien F of Waterbury (Ex-Colonel of the Second Regiment, C. N. G.), and in the Spanish war a Lieutenant-Colonel on the staff of General Miles, commanding the army), born October 13, 1855, and Charles W (who has held commissions in three of the National Guard regiments of the state, retiring with rank of captain), born November 13, 1859.

Colonel Burpee early showed a marked preference for military life. His ante-bellum record was: Corporal of "Fourth Infantry Company of Fifth Regiment of Infantry in the Militia of the State" (Elijah W Smith, Colonel), September 10, 1849; Third Sergeant, same company (J. C. Parker, Colonel), September 10, 1850; Second Lieutenant, Infantry Company D, Fifth Regiment, April 16, 1853; Second Lieutenant, In-





PRIVATE FRANCIS B. CLARK.
LIEUTENANT ELISHA B. CHIPMAN.

LIEUTENANT JAMES STANLEY.
LIEUTENANT LUTHER N. CURTIS

fantry Company C, Fifth Regiment, June 19, 1854; Captain Company C, September 20, 1855; Adjutant, with rank of First Lieutenant, Fifth Regiment, July 21, 1858; Captain Company C, July 27, 1859; Major Fifth Regiment, May 13, 1861; Captain Artillery, Company A, Fifth Regiment, August 24, 1861.

The first call for troops for the war was not for enough to take all who wanted to go. Purposing to be in if there were need of more than the few first accepted, Captain Burpee offered his well-drilled company on May 1, 1861, for service when required, and in reply, received word from Adjutant-General Williams that no new muskets could be issued, and the department might be compelled to call in what muskets the company had, "to temporarily arm the regiments now accepted." The company was accepted, however, May 4. But two days later the guns and all equipments were called in. On May 8, orders came announcing that more had responded to the President's call than were needed; the services of the companies of the Fourth and Fifth Regiments were declined, and they were ordered disbanded. When, a little more than a year later, the magnitude of the rebellion first began to be realized, and Lincoln called for three hundred thousand men for three years, the Captain was ready with his company—reorganized after members had gone into the Fifth and other regiments—which became Company D of the Fourteenth, eighty-four men.

He was soon offered the position of Major in the Twenty-first, but declined, preferring to remain with his own men. It was only after repeated urgings by Governor Buckingham that he accepted, August 23, 1862, and soon was appointed a Lieutenant-Colonel, September 3, 1862.

In his first letter after getting settled in the first camp (Camp Kearney, Washington, September 15, 1862), he speaks a good word for the men: "The battalion behaves very well indeed for raw troops; it is made up of good men." Washington of those days he considers "a magnificent effort and a

tremendous failure." Telling of the journey from Norwich, he says: "In Philadelphia the ladies were very attentive, giving us all we wanted to eat and drink, and as we marched through the streets to the depot, crowds of women and children pressed around, asking where we belonged, bidding good-by, Godspeed, etc. One would say, "I touched his hand;' another would say, 'I touched his sword, or his coat,' and the like. In fact, I thought the ladies a little too warm in their expressions as we were embarking on the cars in the evening. They would crowd around and show rather more warmth than the occasion required, and I think the wives of the men might have been a little jealous if they had seen it."

Two days later, in camp across the Potomac, he but voiced the sentiment of you all, I know, when he said: "We are, I am told, to constitute a corps of reserves, which is not so pleasing to us when we hear of glories being won by our brothers in arms." And frequently after that he murmured because the Twenty-first was not seeing as much fighting as any other regiment. He was pre-eminently a "home man," as he expressed it, but he writes: "Yet there is a witchery about this kind of life that is fascinating, notwithstanding its hardships."

From the first he had a deep, solemn appreciation of the situation. From Camp Pleasant Valley, Md., October 12, 1862, his letter says: "Tell them (the relatives) that I consider it a very great privilege to be called a soldier of the Republic, and that I hope to have that privilege until the monster rebellion is crushed out, utterly and forever, until they who have dared lay their desecrating hands upon the flag of our Union shall be made to bite the dust. * * * * Give yourself no uneasiness. He who could heal the centurion's servant on account of his great faith, and bring to life the widow's son as he was being borne to the grave, can carry safely through so humble a creature as I am if he so wills it, not by any great display of power, but by his own

simple, quiet means. And I have faith, for it is by his will that we have been brought thus far; and without his protection there is no safety anywhere." That tone pervades all the letters.

During Colonel Dutton's sickness at Camp Pleasant Valley and while the Lieutenant-Colonel was in command, the General commanding the division called a Sunday inspection of guns, knapsacks and everything belonging to the regiment. The letter of that day, October 19th, says: "He praised our regiment highly, saying it was fifty per cent. better than any other one out of some forty regiments he had inspected."

The present style of war reporting is as old as the rebellion, if we may judge by this not infrequent sentiment: "Now, you must not believe more than one-quarter what you see in the papers, or else disbelieve the whole, and you will know more. If there is the slightest movement of troops or a little skirmish, the papers get hold of it and dress it up and make a great story of it, when in reality there is hardly anything to it worth mentioning."

He felt the soldier's resentment of certain civilian criticism, in the press and elsewhere, and on November 8th voiced it thus: "Tell them not to be impatient because the army moves no faster down here. They little dream what this army is enduring for them from day to day. The only wonder is that their hardships do not conquer their patriotism, and indeed it would if it were not for the stern, *unyielding principle* which actuates *some, at least,* of the leading officers, together with a sense of military honor and duty which holds the army together as with a band of iron. If Horace Greely could be made a common soldier in this regiment to-morrow for one month, he would cease his howlings about the sluggishness of the army forever."

The letters from Camp Kearney, Washington, (September 15 and 16, 1862,) describe the journey to the capital.

And his spirit—the spirit of the soldiers who saved the Union—breathes in this, of September 25, 1862, referring to

a nephew, William Goodell, who had enlisted in the Fourteenth: "Tell Louise not to be over-anxious about William. I should rather see him sacrificed for a holy principle than to see him remain in inglorious waiting at a time like this. The Lord has said, 'Whosoever will save his life shall lose it,' and this has often been the case in this accursed rebellion. If anyone lacks enthusiasm in this cause, let him go to work, and if that doesn't awaken him, then he is a coward. The lofty inspiration of this cause is worth living a life-time to feel; and if I had a thousand lives I would not withhold one of them. Yet I do not know whether in actual conflict I should be a brave man or a coward. But when I hear of the death of my comrades, I feel as if I had the strength of a hundred men in my own arm with which to avenge their deaths. * * * * Don't borrow any trouble about any inconvenience I may be obliged to suffer; it is nothing. I am satisfied so long as you and the children are comfortable. Should I be laid in the grave, remember that our Heavenly Father doeth all things well. Look on the bright side, and the bright side only. God bless you and the children."

When William Goodell was killed at Gettysburg, he wrote: "The blow which laid him low welded our hearts to our country's cause. The sacrifice of suffering, and blood which he poured out, sanctified to us its soil."

In the regiment's forced marches to Fredericksburg, the endurance, patience and good nature of the men is commented upon in his hurriedly scrawled notes in the woods and in the saddle. And again his pride in his command appears when he writes from camp near Fredericksburg, November 20, 1862: "I have it direct from the headquarters of our division that the Twenty-first is considered by the General the best regiment in the division. The division consists of nine regiments. Among them are the Fourth Rhode Island, Eighth, Eleventh and Sixteenth Connecticut, Tenth New Hampshire, Eighty-ninth New York, One Hundred and

SERGEANT ROBERT A. GRAY,
PRIVATE HENRY SNOW.

MUSICIAN WILLIAM H. PALMER,
PRIVATE ELIJAH B. TRACY.

Third New York, and the famous Hawkins Zouaves. So we consider ourselves somewhat praised."

Comments like the following are worth cherishing by the soldiers of the Twenty-first and their descendants, written at a time (December 9, 1862,) when there was much gossip at home about army habits: "I am happy to say that the officers of the Twenty-first are not a whiskey-drinking set. Almost without exception they are quite the reverse, and with very few exceptions there is neither vulgarity nor profanity among them. The Colonel (Dutton) *never* employs any but gentlemanly language and very seldom uses spirits."

Be it remembered that this was written by a man who would have been quick to observe the vices and who would have been unsparing in his condemnation of them.

In his letter graphically describing the regiment's experience at the battle of Fredericksburg, there is a deep tone of regret for the circumstances that led up to that butchery and for the results; but with this one characteristic sentence, indicating the spirit that was persistent, however dark the cloud: "But he who rules the destinies of nations can bring order out of chaos." Everyone remembers the depression following that battle. In a letter at this time to Colonel John W. Thayer, of Rockville, in which he acknowledges the depression, but asserts that he is not discouraged, he refers thus to an historical incident: "A military committee of investigation have been here from Congress. Some of our officers thought it would be advisable to take them over to the rebs with a flag of truce and then leave them there, but the trouble is the rebs would not have them there. One officer, who commands a battery of twenty-pounder Parrots, hoped they would visit the battle-fields so that he could mistake them for the rebs and shell them off, just to let them know how pleasant, or rather how unpleasant, it is to have shells whistling about one's ears. I must say I had a similar wish myself. The impudence of the thing is unbearable. They don't need to come so far for rottenness. It is like

sending Banks to the Gulf to hunt for rebels when the state nearest the capital is swarming with them. I don't think I had better write anymore now, but wait until I possess a better spirit."

From the Nansemond River, May 24, 1863, he wrote of the necessity of fighting on steadily and calmly through every obstacle and disgrace "until he who giveth us the victory shall proclaim the contest ended." Continuing: "The enthusiastic feeling of patriotism which can prompt a man to leave his hearthstone and rush to arms at the first approach of danger, is as much inferior to that lofty courage which can carry a man through a prolonged struggle like this, as the moon is to the sun. The war develops the feeling of the people everywhere throughout the country. Those who in the first fever of the excitement at the beginning were so eager and noisy, have now learned that it was a task requiring more sacrifices than they supposed, and they are now 'sick of the war.' Another class who were at first indifferent, but would have supported a short war, are now firmly arrayed against it, while the third and last class, and that upon which the country must depend for support, is made up of those who have been from the first and are now determined that at any cost and at all hazards the country must and shall be preserved, not by lolling in ease at home, passing high-sounding resolutions, not by doing up a few packages of pillow-cases and shirts, bandages and lint, and sending them to the army, but by putting their shoulders to the wheel, by interposing their bodies as a living barrier between our government and its foes."

While the Colonel was home on sick leave in June, 1863, Edwin S. Wheeler wrote from headquarters at White House, Va., telling how General Dix had appointed the regiment provost guard, and Major Crosby provost marshal, and this, which is of peculiar interest to-day: "Captain Spittle has gone to Fort Monroe to-day with his company as a guard to

one hundred and fifty prisoners, among whom is General Fitzhugh Lee."

Here is a reminiscence from Washington, N. C., (April 14, 1864,): "Our troops are preparing ground outside of the breastworks, under the direction of the medical director, raising vegetables for use of the soldiers here. The Twenty-first men have done nothing at it, as they have enough to do without. I presume they will do someone good, but who it may be is uncertain. I have a nice garden, but I don't like to buy seed and plant it for the use of somebody else. I think I shall find a good darkey and let him plant it on shares; then it will do somebody some good, if it doesn't me."

His letter from the field the morning after the battle of Drewry's Bluff, which was May 16, 1864, is of value in a regimental history, as giving the regimental commandant's story at the time. After rehearsing the preliminaries leading up to the event, he says: "The rebels got re-enforcements the day before. The night had been foggy and wet, and at four o'clock the fog was so thick that nothing could be seen two rods off. I had just sent out Captain Brown with his company in front of the Twenty-first as skirmishers, when a tremendous firing opened on the right of my brigade, which was the right of the whole line occupied by our troops. The enemy had turned our right flank and were in our rear. The Ninth New Jersey and the Twenty-third and Twenty-seventh Massachusetts were almost used up by the suddenness of the attack. I will not attempt to describe the whole fight. Suffice it to say that in an hour and a half I was left alone with the Twenty-first to cope with the enemy who were in my front and on both flanks, and a thick, swampy woods in my rear. The men fought well, in some cases hand to hand with the rebs. I changed my front to rear and fought for five hours through the swamp and timbers, gradually falling back, sometimes charging upon them when they pressed too hard on us, and at last succeeded in bringing the regiment and most of my wounded on to the open ground, where I could get help.

Our Brigadier-General was captured and I received no orders at all until I had fought three hours, and when the fight commenced I could not tell how things were going on my right, and did not know the enemy had got around us until their bullets came from that direction. I don't know what the generals at headquarters think of the conduct, but I hear that we have gained much credit. We were so long in the woods that they thought we should be captured.

"I lost one hundred and six men and four commissioned officers. Captain Shepard lost a leg; Captain Stanton, severe wound in the arm; Lieutenant Dutton, flesh wound; Lieutenant Hubbell, slightly. As for myself, I received no scratch. A bullet struck the spur on my heel and glanced off. 'God covered my head in the hour of danger' and brought me safely through. * * * * Captain Shepard was fighting like a tiger when he was struck, and so was Stanton. He was wounded early in the action. We were engaged from four in the morning till nearly noon without an instant's rest and had had but little rest for the previous two days. * * * I suppose the main objects of the expedition (under Butler) thus far have been accomplished, in preventing re-enforcements from being sent to Lee and drawing troops from his army here."

The day of that battle his wife was writing to him. In his letter of the twenty-second he says: "I received yours of the sixteenth this morning with much joy. You say, 'Go! and God be with you!' May God bless you, my darling wife, for that! It gives me unspeakable joy to know that you are resigned to leave everything in the hands of God and trust him for the result. * * * * When in battle my only constant prayer was, 'God bless my dear wife and children.'

"The papers do not give anything like a correct idea of the fight on Monday. The Twenty-first was at that time assigned to headquarters brigade, and although we fought for five hours in one of the most difficult situations in which a regiment could be placed, we are not mentioned at all in the

PRIVATE HENRY B. LAWRENCE.
PRIVATE LINCOLN E. CROSBY.

SERGEANT JOHN L. TIFT.
SERGEANT DANIEL P. BRADLEY.

published accounts. But this is of no consequence except as it shows the incorrectness of the reports. Some officers go so far as to say that the stubborn fight made by the Twenty-first in the fog and obscurity of the woods saved the entire corps from destruction on that morning. [Later evidence and reports substantiated that belief.] I only know that we tried to do our *duty* in the sight of God. * * * *

"Perhaps you would like to know how I felt in the fight. I can only say that the difficulty of keeping back the enemy and extricating the regiment from its perilous position occupied all my mind, and not until every other regiment had left the line and we had covered the ground in front with rebel dead did we retire, fighting as we went, compelling them to keep at a respectful distance. Our men are in the best of spirits and happy as ever. * * * * We have but very few sick men. I think it is their pluck that keeps them up."

Under date of May 24th, he writes: "The chaplain was with us in the battle of Monday and worked faithfully. In the midst of the action he prayed with two of our men who desired him to do so. Just as he closed, a shell exploded almost in his lap, but did not injure him. Afterwards he was slightly wounded in the arm by a fragment of a shell, but not so as to disable him. There were seven regiments under the command of General Heckman on that day. among them the Twenty-first, and we fought four times as long as any other regiment in his command that I have heard of, yet we are not mentioned in the newspaper accounts at all, which is of no consequence, only showing that newspaper reporters don't know everything. Some regiments which have been highly praised for their conduct were scarcely engaged. * * * * God has mercifully preserved us, and if I can discharge my duty acceptably to him, fighting in his name, what others may say or think is of little moment."

The last letter was written in the trenches at Cold Harbor, with the enemy close by. Its spirit is like that of the others. He says: "It is appointed unto men once to die; and it mat-

ters little when or where, if we are prepared and engaged in duty."

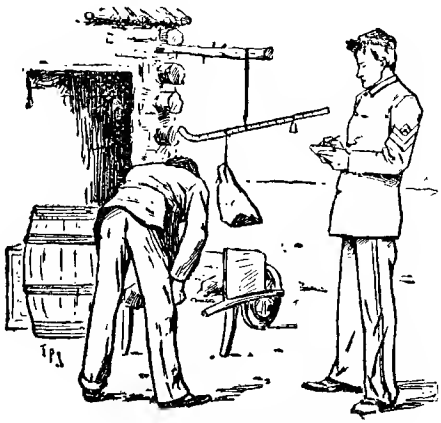
On June 8, 1864, he made his regular report to the Adjutant General, beginning with the wounding of Colonel Arthur H. Dutton, May 26, and giving the casualties of June 2d. To it, on June 9th, Adjutant F C. Jeffrey added: "Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas F Burpee was severely wounded this morning by sharpshooters. He died at the Eighteenth Army Corps General Hospital, White House, Va., two days later.

In his report to the Adjutant General, June 12th, Major Hiram B. Crosby, commanding, wrote, "With profound sorrow I announce the death of Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas F Burpee, who was mortally wounded at daybreak on the 9th of June, while going the rounds as brigade officer-of-the-day. He survived only till the evening of the eleventh. Lieutenant-Colonel Burpee had borne his part with distinguished valor during the Bermuda Hundred campaign. His coolness and good judgment at the battle of Drewry's Bluff will not soon be forgotten by his comrades in that hotly contested action. At Cold Harbor he was equally conspicuous for gallantry While in command of the regiment (which had been a good share of the time, Colonel Dutton acting as brigade commander), he was able and efficient, always discharging with promptitude every duty, particularly if concerning the comfort and welfare of his men, by whom he was much loved and respected."

Colonel Burpee was appointed Colonel with rank from June 8th, the day before he was wounded. Owing to the fact that the regiment had been decimated in battle and because of one of those remarkable acts of Congress, providing that a regiment to have a colonel to be recognized as such by the national government must have a practically full quota, his name to-day does not appear on the records at Washington with rank of Colonel. His commission is in the possession of his family.

Under date of October 2, 1866, Governor Buckingham wrote from Norwich to Colonel Thayer, of Windermere (Ellington): "Make my kind regards to Mrs. Burpee and say that from the time her honored husband entered the service to this hour I have never entertained any other than a high respect for his ability and fidelity as an officer as well as for his personal character; that he is one of the few officers against whom I never heard a complaint. I sympathize with her in her affliction, but doubt not that so pure an offering, presented in the name of human liberty upon the altar of our country, is accepted by him who said that 'inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.'"

He then added this epitaph, which was engraved on the monument which Mrs. Burpee had erected at the grave in Grove Hill Cemetery, Rockville: "In the hour of national peril he gave his life to his country, leaving this testimony—that he was a pure patriot, a faithful soldier and a sincere Christian."



THE COMMISSARY'S QUARTERS IN WINTER CAMP.

CHAPTER XVI.

IN THE TRENCHES.

(JULY, 1864.)

From the 1st to the 29th of July very little occurred to break the monotony of life in the trenches at Petersburg, save the frequent artillery duel, which generally subsides after creating a vast amount of noise and smoke, with no particular damage to either side. But the greatest praise is due our noble soldiers for the patience and fortitude with which they endured the almost intolerable heat during this period. The line held by the regiment, being in the open field, was fully exposed to the scorching rays of the sun, which poured down with the utmost intensity. The men were obliged to lie under ground, as it were, where no circulation of the air could be obtained, and one could do naught but lie still and swelter in the sultry air. Any appearance of a head above the breastwork was sure to secure attention of some hard-hearted southron, with a crack and a whistling ball by no means pleasant to hear. Day after day dragged slowly by, each one like its predecessor. Some spent the days in sleep, some in conversation, and some taking sly shots at the rebel line.

The advent of the company cooks was always hailed with delight, not only on account of the "grub" they brought, but as forming a break in the vast monotony. And no sooner

did a cook " heave in sight " than a commotion was at once visible. Tin cups joined in a lively chorus, and hungry stomachs began to grow ravenous. The usual amount of grumbling must be bestowed upon these devoted sons of the cuisine, who finally retired from the field abashed, ducking their heads around each corner, calling forth roars of laughter, and then the usual quiet resumed its sway. At this time the regiment remained in the trenches two or three, and often four days at a time, being occasionally relieved for the purpose of washing clothes and cleaning up generally. But the close confinement and want of exercise, together with the heat, exceedingly debilitated both officers and men, and the sick list was accordingly larger.

On the 11th of July, the whole brigade being in camp, was ordered to relieve a brigade in the trenches that night. Our road to the front ran directly past a number of the enemy's heaviest batteries planted on the opposite bank of the Appomattox River, and within easy range. The troops, however, were habitually relieved in the night time, so that they were undisturbed in passing to and fro. But by some mistake this night, the brigade was ordered out before dark. The men well knew what would be the result, but, like true soldiers, faltered not, but marched steadily under the very mouths as it were of these frowning guns, which of course immediately opened with a terrific fire, and not the less appalling from the fact that we were defenseless, and must take it as it came. But then did our brave boys show their mettle. Although the shot ploughed up the ground on every side, and the air seemed thick with fragments of bursting shells, they marched steadily on, scarcely quickening their step. And the Twenty-first, at the head of the column, proved themselves fully entitled to the name of veterans. A few cowards there were, and for the sake of their brave companions behind whom they skulked, we give them passing notice. But, for the honor of the regiment, be it said, they were few. The members of the Twenty-first, as a whole, were not men to show

their backs to the enemy, as several bloody fields can testify. Yet, by a merciful Providence, not a man was injured under the fiery test just described, though many a wonderful and narrow escape occurred.

On the evening of the twenty-ninth we were again relieved from our position on the right of the line by the Second Corps, and the Eighteenth Corps, to which we belonged, was moved just after dark farther to the left, and in the rear of the line held by the Ninth Corps, where we were allowed to obtain a little repose such as soldiers obtain while lying on their arms and the bare ground. After a short nap, however, we were called up and moved into the trenches, relieving the Ninth Corps, which was then massed just in our rear, preparatory to a charge. And then we found we were in the vicinity of the celebrated mine under the enemy's forts, of which we had heard rumor after rumor, and that it was in fact a reality, and was to be sprung that morning, and the explosion was to be the signal for a grand attack. Slowly the night wore away. The gray dawn crept up the eastern horizon. The morning beams were just darting across the heavens all unconscious of the carnage they heralded, when suddenly the earth shook and heaved as with an earthquake. And though we were expecting it, still the shock was so sudden, and so much nearer than we supposed, that every man was startled and leaped to the breastwork, when a fearful sight met the eye. A huge mass like a mountain was thrown hundreds of feet in the air, while a blue sulphurous flame issued from every crevice and fissure, and the vast mass of earth curled over like the crest of a huge wave, appearing in the uncertain light as though it would entomb our whole line. Every man was in his place, and then along our whole front from right to left with deafening roar, "far flashed the red artillery." Volley after volley of musketry was also hurled at the foe, who, startled and terrified, wildly rushed to and fro, appalled at the awful fate of their brethren in the fort. And then with a

shout the Ninth Corps rushed into the breach and the Stars and Stripes waved over the rebel stronghold.

The Twenty-first, forming part of the supports, was engaged in holding our line of works, and in attracting the attention of the enemy from the assaulting party, by keeping up a continual fire of musketry. And nobly did they perform the task assigned them, though one of the enemy's batteries enfiladed our line, and their shot frequently swept down inside the rifle pit, through its whole length. The sun, too, poured down with such intensity as it rose higher, as to render it almost impossible to keep the works manned. Many received severe sunstrokes. So rapid was the firing also, that the gun barrels became so heated as to scorch the hands of the men. Yet they stood nobly to their work while required. The regiment there lost three men killed and twelve wounded. One of its bravest officers there sacrificed his life upon the altar of his country, Captain Francis S. Long, of Willimantic, Conn. Being in command of a corps of sharpshooters, he was on the extreme front directing their movements, entirely neglectful of self, when a piece of shell pierced his neck, killing him instantly. Many a heart felt sad when his death was announced. No better tribute can be given him than to say he died loved and respected by all who knew him.

The fatal results of the day so auspiciously begun are known to all. After lying in the hot sun all day, we were at night relieved and marched to the rear, where we were allowed to obtain the rest we so much needed. And throwing ourselves again on the bare ground, we soon forgot the fearful scenes just passed through.

From the Connecticut War Record, November, 1864.

A JUST AND AGREEABLE ORDER.

General Butler has, with whatever fault he may be charged, a happy faculty of saying and doing a great many appropriate and telling things. He has, among others, kept an eye on the manliest and bravest of the non-commissioned officers and men under his command, and recently issued an order recommending for promotion a large number of noble fellows, who have performed deeds of unusual excellence or daring. This ought long ago to have been the uniform practice throughout the army. Our brave boys have too often felt, and with good reason, that high merit of conspicuous courage did not secure just advancement. We trust that day is past, and that this good example will become the established rule.

The brave boys from Connecticut who have won recommendation and promotion are: First Lieutenant C. W. Cook, Twenty-first Connecticut, acting aid to Brigadier-General Stannard, has special mention for distinguished gallantry, and is recommended to His Excellency, the Governor of Connecticut, for promotion. Acting Adjutant Walter P. Long, Twenty-first Connecticut Volunteers, is recommended to His Excellency, the Governor of Connecticut, for promotion for gallantly planting his colors among the first on the rebel fortification. Corporal F Clarence Buck, Company A, Twenty-first Connecticut Sharpshooter Batallion, is recommended to the Secretary of War for a medal for courage. Although wounded in the arm, he refused to leave the field until the engagement closed. In addition, he will have his warrant as Sergeant.

AN INCIDENT OF THE SIEGE.

During the siege of Petersburg, Va., our regiment occupied the rifle pits at the front, and it was usual to relieve the regiments doing duty there, once a week or oftener, as the

CORPORAL CHARLES F. CHAPEL.

PRIVATE TIMOTHY HODGE.

PRIVATE JOHN A. BROWN.

PRIVATE CHARLES R. NEWELL.

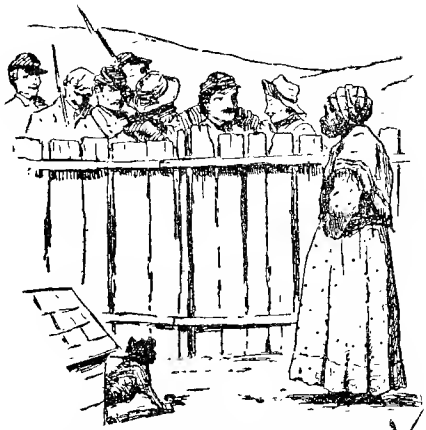
necessities of the case demanded. The rifle pits were made by digging trenches in the ground about three feet deep, four feet wide, and the dirt as it was dug out was thrown up in front, forming a protection against infantry fire. In some cases sand-bags were piled on top of this dirt, making, with the dirt thrown up together with the ditch, a barricade behind which a man could stand nearly erect, without exposing himself to the shots of the enemy. The rifle pits were reached from the rear by the same kind of trenches, dug at right angles to the main line, in which persons coming up to the front could, by stooping, avoid being exposed to the fire of sharpshooters.

An incident showing the immunity of a drunken man from harm and his disregard of all danger was witnessed by the regiment one afternoon. The company cooks prepared the rations back in the rear, where the danger from shot and shell was not particularly great, and was, when prepared, brought by the way of the aforesaid trenches to the regiments in the rifle pits. Any other way of coming to the front than by the trenches would not be attempted by any one in his right mind, and if attempted would result in his either being wounded or killed.

One of the company cooks, having filled up with fire-water, and feeling that he was "monarch of all," concluded to make a forced march to the front, and do it immediately, so he started under "sealed orders" and proceeded by the left flank and some of the time in column by division, and in other formations not found in the tactics. Having arrived in sight of the enemy and after the astonishment at seeing him moving over ground where the foot of man dared not tread, they greeted him with a shower of bullets, which soon increased to a leaden storm that seemed to have no more effect on the cook than a light snow squall. He had now attracted the attention of the troops on both sides, and while the rebels were doing their best to fill him with Confederate bullets, those on the Union side were watching with astonishment the

reckless daring of the man, prepared to witness the tragic end. He had advanced more than half the distance, and the increasing storm of shot had been without effect, and he continued on the even tenor of his way, amid the renewed and increasing fire of the enemy, and still he lived. He approached the rifle pits. Will he reach them safely? No, he cannot. No man can pass through that terrible shower of leaden rain unscathed. And still he neared the end of his journey, and the storm continues, and if possible is harder than ever. A few more steps and he will be safe. A terrible tension is on both the rebel and the Union troops, and look! he is safe, and as he steps down into the friendly rifle pits, both the blue and the gray break forth into the wildest cheers.

After the cheering subsided, down comes the order from the Commander: "Put that man under arrest," which was entirely proper, for company cooks, even when drunk, must not be disorderly to the extent of risking their valuable lives.



"GOT ANY PIES FOR SALE, AUNTY?"

CHAPTER XVII.

EPORT OF OPERATIONS OF FIRST DIVISION, EIGHTEENTH ARMY CORPS,

September 29th and 30th, 1864.

In pursuance to verbal orders received from Major-General d, commanding Corps, this division moved from its late np on the line between the Appomattox and James Rivers 9 P. M. on the night of September 28th, and marched with- t noise in the direction of Aikens' Landing on the James ver.

At 3 A. M., on the twenty-ninth, in obedience to written lers received at that hour, the division, with Brigadier- neral Burnham's (Second) Brigade, leading, crossed the nes River near Aikens' Landing on a pontoon bridge, and cing the road to the left, moved in the direction of the emy's works at Chapin's Farm.

Previous to breaking camp on the night of the twenty-eighth, o regiments of infantry, forming a part of Brigadier-General rnham's brigade, had, under orders to that effect, exchanged e arms heretofore in use for the Spencer repeating rifle. ese two regiments, viz., the Tenth New Hampshire, com- nded by Colonel M. T. Donahue, and the One Hundred

and Eighteenth New York by Lieutenant-Colonel Nichols, were at once, on reaching the north bank of the river, thrown out as skirmishers and flankers, the whole line being under command of the senior officer above named.

The remainder of the command, having been disposed in column by division, at once moved forward on the road running parallel to the course of the river, and at a few moments after daybreak encountered the enemy's pickets, which were driven in on the run. After pushing them back on their reserves, we continued to drive them at a brisk trot through dense woods for a distance of two or three miles with few casualties on our side, when we emerged into open ground.

Just before debouching from the woods, Brigadier-General Burnham reported to me a strong line of earthworks in his front mounting heavy guns, which I at once directed him to carry by assault.

My First Brigade, commanded by Colonel A. F Stevens, Thirteenth New Hampshire Volunteers, was on the left, and my Third Brigade, commanded by Colonel S. H. Roberts, One Hundred and Thirty-ninth New York Volunteers, on the right of the road, each in column by division and within easy supporting distance. These I immediately pushed forward to the support of General Burnham, whose two remaining regiments moved directly up the road.

The enemy now opened furiously from a powerful battery situated at the crest of a hill in my front, and from other guns mounted in smaller redoubts situated at various points along the line of works, which extended on his right to the river. The column here left the road and inclining to the left, moved directly across a heavy-ploughed field towards the principal work. The distance was about fourteen hundred yards, and while traversing this space, my command, with the exception of my skirmishers, not having as yet discharged a musket, was exposed to a plunging fire of artillery and musketry galling in the extreme and causing them to become somewhat

broken. The column, however, pushed gallantly forward until it reached the base of the hill upon which the battery was situated, when it came to a halt from sheer exhaustion. The enemy were now moving up from their left with considerable re-enforcements, and fearing that the assault would fail by reason of delay, I sent Captain Kent, Acting Assistant Adjutant-General of the division, to move the column at once to the assault. It was owing to his efforts, and, he reports, to the assistance of Colonel Donahue, that a few moments later, the head of the column gallantly mounted the parapet of Battery Harrison, drove the enemy from his guns, and planted the Stars and Stripes on one of its massive traverses. Our captures included sixteen pieces of artillery of various calibres and about fifty prisoners, including a Lieutenant-Colonel in command of the works.

My loss in officers and men was quite heavy. Captain D. H. Rix, Eighty-first New York Volunteers, a very meritorious young officer, was killed just previous to emerging upon the open ground. The column had scarcely entered the works when the brave Brigadier-General Burnham was mortally wounded by a musket ball in the bowels; he survived but a few moments.

During the events of the morning, I had lost from my staff Captain M. B. Bessey, Twenty-fifth Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry, Acting Assistant Inspector-General, by shell wound in leg; Captain L. N. Converse, Second New Hampshire Volunteers, Acting Assistant Paymaster, musket ball in mouth; and Lieutenant N. J. Ladd, Thirteenth New Hampshire Volunteers, musket ball in neck.

Moving with my Second Brigade, now commanded by Colonel M. T. Donahue, and my Third Brigade, commanded by Colonel E. M. Cullen, Ninety-sixth New York Volunteers —Colonel Roberts having been relieved on account of severe illness—we drove the enemy successfully from two lunettes which were thrown out from their main line of works at intervals of about six hundred yards, and compelled him to retire

to his third and last remaining line of defense in this line of works. My First Brigade meanwhile, now under command of Lieutenant-Colonel J. B. Ralston, Eighty-first New York Volunteers—Colonel Stevens having been severely wounded in the leg while leading his brigade in the assault—and I would here respectfully recommend, that this officer be promoted for bravery and efficiency on the battle-field—remained in the captured work, throwing out a strong line of skirmishers towards the enemy's inner line of works and to which his main body had retreated.

The work which the enemy now held in his first line was situated directly on the river bank and was covered by the fire of one of his gunboats, as well as by a field battery, so stationed as to be able to take the work in reverse, should it be captured. The work itself mounted three heavy guns, and in view of the serious loss which must follow an attempt to dislodge the party holding it and the impossibility of holding it when captured, I withdrew my troops. The enemy, seeing the movement, which occurred just before sunset, followed up his supposed advantage until I opened upon him from the battery on the hill, with a half battery of light twelves belonging to the Third Regiment, New York Light Artillery. A few rounds of cannister sent the pursuing party quickly to cover, and my troops were quietly withdrawn to Battery Harrison for better defense during the night. During the movement Colonel Donahue, Tenth New Hampshire, commanding Brigade, and Lieutenant-Colonel Nichols, One Hundred and Eighteenth New York, were both severely wounded, and here I have the honor to ask that these officers may receive promotion for highly meritorious conduct.

My casualties during the day's operations were heavy in proportion to the strength of the command. My field return for the 28th of September gave three thousand one hundred and fifteen men for duty; one regiment, Fifth Maryland Volunteers, had been left in camp, reducing this number by two hundred and sixty men. Of these, I lost as follows:

Officers killed,	8	Wounded,	36
Enlisted men killed,	84	Wounded,	466
Total,	92	Total,	502

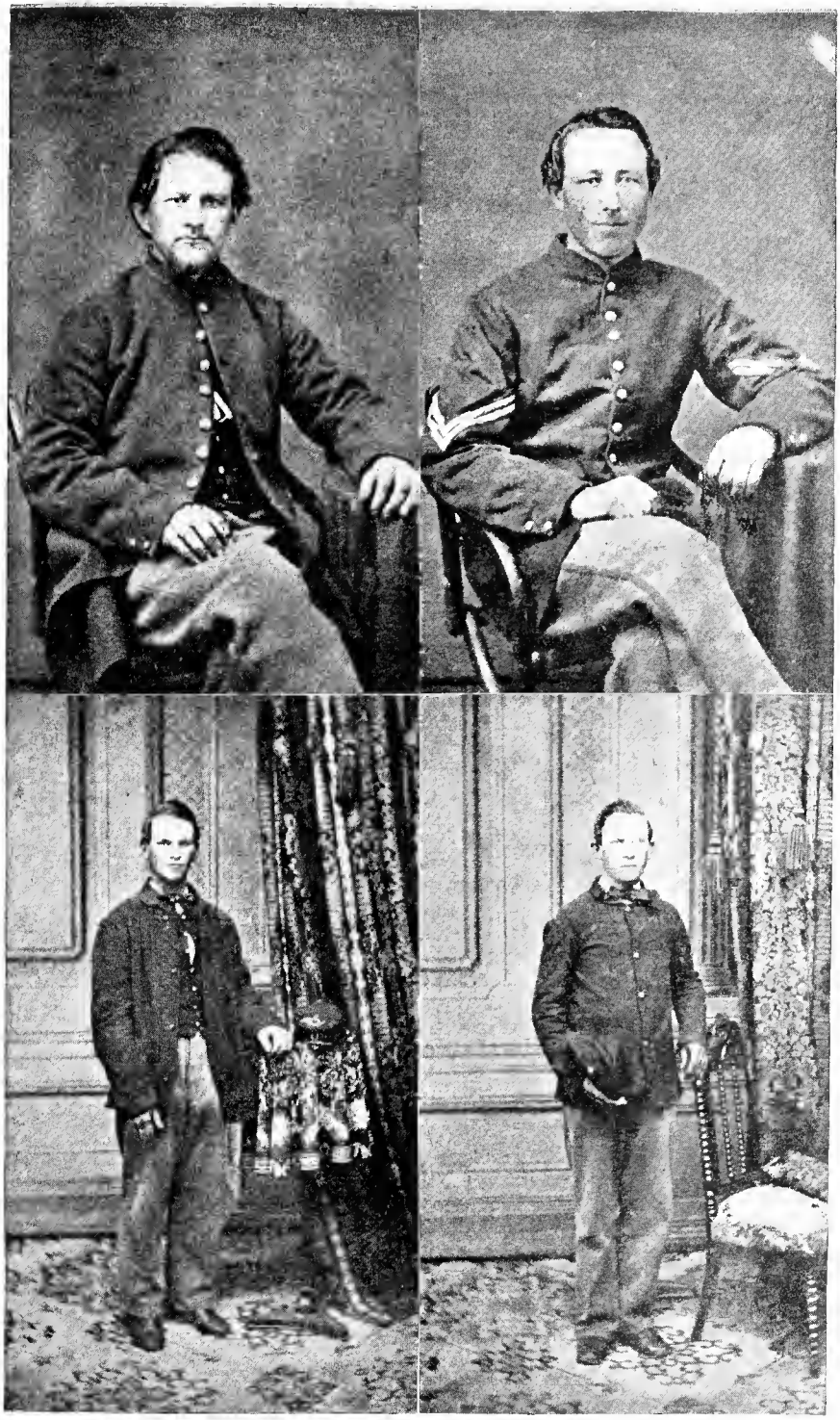
Three hundred and thirty men were also reported missing, but as the enemy had made no captures from my command, and the command became somewhat mixed up during and immediately succeeding the assault, I think this number will be materially reduced, if not quite cancelled. Lists by name of the killed and wounded have been duly forwarded to the proper authority.

A strong picket, consisting of about one-half my command, was thrown out immediately after sunset and the remainder of the divisions occupied the line extending across the rear of Battery Harrison, until about 9 P. M., when I was relieved by the Third Division Colored Troops, commanded by Brigadier General Paine, and under orders from Brigadier-General Heckman, commanding Corps, Major-General Ord having been obliged to leave the field in consequence of a severe wound. I took a new position, facing the river with my right resting on Battery Harrison and outside that work, and my left reserved. No attempt was made by the enemy during the night to dislodge me from this position, and about 8 A. M. of the thirtieth I was directed to resume my former position inside the battery, relieving in turn Brigadier-General Paine, of the Third Division. Nothing of importance occurred during the forenoon; the enemy were evidently heavily reenforced and appeared to be manœuvering for a favorable position from which to make an assault. The enemy's gunboats continued to shell our position from guns throwing nine inch shell, with however but slight effect. When about midday, I discovered the enemy's preparations for an assault on my right, I hastily moved the larger portion of my First Brigade from the left to the extreme right of my position, which was my weakest point.

During the night previous the Third Division had made good progress in strengthening the position; a strong rifle pit with log traverses had been thrown up on the left and along the center, but the right had no such protection. My command, from the time that they entered the work in the morning, had been busily engaged in strengthening and extending this line of defense, which, when completed, would make Battery Harrison an enclosed work.

Before this portion of the line could be completed, the enemy, at about 12:30 o'clock noon, threw himself in three lines upon my right, at the same time opening with two full batteries of field guns upon my center and left. I reserved my fire till they had emerged from the chaparal through which they advanced, when I opened a most effective fire of musketry. At the same time I replied to his artillery with the half battery mentioned in report of operations for the twenty-ninth, but with small effect. This battery had, under direction of the Chief of Artillery, been placed under a different commander from that of the previous day, and the officer now in command reported almost immediately after the action commenced that he was out of ammunition. Such carelessness on the part of a commissioned officer is extremely reprehensible, and I regret that circumstances which occurred an hour later have rendered it impossible for me to report the designation of the battery or the name of the officer. I directed that the guns should be withdrawn by hand, it being impossible to bring horses into the work, and sent a staff officer to corps headquarters for a full battery and a capable officer. Brevet Major-General Weitzel, who had command of the corps, promised me every assistance.

The enemy's previous onset had been in the meantime repulsed with musketry alone, driving him to cover and leaving an immense number of dead and wounded in front of my right. He, however, quickly reformed, and with his accustomed yell tried the same position a second time. Finding that my ammunition was getting low, I had a few moments



PRIVATE BENJAMIN F. BAILEY.
PRIVATE HOWARD M. CHESTER.

PRIVATE ELIHU H. POTTER.
PRIVATE OSCAR I. CHESTER.

before sent a staff officer with an order to bring up a wagon from my ordnance train. The wagon came just at the right time, during the second assault, and was driven up to the sally-port of the fort by Captain John Bryden, One Hundred and Eighteenth New York Volunteers, and Acting Ordnance Officer of the Division, and kept there until the action was concluded. It was in full view and but a short musket range from the enemy, yet Captain Bryden gallantly held his mules, three of which were shot while he was thus occupied, while Lieutenants Burbank and Cook of my staff distributed the ammunition to the command.

I mention this circumstance thus particularly, because it was owing to the promptness with which my order was obeyed, and the gallant manner in which it was executed, that my command was enabled to repulse the enemy's second and his successive assaults.

During the progress of this second attempt to carry our position, I received a musket ball in the right arm, which shattered the bone above the elbow, and necessitated my removal from the field and amputation on my arrival at the hospital. A moment later, Captain Kent, Acting Assistant Adjutant-General, who was on the way to inform the senior Colonel that he commanded the division, was struck by a musket ball in the leg, incapacitating him for further duty—making the fourth officer of my staff disabled during the two days' operations.

My report of the operations of the division must necessarily close here; but I cannot close the report without a slight tribute to the steady valor and gallant bearing of the officers and men of this division which I have had the honor to command.

Among the officers who were noted for gallant bearing and whose names have not appeared in the report are: Lieutenant-Colonel J. B. Ralston, Eighty-first New York Volunteers, and Colonel E. M. Cullen, Ninety-sixth New York Volunteers, both of whom were conspicuous in the charge on Battery

Harrison; Lieutenant W. S. Hubbell, Twenty-first Connecticut Volunteers, and Acting Assistant Adjutant-General Third Brigade, who was severely wounded through the shoulder while taking a party of prisoners to the rear, which he had captured during the second day's operations, and Captain C. C. Clay, Fifty-eighth Pennsylvania Volunteers, and I would recommend that these officers also be promoted for gallant conduct. The records will scarcely show an instance where so small a body of men carried so strong a position as the work on Chapin's Farm, and after a loss of one man in five, held their position without assistance against all attempts to dislodge them by an enemy vastly superior in numbers and nearly all composed of fresh troops.

The whole number of pieces of artillery captured by my command in the works on Chapin's Farm, including Battery Harrison, now called "Fort Burnham" in honor of the gallant and lamented General, was twenty two.

I wish in connection with this report to favorably mention the members of my staff, viz.:

Capt. Wm. L. Kent,	23d Mass. Vol.	A. A. A. G.
Capt. M. B. Bessey,	25th Mass. Vol.	A. A. I. G.
Capt. L. N. Converse.	2d N. H. Vol.	A. Prov. Marshal
Capt. John Brydon,	118th N. Y Vol.	A. O. O.
Capt. Male,	139th N. Y Vol.	A. D. C.
1st Lieut. C. W Cook,	21st Conn. Vol.	Chief Pioneers
1st Lieut. W J. Ladd,	13th N. H. Vol.	Asst. Com. Musters
1st Lieut. Wm. B. Burbank,	17th Vt. Vol.	Asst. D. C.
2d Lieut. Chas. Fenton,	21st Conn. Vol.	A. A. Prov. Marshal

for meritorious conduct, and I have the honor to ask that their just claims for promotion may be favorably considered.

(Signed) GEORGE J. STANNARD,
Brevet Major-General Volunteers.

(Signed) WILLIAM L. KENT,
Captain Twenty-third Massachusetts Infantry,
Acting Assistant Adjutant-General.

CHAPTER XVIII.

BATTLE OF FORT HARRISON.

ADDRESS AT REUNION HELD AT WILLIMANTIC, CONN., MAY 16TH, 1872, BY CAPTAIN W. S. HUBBELL; WITH APPENDIX.

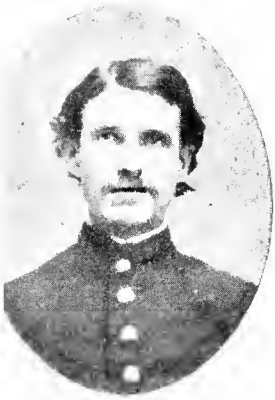
Early in September, 1864, as we lay sweltering in the trenches before Petersburg, a fresh rumor passed from man to man, gathering strength and size as it traveled down toward the railroad battery on our regimental left. Strange! was it not, how those rumors would arise, the outlets of secrets carefully guarded at headquarters, yet somehow leaking through every barrier, and reaching the rank and file almost as soon as tidings were known by the division and corps commander. This time the rumor was an agreeable one, for faces brightened as the story spread. We were to move to the right and cross the Appomattox to the Bermuda Hundred front. If ever soldiers deserved a change, we were entitled thereto.

For nearly four months we had been constantly under fire and had taken our full share of the counter hits with which the rebels defended their capital. We had dug miles of parallels and covered-ways and rifle pits; had sallied forth in fierce assaults and had crouched low under terrific cannonades; had witnessed mine explosions in our favor and against us; had not seen a day for weeks in which no one was killed

or maimed; had been broiled in the glaring sun and chilled with malarial dews; had been defiled with the vermin, which, despite all precaution, crawled from traverse to traverse in those dismal trenches; had been deprived of sleep, of rest, of the commonest comfort, and yet had been cheerful, and smoked our pipes through it all and never lost heart or doubted that somehow "Old Grant would pull us through and win the day." We had often heard with a sigh of envy, that across the river there was no picket firing and no need of burrowing in the sand. We had listened with a contemptuous shrug to those who told of the nice quarters in which the Tenth Corps were encamped, where none needed to dodge a bomb shell or stoop lest he invite a sharpshooter's bullet; but now word was brought that the Tenth Corps was to relieve us, and that we should straightway enter their paradise.

Never did we set out upon a march with greater alacrity, nor continue one in better spirits, though it lasted all night and was interspersed with terrific thunder showers. The next morning we were wet, tired, hungry and happy beyond bounds. We had fairly become round shouldered from stooping to avoid wounds, and now we experienced the unutterable relief of once more standing erect and fearless, for by tacit agreement there was no firing on the Bermuda Hundred front. So we rested for twenty days and grew clean and well-conditioned, and had not a grumble in our hearts. On the twenty-eighth an order came to brigade headquarters which made some of us look sober. There was to be a sudden move, if possible a surprise for the enemy—a sharp assault in which the bayonet was to do the whole, and not a musket in the column was to be discharged or even capped.

By nine o'clock in the evening the whole division was under arms and marching without noise toward Aikens' Landing. Not a clattering canteen was allowed to swing, nor a word of boisterous mirth to escape from any reckless lips. Quietly we sank down on the grass by the swift river



HOSPITAL STEWARD, JULIAN N. PARKER.

PRIVATE GEORGE T. MEECH.

PRIVATE BENIJAH N. SMITH.

PRIVATE HENRY T. SELLEW.

and waited for the pontonniers to lay their floating bridge across the James. At three in the morning the column passed over, the Second Brigade, General Burnham in the van; the Third Brigade, Colonel Roberts, containing our regiment, coming in the center, and the First Brigade, Colonel A. F. Stevens, bringing up the rear. On reaching the opposite bank, the head of the column was turned to the left and guided along the Varina road towards Richmond. The Tenth New Hampshire and One Hundred and Eighteenth New York, having recently exchanged their muskets for Spencer repeating rifles, were now thrown forward under Colonel Donahue as flankers and skirmishers, and we began to beat the bush toward the rebel works at Chapin's Farm.

About daybreak, the sharp crack of a rifle stirred the air with its tell-tale story, and we knew that we had struck the pickets of our foe. These were driven in upon the run, and after a lively popping of the Spencers, the dense woods were cleared of rebs, and they were pushed back about two miles on to their main line of works. As we debouched from the forest, we caught sight of the long stretch of ramparts running from the river for miles to the right, and directly before us, crowning a hill top, loomed up the principal object of our attack—the formidable Fort Harrison, over which streamed the rebel banner, and in whose embrasures were mounted twenty-three pieces of heavy artillery. To the capture of this tremendous battery we now prepared to advance, most of us, no doubt, with many misgivings, and with little expectation of seeing old Connecticut again or of enjoying this reunion to-day.

Just before the assault commenced, a staff officer rode up with a message from army headquarters, that we were before the only barrier between us and Richmond, and were to go forward to the utmost, remembering that the first regiment to enter the rebel capital should receive promotion of one grade for every officer and three months' pay for every enlisted man.

Our three brigades were arranged in close columns by division, marching in parallel columns by division front, one brigade on the left of the road, one going directly up the road, and the third, containing our own regiment, marching on the right of the road over felled trees and through a morass about midway of the charge. Upon the bastion which faced our approach there was mounted a hundred-pounder Armstrong gun, which, with their other artillery, opened fire as soon as we were in sight. The first cannon ball passed nearly a hundred feet above our head, and was greeted with derisive laughter. The second shot struck the ground a few yards before us and ricocheted over the advancing column, causing much dodging and shouting. The third came with terrible accuracy straight for the center of the assailing host, and ere its dreadful plunge was stayed had slain thirteen of our brave men. There was no more laughing now, but steadily we pressed on up the slope nearer and nearer the belching fort. The rebels had ceased firing solid shot and were plying us with grape and shrapnel and soon with canister.

The ground was strewn with the wounded, the dying and dead. We were so near that we could see the faces of the rebel gunners. One rebel officer stood on the parapet coolly firing his revolver at us as we neared him. Not a shot had we discharged as yet. We struggle upward, panting and furious until we gain the counterscarp of the work, and there for an instant, in sheer exhaustion, the column halts and lies down even under a galling fire. Then, after a moment's rest, the men nobly respond to their officers' call and pour over the edge of the ditch into the dry moat, and then, scrambling up the bank, some on hands and knees, some stepping on their bayonets thrust into the clay, some on each other's shoulders, the blue column mounts the parapet, lingers a moment in a fierce blaze of musketry on its crest, and finally, overflowing all barriers, pushes across the parade ground, driving the rebels from behind a massive traverse, on which

their flag is replaced by the Stars and Stripes. In the center of the work our brigade met the others who had scaled the fortress upon its opposite corner, and whose losses and valor equalled our own.

It is on the authority of Colonel Comstock, of General Grant's staff, who was watching the assault from its opening to its close, that I lay claim to the first honors for our own brigade. As the troops descended into the ditch simultaneously on the right and left of the road, Colonel C. exclaimed: "There! those men will never get out of that place alive." But even as he spoke the right bastion was swarming with assailants who won the day, at this critical stage of the contest, and soon their flag was planted on the rebel stronghold. That flag, my comrades, is believed to have been the national color of the Twenty-first Connecticut, and for bearing it to its proud eminence, one of our gallant officers received public recognition in General Orders.

But alas for the glories of war, they are dearly bought! Our losses during these short morning hours were frightful. The field return for September 28th gave an aggregate of three thousand one hundred and fifteen men effective for duty in the division. Out of this assaulting force there were killed outright eight commissioned officers and eighty-four enlisted men, while there were wounded thirty-six officers and five hundred and two enlisted men, besides three hundred and thirty reported missing. General Burnham was mortally wounded in the bowels as he entered the fort. General Stannard, soon after, lost his right arm. Colonel Stevens, commanding brigade, was severely wounded and never fully recovered during the war. Colonel Donahoe was badly wounded in the thigh. Five out of the six staff officers of the division were disabled. Captain Bessey was blown from his horse by a shell exploding in the poor animal's body. Major-General Ord, the corps commander, received a painful wound in the leg. In the little enclosure where an entrance was forced into the work lay a heap of twenty killed and

wounded, mostly of the Fifty-eighth Pennsylvania, which regiment gallantly led the column up the hill to the assault. Our losses were enhanced by the terrific shelling which we received from two rebel gunboats in the James, whose enfilading fire of quick projectiles was demoralizing and murderous in the extreme.

From the report of the division commander I quote a single paragraph: "The record will scarcely show an instance where so small a body of men carried so strong a position as the work on Chapin's Farm, and after a loss of one man in five, held their position without assistance against all attempts to dislodge them, by an enemy vastly superior in numbers, and nearly all composed of fresh troops."

As you well remember, we had a night of labor with the spade, and made of the fort an enclosed work, connecting it by horse-shoe entrenchments with the James on either flank, and therein repulsed three desperate assaults from the rebels, under General Lee in person, on the next day. Had we known the full extent of our victory, we might easily have entered Richmond on the 29th of September, as the road was open before us. Nevertheless we seized the most advanced approach to the rebel capital and the point from which its captors issued forth on the day when Richmond fell.

General Butler remarked in wrath, "that if we had not stopped to cackle like an old hen over her eggs, we should have taken Richmond on that day." But our leaders were all killed or disabled, and Butler himself, who ought to have marshalled us for the onset, was busily engaged with crowing on a safe perch several miles from the sight of carnage and the smell of gunpowder.

In all the scenes which have been thus briefly rehearsed, the Twenty-first Connecticut was honorably conspicuous. We were singularly fortunate in our losses, but we did not escape for lack of exposure to all the dangers of that trying engagement. Still we suffered heavily of our gallant boys, and many a brave heart beat its last throb on the slope of

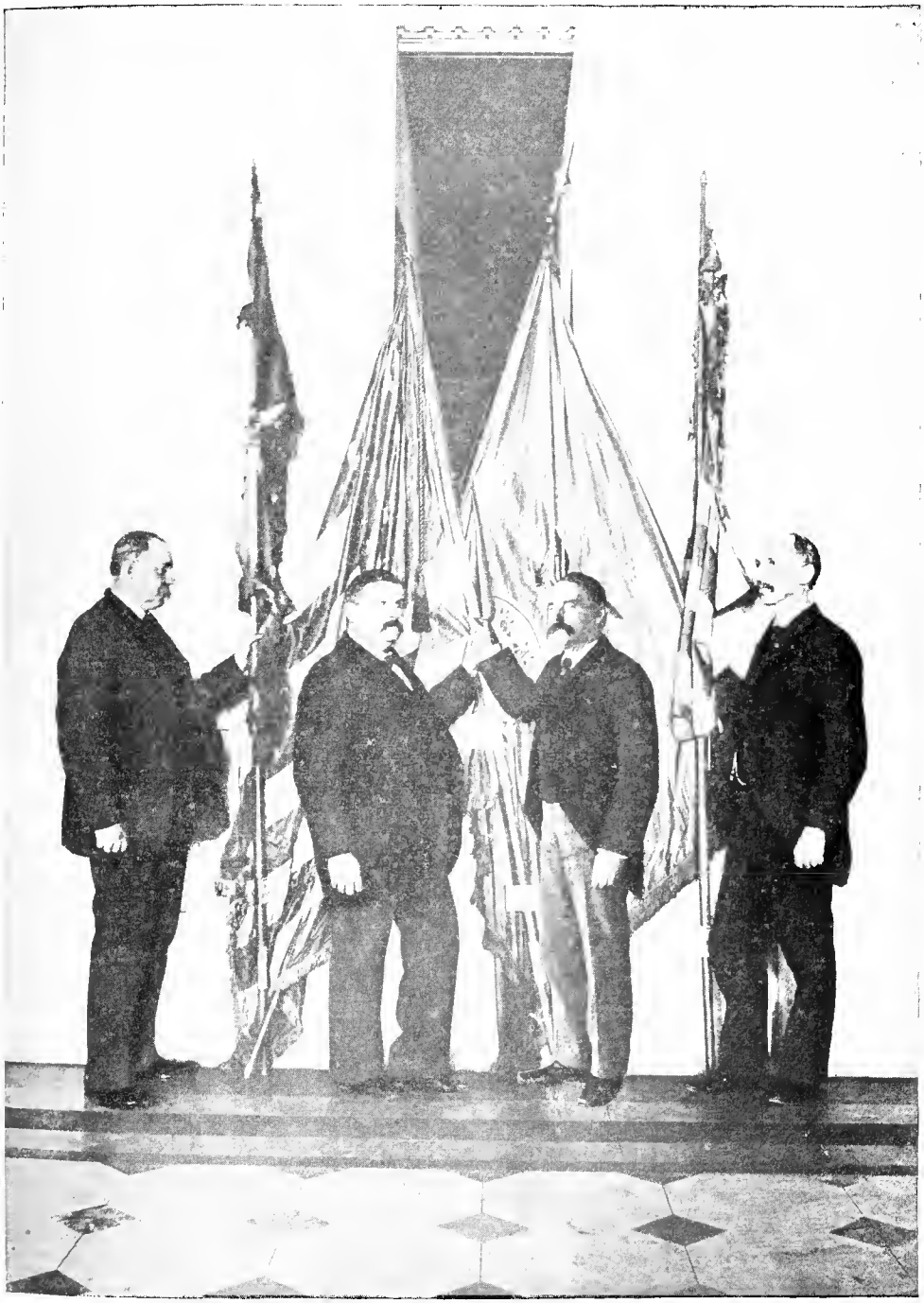
Fort Harrison. Several of our regiment were designated by name for bravery on that field. Among them the faithful and noble-hearted Captain Jennings, who was shot through the lungs and survived but a few days; Captain Walter P Long, who bore our flag to its first place on the ramparts; Captain Cyrus W Cook, whose gallantry attracted the notice of General Ord; Sergeant Buck of the sharpshooters, who there won his shoulder-straps, and received them by request of the General commanding; Captain Fenton, who was recommended by General Stannard for promotion; and others, no doubt, whose names I have forgotten, in these seven years which have glided so swiftly away. But, ere I close this hasty sketch, I would pay a comrade's tribute to one other man who played the hero in this bloody encounter. At the close of the second day's battle there fell, with four wounds, an officer of the Twenty-first, who once had shown a favor to Private Kelly of the Pioneer Corps. When Kelly was told that his friend lay wounded where no one dared to bring him in, the great Irishman, with a mighty oath, strode through thick danger to the spot, and putting his strong arms about the wounded man, lifted him as eagerly and tenderly as a mother would her child, carrying him to a stretcher, and then, with another's help, to a place of safety. I am told that poor Kelly is dead, but I rejoice at this opportunity to decorate his memory with my thanks for service to me in my dire extremity.

And, if I mistake not, my comrades, we all feel a warming of the heart toward one another to-day, and are linked more closely than ever before in the thought that we served together on many a hardly-contested field. This is no time to revive a single alienation or a bitter memory of our soldier days. Enough for us that we fought together, conquered together, and were comrades in the old Twenty-first.

APPENDIX TO BATTLE OF FORT HARRISON.

In 1885 a letter was received by the writer from Colonel Cecil Clay, who commanded the Fifty-eighth Pennsylvania in the Fort Harrison assault, and who was later in the Department of Justice at Washington and also commanded one of the two militia regiments in the District of Columbia. He protested vigorously against the implication of the current army histories that the capture of Fort Harrison was made by General Burnham's brigade alone, and stated that there seemed to be no report of that affair on file at the War Department, except that of General George J. Stannard, which is given in the following pages. Another correspondent, a Mr. Thompson, was also stirred up by the excess of credit given to that brigade, and in 1889 was collecting materials to right the wrong which had been done to the Third Brigade under command of Colonel S. H. Roberts.

It is therefore proper to add some other incidents of the engagement, partly by way of explanation for any omissions or inaccuracies which may occur in the report of General Stannard, whose severe wound, resulting in the loss of his arm near the shoulder, prevented him from any share in the preparation of his report, which was written, according to the usual custom, by his Adjutant-General, Captain W L. Kent, of the Twenty-third Massachusetts Infantry. The latter's term of service had expired before the battle, and he was serving in the action as a volunteer. He was a brave and competent officer and a very fair-minded, accurate man, but was himself wounded in the leg, and wrote his report under some disadvantages in Boston, after reaching his home. General Stannard had designated me as Captain Kent's successor, in which capacity I was serving when wounded at the close of the second day's encounter. Probably no one had better facilities than myself for observing the progress



JOHN H. SELDEN. ORRIN S. RIX. WILLIS D. ROUSE. HOWARD A. CAMP.
THE COLORS, AND PART OF THE COLOR GUARD.

of the whole affair, inasmuch as I was not absent from the front line for a moment during the entire movement, including our assault and the three counter assaults by the enemy on the second day.

The fact that General Burnham's Brigade chanced to be the first to cross the pontoons at Aikens' Landing on the morning of September 29th, seems to have been accepted as evidence that they led the march throughout. Such, however, was not the case. When we emerged from the woods in sight of Fort Harrison, and the first shot was fired from that work, the gun was directed at the Third Brigade, on the right of the Varina road, drawn up in "column by division" and awaiting orders. Two regiments of the Second Brigade (General Burnham's) had been detailed as skirmishers and were posted at our left, together with a part of the Twenty-first Connecticut, under Colonel James F Brown, which did not participate in the assault. Colonel M. T. Donahue, of the Tenth New Hampshire, whose name is mentioned in General Stannard's report as gallantly aiding in the charge, was not serving with his regiment, being under arrrest by General B. F Butler for some trivial violation of a petty rule, but had insisted on coming with the expedition on his own responsibility and without a sword, of which he had been deprived. He wore a dark blue cape, with light blue lining, and many eye witnesses will remember that streaming cape as he rushed up the hill, beckoning with his unarmed hand for the men to follow. Before the fight was over he was in command of his brigade. His conduct amid the perils of that hazardous move disposed of the charges against him and of his disobedience in going into battle while under arrest. A wound in the thigh, however, cut short his active career before noon. But let us return to the outset of the charge.

The three brigades were thus halted in the edge of the woods below Fort Harrison on that early morning. General E. O. C. Ord, our corps commander, was examining with his glass the formidable work which seemed to loom up like a

mountain of red sand against the sky. He said: "It is too strong for us to risk an attack; I can count fifteeen cannon bearing on our line of march; we must wait for the other division before we assault." General Stannard, who sat on his horse beside General Ord, remarked with his usual vehemence, "Oh, hell, General! my division can take that fort!" "Very well, General, if you think so, then go ahead!" General Stannard turned at once to me and exclaimed, "Tell Roberts to push right on up the hill for that bastion where the big gun is firing!"

We moved forward without delay, and the third shot from that one hundred-pound Armstrong gun struck our marching column fairly in the center, with terrible slaughter.

Probably the brigade of Burnham started forward at the same time, on the left of the road, and also the brigade of Colonel Stevens moved up between us. But I am positive that, at the start, the Third Brigade was first in motion and first drew the enemy's fire. We pushed on up the steep incline, and were punished worse and worse the nearer we drew to the frowning parapet. At last, after a slight pause to recover breath, we made a rush for the great trench at the foot of its walls, and into this ditch we tumbled pell-mell to escape the destructive fire at close range.

Our next task was to scale the steep and high bank, so far above us that we could not reach the base of the walls with outstretched hands as we stood in the ditch below. But somehow we clambered up, holding our breath in expectation of another blast from that terrible hundred-pounder in the embrasure overhead. There was no such explosion, however, and later we found that the gun (with its broad-arrow mark on the breech, showing that it came from a British arsenal) had been dismounted by the last discharge, and one of the trunions had been jammed against the carriage. But for this rebel mishap, all of us at this gateway would have been blown into eternity, and the assault at this point would probably have failed. The officers of the Fifty-eighth Pennsylva-

nia were among the first to mount the parapet, Captain Clay and Lieutenant Johnston leading, both of whom were severely wounded. Some fifteen or twenty others were killed or wounded in a space not twenty feet square, between the gun-carriage and a huge traverse of sand built for its protection. For a few seconds the shooting was lively on both sides at close quarters, and then, as our column came up from the opposite side where the brave General Burnham was killed, the enemy fled on the run.

Pardon me for recording a personal incident at this stage, in hope that it may perhaps explain to some Confederate officer the way in which he lost a fine new uniform. I had been specially provoked by the coolness of a rebel major, who stood on the traverse overlooking our advance and shot at me thrice as we neared the last ditch, taking a musket each time from a soldier near him. Curiously enough it never occurred to me to use my revolver in return, although it was fully charged, but, in the excitement of the moment, this available weapon was quite forgotten. As I crept into the embrasure, this officer sprang down the traverse on the opposite side and fled across the parade ground to his quarters in the barracks. Snatching up something from the doorway, he ran behind the log buildings and escaped into the woods beyond. But I secured his dress-coat and overcoat, which remained in my possession for years, and at last, minus the Confederate buttons, were returned to the South in a barrel of supplies for the "Freedmen."

At the further side of the fort we met the column of General Burnham, with a group of officers around the prostrate General, who was dying from a wound in the bowels. Here also was the brave Captain Jennings of Company E, Twenty-first Connecticut Volunteers, who had been shot through the body as he entered the fort, and who lingered for several weeks of suffering before relieved by death.

It, therefore, appears that the weight of this assault was delivered by the Third Brigade on the front to the enemy's

left on the Varina road, across which road Fort Harrison was planted. On that side the enemy was first routed and the victory won, as the heavy loss on the counterscarp and parapet declares. Had the troops of Burnham's Brigade first entered the work, we should have captured the garrison, whereas we took few, if any, prisoners on the 29th of September. With no intention to rob the other assaulting column of its glorious share in that victory, we must nevertheless insist that Fort Harrison was not captured by their efforts alone, nor was the flag which they bravely carried the first one to be raised upon its walls.

This formidable earthwork with its heavy guns and its log barracks for a garrison of fifteen hundred men, had been considered impregnable by the enemy, and its capture caused the utmost alarm in Richmond. Had a fresh division, or even a fresh brigade, been available to pursue the enemy, there is little doubt that we could have followed them over their "heavy line" of interior defenses into Richmond itself. But there seems to have been no intention at first on the part of General Grant to hold the position gained. Orders came at first to remove the fifteen captured cannon. But later in the day, when General Grant himself visited Fort Harrison, he says of his change of plan: "The position captured from the enemy was so threatening to Richmond that I determined to hold it. The enemy made several desperate attempts to dislodge us, for which he paid dearly." In General Horace Porter's volume, entitled "Campaigning with Grant," the writer thus describes the occurrences of that morning:

"Ord moved directly against Fort Harrison, a strong earthwork occupying a commanding position, carried it by assault, captured fifteen guns, and secured possession of an entire line of entrenchments. Everything promised further success, when Ord was so severely wounded in the leg that he had to leave the field, and proper advantage was not taken of the important success which had been gained."

As soon as we could reform our scattered and decimated forces in Fort Harrison we moved along the rebel entrenchments toward the river, hoping to clear the whole line to the James. We found, however, that the capture of Fort Gilmer was necessary in order to give access to the river, and the assault on Fort Gilmer by General Birney had failed. Our little force had gone into action that morning with two thousand eight hundred and fifty-five men. Counting the troops actually composing the assaulting column, we had lost one man in every three and forty-four officers from the division. All the general officers of the command were disabled or slain, including the commanders of the corps, the division and the three brigades.

At this juncture the entire force was in command of a Lieutenant-Colonel, the gallant Edgar M. Cullen, of the Ninety-sixth New York, now a Supreme Court Judge in Brooklyn. Under his supervision we were about to assault a square redoubt in our front on the plain below Fort Harrison, when a long line of the enemy arose from behind their entrenchments, and by a quick move forward threatened our left flank and compelled our return to the fortress on the hill. Two rebel gunboats on the James now began a shelling of our position with eight-inch projectiles, about the size of an ordinary water pail. The distance was less than two miles and they had the exact range. At no other time in our campaigning did we have the navy opposed to us, and this experience was far from pleasant. Many casualties resulted from these bursting shells before the men learned how to watch for them and to secure shelter.

In the midst of this shelling we were agreeably surprised to see General U. S. Grant riding across from the Newmarket to the Varina road. He dismounted outside the ditch and made his way on foot through the dead and the dying into the fort. Although myself an eye-witness of what then occurred, let me quote from the account of his aide-de-camp, Lieutenant-Colonel Horace Porter:

"The General-in-chief was greatly gratified at the handsome manner in which the fort had been carried and the pluck which had been shown by our troops. The fort was an enclosed work and formed a salient upon the enemy's line There were batteries in its rear, however, which still commanded it. The ground gave ample evidence of the conflict and was so torn with shot and shell and covered with killed and wounded, in some places, that the General had to pick his way in, stepping over the dead bodies that lay in his path. He turned his look upward to avoid as much as possible the ghastly sight, and the expression of profound grief impressed upon his features told, as usual, of the effect produced upon him by the sad spectacle. Upon entering the fort, he climbed up and looked over the parapet on the north side and remained there for some time, viewing the surrounding work and taking a look at Richmond, while the enemy's batteries continued to shell us. This was the nearest view of the city he had yet obtained, and the church spires could be distinctly seen. He sat down on the ground, tucked his legs under him, and wrote a dispatch to General Birney, dating it 10:35 A. M., stating that General Ord was wounded in capturing Fort Harrison, but that General Heckman had succeeded him, and directing Birney to move his colored troops along the Newmarket road. The enemy's projectiles were flying in our direction, and when the General had reached the middle of the dispatch a shell burst directly over him. Those standing about instinctively ducked their heads, but he paid no attention to the occurrence, and did not pause in his writing or even look up. The handwriting of the dispatch when finished did not bear the slightest evidence of the uncomfortable circumstances under which it was indited."

Those of us who saw this occurrence deemed themselves specially fortunate, as we seldom fought under the eye of our Commander-in-chief, and on no other occasion saw him under fire. He seemed to be absolutely indifferent to danger, and

2 4
1 3
1—Capt. Frank S. Long.
5—Sergt. George W. French.
9—John Bolles.
13—Corp. Andrew E. Kinney.

6 8
5 7
2—Sergt. David A. Conant.
6—Sergt. John K. Potter.
10—Corp. Henry W. Larkham.
14—Corp. Edward P. Conant.

10 12
9 11
3—Sergt. Dyer A. Clark.
7—1st Lieut. Alvin M. Crane.
11—Corp. Horace Harvey.
15—2d Lieut. Charles Fenton.

14 16
13 15
4—Corp. Canfield J. Humphrey
8—Fifer, Danforth O. Lombard.
12—Corp. Harrison Rood.
16—Corp. Madison L. Cross.

as calm in the midst of a cannonade as if in his head-quarters at City Point. Soon after this incident he rode away to Deep Bottom, from which he could telegraph to General Meade, who was preparing for a move two miles to the west along the Weldon railroad, in case that General Lee attempted to retake Fort Harrison. At 4 P. M. General Grant left the north side of the James and returned to City Point to be near to General Meade on the morrow.

As for us at Fort Harrison, we took advantage of every lull in the cannonade and were busy all night long in fortifying the rear of the work against attack from the direction of Richmond, and in digging a sort of horse-shoe line of rifle pits to protect our flanks, for word was received that we should be assailed by the enemy, who boasted that we should be driven out of our hard-earned conquest on the morrow. They were not ready, and nearly one-third of our line of defense was incomplete when the battle opened on September 30th, about noon.

General Robert E. Lee was present in person to direct the assault. He had brought with him from the defenses of Petersburg three divisions of his army. The commands of Generals Clingman, Colquitt, Law, G. T. Anderson, and Bratton, under General R. H. Anderson, in charge of Longstreet's Corps, comprised the formidable force which made three determined and desperate attempts to retake their former stronghold. In every instance they were handsomely repulsed. It was a new experience for us to stand still behind protecting walls of earth and to receive an attack. Heretofore our lot had always been cast among the assailants, whose exposures and losses are so much greater. But now we saw from the distant woods the long lines advancing in brave array, with Confederate colors streaming and arms flashing, while, from the forts opposite and on our right-flank, a brisk fire of shot and shell kept down our curiosity and compelled us to crouch behind the walls of protecting sand.

Unfortunately we had no artillery to aid us at long range, but as soon as our musketry could reach the oncoming foe they began to fall rapidly, until as they neared us, our fire was too deadly for the bravest to bear, and at first they began to look behind them, and then to stop and return our fire, and then to fall back slowly, until they broke and ran to cover again in the woods, a half mile distant.

Their second attempt was similar to the first, except that it was aimed a little farther to our left, as if to pass to the side of our improvised defenses, which extended across the former rear of the fortress itself.

As our assailants ran into the range of our musketry, they would appear to stumble and fall, especially the color-bearers and the officers. The first thought of the spectator from our lines would be that the men in gray and butternut uniforms were tripping over roots or stones and falling over obstacles. At first the sight seemed humorous and provoked laughter, until the truth dawned on one's mind that these were not stumblers, but wounded men going down to death, and, despite their bravery, that most of them lay as they had fallen, unable to rise again. The boys in blue were cooler and more determined in stopping the second rush than during the first attack, and the enemy's loss was much more serious.

It was nearing sunset, and we could see their officers rushing to and fro, and the reserves marching to the front, while a new and severe cannonade of our scanty defenses warned us that the prelude to a third assault had begun. Our officers were now directed to encourage the Union soldiers with the assurance that our position could not be carried by the enemy, and to direct our men to reserve their fire until their foes were close at hand. On they came in the twilight, until greeted with a terrific volley at close range, before which they went down like grass before a scythe. As the smoke of that musketry cleared away, the enemy seemed to have vanished. They were too near us to flee, and the uninjured found safety only in hugging the ground. Nearly two thousand Con-

federates had been killed or wounded in those three fierce attempts to retake Fort Harrison.

Darkness was now coming on apace, and we were anxious to secure as prisoners those who were lying on their faces before us and waiting for the night to cover their escape. Some of them at intervals would wave a handkerchief in token of surrender, and then would spring to their feet and run into our lines, whence they were passed to the rear. On our right, in easy musket-shot of our position, was a body of rebel sharpshooters who kept watch of the narrow passage leading across the ditch of the fort and constituting its old entrance from the rear. In order to check the surrender, or desertion as it seemed to them, of the prostrate Confederates, they were shot at by their old comrades as soon as they started to give themselves up, and many were thus picked off before reaching the fort.

A small party was now sent out by the flank from our lines in order to scoop in at one sweep these unwounded rebels who were so nearly within reach, and at once about three hundred of them arose and threw down their arms. One of them, a rather pompous major, approached the writer and said, "Who commands this party; I wish to surrender?" Being informed that I would receive his sword, he exclaimed, "Then I have the honor to surrender to you the remains of General Clingman's Brigade." The whole party of prisoners were gathered behind the log barracks within our newly-entrenched line, and thence were rushed across the passage-way into the fort. Under the friendly darkness, the rest of the Confederates crept away and the bloody battle was over.

While our losses were slight in this conflict of September 30th, the enemy had suffered terribly from our musketry at close range, and Richmond was filled with the wounded. Every available vehicle was used to bring them to hospitals and to private houses in the city. From a servant of General Longstreet, whom the writer met some years ago in Richmond, a vivid account was received of the consternation

created there by these sanguinary battles of September 29th and 30th. It was expected that we would follow up the advantage on October 1st and that the city would be captured. All available citizens, young and old, sick or well, were drafted into service and sent to the Fort Harrison front. Even government clerks and the city police were thus impressed, and all business was for the time suspended. The stores were closed and alarm-bells were rung in the churches.

General Grant, however, had taken advantage of the fighting at this point to push out toward the south side railroad on our left beyond Petersburg and had captured two redoubts, a line of rifle pits, and one cannon, together with a hundred prisoners. Thus our left was strongly established within two miles of the railway, which was the chief artery of supply for Lee's army, and the circle had been drawn closer about the beleaguered capital of Jefferson Davis.

These operations which we have described were also an important accessory to Sheridan's movement in the Shenandoah Valley. When General Grant rode over from Fort Harrison to Deep Bottom on the morning of September 29th, he received the following telegram from President Lincoln: "I hope it will lay no constraint upon you, nor do harm in any way, for me to say, that I am a little afraid lest Lee sends re-enforcements to Early and thus enables him to turn upon Sheridan." To this General Grant at once replied, "Your dispatch just received. I am taking steps to prevent Lee sending re-enforcements to Early, by attacking him here."

A few days later, Sheridan drove Early twenty-six miles, capturing eleven guns and many prisoners, while the expected re-enforcements could not be spared from General Lee, because of our operations before Richmond. As it was decided not to move forward any further at present on the Fort Harrison front, the whole line was securely entrenched and fortified as a standing menace to the rebel capital on the north side of the James. This required the enemy to keep a counter-force under Longstreet constantly in readiness to meet our

possible attack, and to lengthen by at least two miles their already attenuated line of defense. That they were quite unreconciled to our proximity at this point was proved by their attempt to construct a mine across from their nearest outwork, with the object of blowing up Fort Harrison and its defenders. Countermining was resorted to on our part, in the shape of a series of deep wells sufficient to intercept the mine before it reached its goal. For this or for some other reason, the enemy abandoned their subterranean gallery after it was built for many rods from its starting point. It was an object of curious inspection when the rebel works fell into our hands on the morning of April 3, 1865.

It was also from Fort Harrison and along the Varina road, that the force under General Weitzel moved forward to the final capture of Richmond, and thus the task begun at this point on September 29th was finally completed. The same brigade, including the Twenty-first Connecticut, which had scaled the walls of Fort Harrison at our first triumph there, marched from that frowning parapet to plant our colors over Richmond. Thus the menace of that first attack was a true prophecy of the final victory.

TALKING IT OVER.

CHAPTER XIX.

FROM FORT HARRISON TO FREDERICKSBURG RAID.

(September–December, 1864.)

After the capture of Fort Harrison we remained on the front line or in supporting distance of the same, not far from the front. Our first camp was on the main line of defense, some distance to the right of the fort, which we occupied till the beginning of winter, when we changed our position, taking the camp once occupied by the Forty-first United States Colored Troops. Here we remained in reserve, directly in rear of, and one hundred rods from our former position. This camp we shared with the Fortieth Massachusetts Regiment. Our quarters were very comfortable, and we had no reason to complain of the conveniences enjoyed during the winter. The movements of General Grant had compelled the enemy to lengthen their line of defense till it was now thirty-seven miles in extent, reaching from White Oak Swamp on their left to Hatcher's Run on their right. Eight miles of this line was north of the James.

As we now settled down for our winter quarters we found the most of our energies directed to picket duty As the winter of 1864–1865 was unusually severe, our work was correspondingly hard. We now felt the effects of our previ-

IN RIFLE PITS IN FRONT OF PETERSBURG.—SKETCH BY COMRADE HOWARD A. CAMP.

ous hardships, which, since the first of May, had been unusually trying. Something of our condition may be inferred from the following letter written September 4th :

"I have had my patriotism tried more during the severe labors of the previous season than when in our comfortable quarters at Norfolk or at Newport News. Engaged in active service for four months, during which time, except when on the march, we were in reach of the enemy's artillery, most of the time within reach of his infantry, when to expose your head above the breastworks would call the enemy's fire; much of the time keeping awake nights, occasionally all night; seeing your company reduced by casualties in battle and sickness from fifty-two, the number we had in the ranks at the beginning of the season, to only fifteen present for duty; with the officers of the regiment played out, till there are but few left, at one time only two line officers present for duty; with no great victory to cheer you only as you patiently hold on to what you get from hard fighting; listening some of the time to conversation among the men, in which the hard times are dwelt upon and magnified—with all these conditions you may find a soldier's life like a furnace that tests his fortitude. I know of many in these conditions whose hearts fail them. And yet, when prosperity comes these same soldiers will forget all their hard times and be filled with hope and enthusiasm. For myself, I would sacrifice money, health, glory, anything, if at length we may return home with the war ended and peace established in a reunited country."

During this active campaign our work had been much harder than that of the enemy, as we had almost always been the attacking party, while they, protected behind breastworks, could hold their ground. Only once did our regiment see this reversed, when the enemy attempted to recapture Fort Harrison on the day following the victory. But now that we go into winter quarters we find our work easier for us than theirs is for them, as we are better fed, better clothed,

and have a larger number of men to do picket duty on the same extent of line. Their food, as General Humphrey informs us, was principally corn-bread, made of coarse meal. Of meat they had but little. Of coffee, tea and sugar they had none except in hospitals.

Our position on the picket line was on each side of the Newmarket road. Daily one hundred and fifteen men and three lieutenants, under the command of a captain, are sent from our brigade to the front to relieve those who have been on duty. and in turn to be relieved after twenty-four hours' service. These men are divided up into squads of four men and one corporal each—and each of these stationed on their respective posts on the picket line a few rods apart. Some one hundred feet in front of the line on which these posts are stationed is the vidette line, where one of these men in turn is stationed. His duty consists in walking his beat, which connects at each end with those on either side of him, while he keeps a watchful eye upon the enemy in front of him. A well-beaten and connected path was worn by them, extending along the front of the entire line. Some five hundred feet or more in our front was the vidette line of the enemy, who in turn kept an equally watchful eye upon us. Thus were we employed during the entire winter, and regardless of storm or sunshine, heat or cold, darkness or light, this line was faithfully maintained. Sometimes fires were not allowed. It seemed hard when the officer of the picket, in obedience to orders, required the little fire they had to be extinguished. "The other brigade picket have theirs," they pleaded. But when next day that picket who enjoyed the fires were required to remain on duty an added twenty-four hours as punishment for disobeying orders, our men became better reconciled to the apparent severity of their officer.

There were frequent desertions along the picket line. From our side there was hardly ever one from the men that made up the original regiment. But among the recruits—sometimes called bounty-jumpers, who for six hundred or a thou-

sand dollars would enlist—desertions were more frequent. Fortunately for us we had none of this class. From the enemy desertions were frequent. To encourage these our government printed a proclamation on a small leaflet guaranteeing free transportation to any part of the Union to all those who would desert from the enemy. The following device, among others, was made use of to place these in the hands of those in the opposing line. The leaflets are securely wrapped around a short stick. Possessed of this, the officer of the picket advances toward the opposing line till he secures their attention. Then he throws it as far as possible toward them. Curiosity leads some one to come out and get it. Then when brought into their line, in the midst of a gathering crowd it is read, when an officer from among them mounts the works and shakes his head. This ends all the efforts of that character for that time.

One morning the Captain of Company —— brought in eight deserters from the enemy, and with much satisfaction reported at division headquarters. The following is the report of one of these deserters coming to our line a few days earlier than the present period: "The Confederate line is very weak. Among the conscripts that have been secured to fill up the ranks of the army, half or two-thirds of them are in the hospital, as they are unfit for service by reason of advanced age or extreme youth. The present campaign is the last one they will ever fight. They were well pleased with the nomination of McClellan for President, and were waiting for the result of the approaching election with some impatience." The deserter assured us that two more would follow him the next night.

One interesting episode that enlivened the monotony of the picket service was the visit of Frank P Blair, Sr., to Richmond on a message of peace. His way to the Confederate capital was along the Newmarket road. He reached our line in an ambulance. Then, hailing the enemy with a flag of truce, he was escorted by one of the division staff to meet

an officer from the other side, from whence he passed on to Richmond. To the honest picket who had never witnessed a scene like this, of a citizen passing over the forbidden ground, this event was a great wonderment. The officer in command of the brigade picket asks the division officer-of-the-day who this stranger might be, but he finds him as ignorant as himself. The division officer asks the General who it was, and received for a reply, " He is a Union man."

During the night Captain Cook of the general staff was seen, and in answer to the inquiry, replied that he did not know, but the staff had come to the conclusion that he was an angel. But next day a copy of a daily paper from Richmond fell into our hands, and we there learned that the Honorable Frank P Blair, Sr., had arrived on a mission of peace. This explained the passing of the mysterious stranger across the picket line. Mr. Blair bore with him a simple note :

DECEMBER 28, 1864.

Allow the bearer, F P Blair, Sr., to pass our lines, go south and return.

A. LINCOLN.

This effort resulted in the famous conference at Hampton Roads, where the President and Secretary of State met a commission of three from the Confederacy But no result followed; only a mass-meeting was held in Richmond soon after and addressed by President Davis and others. Most impassioned appeals were made by the speakers for a continuance of the war, which produced a profound impression. The people present, with one heart and voice, resolved that there was but one way left, and that was to fight to the bitter end—an end that came in two months.

This event awakened within the regiment a discussion of the question of closing the war. All wanted it, and yet hardly one would wish for it upon any other terms than that of union. They would rather fight to the end to secure

it. At the Presidential election recently held, every one of the officers and a large majority of voters among the enlisted men cast their votes for the Republican ticket. In no place was the rejoicing over the election of Abraham Lincoln greater than in the Twenty-first. One writes: "McClellan is up for President. Perhaps he may be elected, but I sincerely hope not. We are tired of war. Just as tired of it as you are at home, likely more so. But when we have been so far, have suffered so much, and the prospect is so bright for a successful ending, we do not wish to see it all neutralized by the election of a half-peace, half-war man."

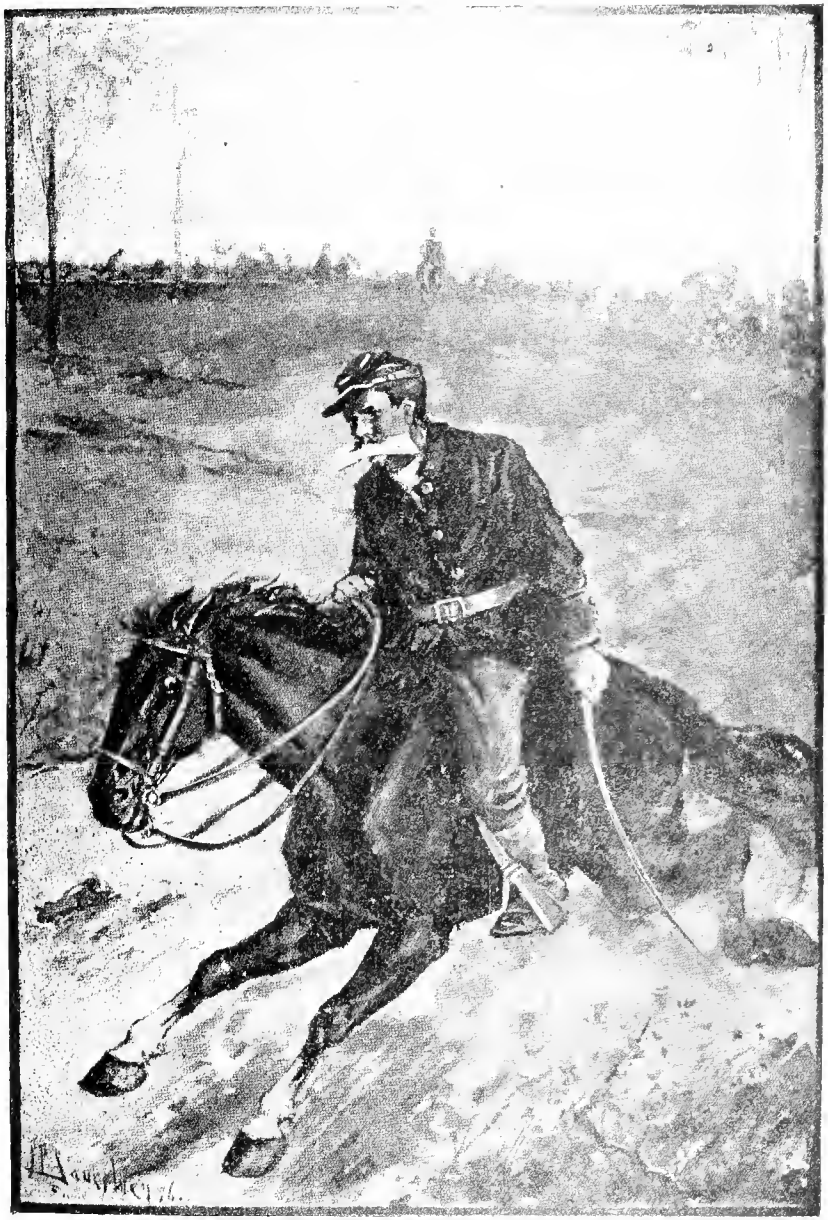
On the 24th of October, General Grant directed General Mead to extend our lines to the left and find the right flank of the enemy. At the same time he directed General Butler to make a demonstration on his left. Accordingly he sent a part of the Eighteenth Corps under General Weitzel to make a demonstration on the Williamsburg road, north of the White Oak Swamp, and part of the Tenth Corps under General Terry, to demonstrate on the Charles City and Darby roads. Under cover of General Terry's demonstration, General Weitzel was to push through the White Oak Swamp at Hobson's Crossing, and move up the Williamsburg road to the Confederate line of entrenchments. This plan was carried out successfully.

It fell to our lot to be a part of this expedition. The command to engage in it reached us when we were in camp on the front line some distance to the right of Fort Burnham. We had fifteen minutes' notice to leave camp and moved back to the rear where we were to provide three days' cooked rations in preparation for an advance. By five o'clock the next morning we were on the road and marched till we reached Fair Oaks at 1 o'clock P. M. When within three miles of Richmond we came in contact with the rebel line of defense. Hoping that it might be so weak that we could break through, General Butler obtained permission from General Grant to make an attack. It was done with a part of the

forces, but the movement drew out such a strong fire from the enemy that all further efforts to advance were abandoned. Towards night we commenced our retreat. There was no moon, clouds had covered the sky, and about night rain began to fall, making the retreat both difficult and disagreeable. Baggage wagons, ambulances, and artillery were moving along the muddy roads at the same time in considerable confusion, while the infantry sought for a passage-way as best they could. Connection was at one time broken and we came near losing the way At length about half-past ten at night, while the rain was still falling rapidly and the roads were slippery with mud, we turned off into the forest to tarry for the night. Some attempted to build fires, but the falling rain and wet fuel caused such attempts to end in smoke. So in one position or another we waited, trying to catch some sleep. Fortunately with the morning sun came clear weather and our return was easily made. We went into our new camp in reserve.

For the most part the old regiments were small in numbers, unless they had received many recruits. We had received but few, and consequently each company occupied from one-quarter to one-sixth the space it occupied in the line at first. One captain writes, "My company, perhaps an average one, has a larger number absent on detached service than is present for duty. I have twenty of the former to fifteen of the latter." To stimulate good discipline and pride in personal appearance, an order was issued from brigade headquarters, relieving from picket and fatigue duty one week the regiment that should make the finest appearance on inspection. On the 20th of February our regiment received this honor, being the second in the brigade to do so.

January 17th, news reached us of the capture of Fort Fisher. Writes one: "While on drill to-day we received news that Fort Fisher had been captured with one thousand prisoners. We gave three times three cheers for General Terry. For a long time after one might hear the different



DISPATCHES.

regiments cheer, as in turn they each received the news of the victory. A soldier rejoices more than any other over a victory gained, for in each victory he thinks his own task is made lighter." By reason of the mismanagement of the first expedition against the fort, General Butler was relieved of command. The following dispatch, sent by General Grant to Washington, may express his opinion of General Butler's military qualities:

CITY POINT, VA.,
December 28, 1864.

The Wilmington expedition has proved a gross and culpable failure. Many of the troops are back here. Delay and free talk of the object of the expedition enabled the enemy to move troops to Wilmington to defend it. After the expedition sailed from Fort Monroe three days of fine weather were squandered, during which the enemy was without a force to protect himself. Who is to blame will, I hope, be known.

U. S. GRANT,
Lieutenant-General.

The opinion held by the commanding general was for the most part shared by the rank and file of the army. Writes one: "General Butler is no longer in command, and nearly every soldier in the Army of the James rejoices in the fact. He has been very unpopular, especially now that Fort Fisher is taken. I never had any confidence in him as a military commander."

Whatever may have been said by reporters of the press, the writer does not remember ever to have heard a cheer given by the troops for General Butler, such as is almost always called out by a popular leader, as he appears in the presence of his men.

During the month of December, the Tenth and Eighteenth Corps were discontinued. The white troops were formed into the Twenty-fourth Corps, while the colored troops, together with Ferrero's Division of the Ninth Corps, formed the Twenty-fifth. General Ord was placed in command of

the Twenty-fourth Corps, General Weitzel of the Twenty-fifth. For the rest of our term of service, we were in the Third Brigade, commanded by General Roberts ; Third Division commanded by General Devens, Twenty-fourth Corps.

Many hours of camp life during this last winter were enlivened by the music of the different bands, among which were those belonging to our own regiment and to the Fortieth Massachusetts. What the gift of song is to a bird, such is the gift of a band to a regiment. Near the beginning of December came news of the death of Captain Jennings of Company E, who had been wounded on the day of the capture of Fort Harrison. While falling back from ground captured at the left of the fort, but rendered untenable by reason of the gunboats, he was shot through the lungs. He was a good officer and loved by the men, an illustration of the worthy, modest men who died for their country. Of a like character and spirit were multitudes in the ranks whose names appear less frequently in public. The following may illustrate : Private —— died in the hospital, of whom his Captain reports that his only fault, if it be such, was that of staying at his post in the ranks till his health was so far gone that recovery was impossible. When his condition was discovered by his Captain, he was asked why he had not sought an excuse from the doctor. His reply was, " There were so many that fell out because of sickness, real or feigned, that I would not, lest they should say that I was shirking duty."

A little before Christmas we enjoyed a visit from Captain Jeremiah M. Shepard, formerly of Company K. He came among us no longer with the elastic step of his former days, when he so proudly and successfully led his company, but with the halting step of a wooden leg that had taken the place of that honored limb left at the battle-field of Drewry's Bluff, on the 16th of the previous May. His efficiency as an officer and his social qualities had won a large place in the hearts of the men.

In November a petition was signed by all the commissioned officers in the regiment, also by the brigade and division surgeons, and forwarded to Governor Buckingham, asking for the appointment of J. N. Parker, hospital steward, as surgeon of our regiment. Because of his fidelity in his work and his ability as seen in dealing with the sick, it was thought by all that he was both entitled to the office and would fill it with credit. But the fact that he had no diploma conferring upon him the title of "M. D." prevented. His subsequent life fully sustained the confidence reposed in him at that time. In the early days of the following January, Nehemiah Nickerson, formerly assistant-surgeon of the Sixteenth Connecticut Volunteers, arrived at camp, bearing the commission of surgeon of our regiment. He soon won the confidence and respect of all. Not a little interest was awakened by the recital of his experience as a prisoner in the hand of the enemy while a member in his former regiment.

Among the organizations that proved a great help to the soldiers were two, the Christian Commission and the Sanitary Commission. The latter was created by the Secretary of War and charged with the distribution of "relief" to the soldiers during the war, including food, clothing, medical stores, hospital supplies, etc. To those of our men who suffered in the hospital there came from the Commission much that was helpful, while some among those at the front in active service received through the medical authorities useful gifts that made our hardships less. The Christian Commission was organized by the Young Men's Christian Association for the purpose of ministering both to the physical and spiritual well-being of the soldiers. Their agents appeared with willing hands to help, where they could minister to the sick or wounded. They distributed Christian literature and freely offered their services in coöperation with the chaplains in promoting religious worship. Money and gifts were distributed by these agencies valued at over six million dollars.

In February, religious meetings were conducted in our brigade under the direction of agents sent out by this Commission. There was an attendance of some two hundred or more at each of the meetings. This assistance supplementing the work of the chaplains was gladly received, and grateful witnesses left testimony as to the good accomplished. The spirit engendered by the Articles of War and that by the Sermon on the Mount seemed somewhat different, though neither conflicts with the other. Each should be helpful to the other. Some of our most efficient officers on both sides were eminent Christian men, their very military discipline tending to strengthen their virtues. And yet to attempt to take advantage of the form of Christianity while destitute of its spirit only leads to discomfiture. The following story is told of an ambitious Colonel, better versed in military tactics than in the Sermon on the Mount. Hearing one day that quite a number from a neighboring regiment had expressed, by rising in meeting, a desire to lead a Christian life, he remarked, "Do you say that twenty-five rose for prayers in —— Regiment?" "Yes," was the reply. Then, turning to his Sergeant-Major, he exclaimed, "Sergeant-Major, detail forty men from our regiment to rise for prayers to-night. I won't be beaten by that regiment."

On Christmas somewhat extensive arrangements were made for amusements and a well-arranged programme provided. Heavy clouds with rain in the morning delayed the opening of exercises, but about noon the breaking clouds invited the soldiers to commence their games. First, two men got drunk near the sutler's tent and created no little disturbance. This was quickly quelled and quiet restored. This episode, however, was not on the programme, but was thrown in as extra by the participators. Then as the programme proper was given there were exhibited foot-races, hurdle-races, catching a pig by the tail, climbing a greased pole. Upon a raised platform was a cheese-box half-filled with meal, within which was hidden a fifty-cent piece. Two colored boys with hands tied

behind their backs dove with their heads into the meal in search of the money. The one who could secure it with his mouth became its possessor. These exercises were carried out mainly by the One Hundred and Eighty-eighth Pennsylvania and Second New Hampshire. In this last winter of our experience as soldiers, we suffered little from the inclemency of the weather as compared with our first winter. We had learned by experience to provide better quarters and were able to take better care of ourselves. Consequently our health was generally good, with no epidemic of fever as during the year before.

THE FREDERICKSBURG RAID IN MARCH, 1865.

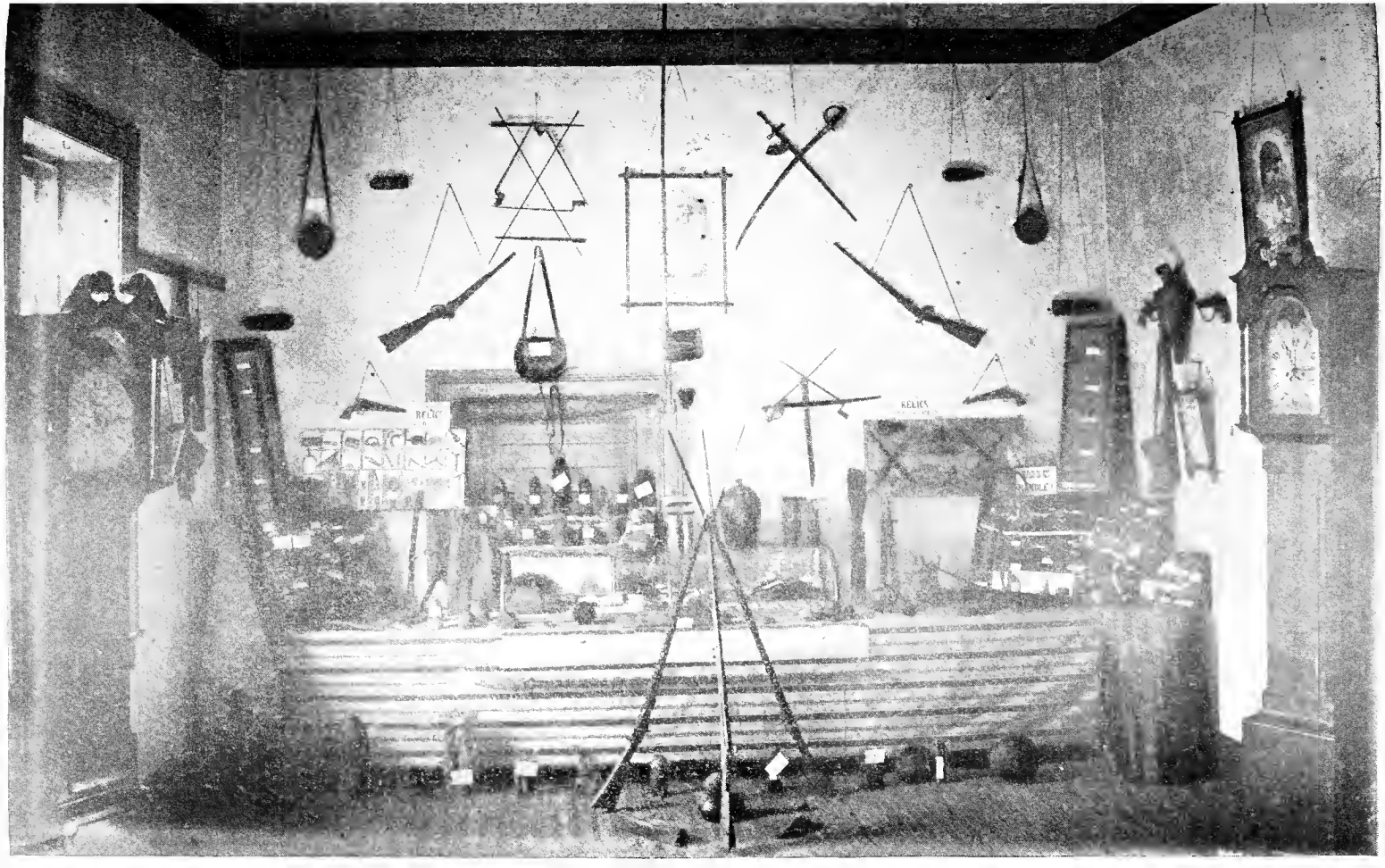
AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BY CAPTAIN W. S. HUBBELL AT THE NINTH REUNION OF THE TWENTY-FIRST REGIMENT CONNECTICUT VOLUNTEERS, IN SOUTH COVENTRY, MAY 16, 1878.

In one of the periodicals of the American Peace Society we find objection made to the gay uniforms and equipments of a soldier. Instead of scarlet and gold, the critic proposes to dress the warrior in colors of mourning. Let him put crape instead of plumes on his chapeau, and let him make no attempt to disguise his murderous business. Doubtless this opponent of war would rejoice to destroy every martial decoration, and to make every camp-fire cheerless and every march a funeral procession. But, we who know that a man can be a soldier, and yet have no murder in his heart, or crime upon his hands, are confident that this gloomy and sepulchral view of the profession of arms is not likely to find favor in the world. * * * * The Fredericksburg raid of March, 1865, is to be our theme to-day, and we are setting

out on a military frolic, instead of a weary march with a bloody encounter at its close. Be it remembered, however, that when our marching orders came to us, we had every reason to imagine that we were to be led at once to a murderous assault upon those impregnable earthworks encircling Richmond.

The time of our story, as we have just said, is the spring of the last year of the war, within a month of the great collapse of the Southern Confederacy. We were housed in snug quarters behind Fort Harrison, the nearest point of all the army of besiegers to the rebel capital, it being only about four miles along the Varina road to Richmond. * * * * The month of February had closed with cheering tidings from Sherman. Charleston and Columbia were reported captured, and shotted salutes of one hundred guns were fired in honor of the victory, as also a day or two later over the surrender of Fort Fisher at Wilmington. The air was full of rumors by day. and the picket line at night drove a brisk business in receiving deserters.

March 1st was celebrated by a horse race on the Newmarket road, between some of the corps and division staff, and at evening our Brigade Commander received private warning that we were to move on the first pleasant day. All day Tuesday, March 2d, the rain fell in torrents, and on Friday there was still more rain. The pickets and the fatigue duty details were muddy and bedraggled enough, and a whiskey ration scarcely consoled them for their dismal exposure. Our Brigade Commander, General S. H. Roberts, was corps officer-of-the day on Friday, and was suddenly summoned to corps headquarters about noon, whence he returned to our camp with the following orders: The brigade was to be at Deep Bottom by noon of the following day, there to take transportation for a secret expedition. Each enlisted man must carry sixty rounds of ammunition on his person, ten ambulances with forty stretcher-bearers, and ten days' rations to accompany the command. When the force is all em-



RELICS IN EXCHANGE HOTEL, FREDERICKSBURG COMRADE ELANDER COTTON, PROPRIETOR.

barked the Brigade Commander and his Adjutant-General are to report in person to General Grant at City Point, and there receive further instruction. Such was the startling message. * * * *

The next morning, March 4th, just about the time when the inauguration exercises were beginning at Washington, and Lincoln was taking his second oath of office, we started on our march of five miles to where our transports lay The rain had not ceased and the roads were knee deep with mud alongside the corduroy. By four o'clock, our brigade, including the Twenty-first Connecticut, Fortieth Massachusetts, Fifty-eighth and One Hundred and Eighty-eighth Pennsylvania, and the Second New Hampshire were all packed on board ship, and at 4:30 the flotilla dropped down stream below City Point, while General Roberts and his Adjutant went ashore to hold their mysterious interview with the Commander-in-chief. Few of us, at that time had ever seen General Grant, and probably not one of us all had ever exchanged a word or even a salute with the taciturn Ulysses. Curiosity was doubly aroused, therefore, in the visitors, first to see the redoubtable warrior, and second to learn from him our probable fate during the ten days to come. He was seated in the roughly boarded hut where his Adjutant-General's office was established, and with him were General Rawlins, Colonel Bowers, Colonel Dent, and the full-blooded Indian, Colonel Parker, of his staff.

The military family were just about to dine, and by invitation of him who wore the stars, we followed the procession to the modest cabin, where dinner was spread on a deal table with pieces of shelter tent for table cloth. Here we were presented to Mrs. Grant and Mrs. Rawlins, and sitting down nearly opposite the General, partook of the plain soldier's fare which was set before us. It was truly difficult to realize our hunger in the presence of such a dinner party, but after all much food mechanically found its way to our mouths as usual. No drink, save water, coffee and tea was visible,

either here or in the office we had just left. Truth requires us here to state that General Grant's headquarters was the only abode of any officer of rank which we ever visited during the war, where we were not offered, or did not discover whiskey to drink.

Dinner concluded, the officers returned to the Adjutant-General's quarters and General Grant began his verbal instructions to General Roberts. Soon he paused and said, "I will write out your orders for you." Taking pen in hand, General Grant lit a fresh cigar and wrote steadily for several minutes, interspersing an occasional word in the conversation which went on between the others already mentioned. Having covered four pages of large-sized letter paper with instructions, the manuscript was copied by Colonel Bowers and the copy securely locked in a desk drawer and the precious original handed to General Roberts, who was wished all success, and at once departed for the steamer "Metamora" and Hampton Roads. The secret of our destination was therefore known to but two persons in our brigade, and at least one of these two found the secret a very uncomfortable one to carry, since he was beset by the curious with questions at every turn of his path. Another steamer now joined our expedition, on board of which was a detachment of the First New York Mounted Rifles, under Colonel Sumner, and at Fortress Monroe our little fleet was swelled by the addition of three navy and two army gunboats as a convoy

The demand for Rappahannock pilots to man our five steamers first gave a clue to our course, and all day Sunday the reporters were edging about our transports to pick up information of what might be our errand. By five o'clock in the afternoon we were ready to start, and with the weather clear but cold we steamed away toward the beautiful river. Monday morning found us well advanced up the Rappahannock, and our gunboats shelled the rebel signal stations vigorously as we passed on. At the Tippehannock station, the "Northener," with one thousand troops on board, got

aground, and the "Harger," which was following close in her wake, ran into the big transport, smashing her guards and creating much confusion. This, however, was the only mishap of the voyage. A gunboat went to the "Northerner's" relief and after some hours' delay, pulled her off the shoal, while the rest of the expedition kept on the winding river, picking their way daintily past the suspected torpedoes, now and then sighting a rebel scout on either bank, and at last between five and six o'clock on Monday afternoon, March 6th, reached the wharves of Fredericksburg in safety.

In his verbal instructions, General Grant had stated that a large quantity of tobacco was about to be sent from Richmond to Fredericksburg to be smuggled across the lines, and to be exchanged for bacon from New York. This they were directed to seize and destroy. We were ordered to take the city, if it could be captured without loss, but were not to risk our men if the city was stoutly defended. "However," said Grant, "I think you will find no rebel troops there, except a provost guard." The tobacco train could not come nearer than four miles to the city, on account of the tearing up of the track, but was to be sought at a place called Hamilton's Cross Roads, where was also a railroad bridge, which we were directed to burn. This Cross Roads was therefore our first objective point, and as we were allowed to land without opposition, the cavalrymen and their horses were speedily disembarked, a guide secured, a squadron mounted, and with Captain Elder as aide-de-camp, were soon tearing away over the hills toward the expected train. This all-important move being well begun, the Fortieth Massachusetts were gotten ashore, a picket detail sent off and posted, a strong patrol organized to watch the streets, and the gunboats anchored with their broadsides to sweep all the approaches to our camp on land and water. All the men save the troopers and the Fortieth Massachusetts were kept in snug quarters on shipboard, much to the disgust of those who anticipated a roving night of it in Fredericksburg.

Meantime the brigade headquarters had been moved up to the rebel Provost Marshal's office, whither a negro guided us General Roberts himself was delayed opposite Port Royal in helping off the "Northerner," but the staff officers had full instructions, and were able to push matters in his absence. Our coming seemed to take the city by surprise, and yet some of them, after a sort, expected us, and had an idea that the move was under a flag of truce to exchange this tobacco for bacon. We were told that the rebels had, under this impression, removed the torpedoes from the rivēr to facilitate our approach. At all events, we found the Confederate sentry walking his beat in front of their Provost Marshal's office, and nineteen loaded muskets in the rack behind him. The sentry declared that he had no instructions different from usual, and the rest of the guard to whom the muskets belonged had gone to supper. He was, of course, disarmed and made a prisoner, when the captured ordnance was removed to a place of safety. Likewise the Quarter-Master's office was visited, that official leaving his bed warm in his sudden flight. Such poor rations as his stock contained were given to the hungry crowd of women and negroes who accompanied us. These in turn informed us of several houses where the rebel soldiers were concealed, and ten or a dozen prisoners were thus secured.

Amongst others were two who made a stout resistance, and emptied their revolvers before yielding. One of these proved to be Sergeant Shadburne, the chief of Wade Hampton's scouts, a notorious guerilla, concerning whom General Meade telegraphed from City Point, that his capture was of more consequence than all the rest of the work done by the command. While the city was thus being scoured for captives, a rattling of wheels and clattering of sabres was heard from an approaching party in the direction of Hamilton's Cross Roads, and three mule teams with a cavalry escort, drew near as the first fruits of our reconnoissance toward Richmond. Colonel Sumner's riflemen had reached the railroad bridge almost

simultaneously with the expected train. The engineer, who was pushing the freight cars in front of his locomotive, hastily uncoupled his engine and steamed back whence he came, leaving the train of twenty-eight cars in our possession. Our men had cut the telegraph, burned the bridge, and taken possession of their booty.

Their capture included the Quarter-Master's wagons sent out from Fredericksburg, to transport the tobacco to the city, and into these wagons the delighted cavalrymen had tumbled a few sample bales of the best "Lynchburg smoking and chewing tobacco," worth at that time two dollars a pound in gold at Richmond. A strong picket had been left to guard the train, and the escort had come in to report for orders. Just at this opportune moment, General Roberts appeared, having brought up the "Northerner" with her one thousand men, and was very naturally full of anxiety to learn how matters stood.

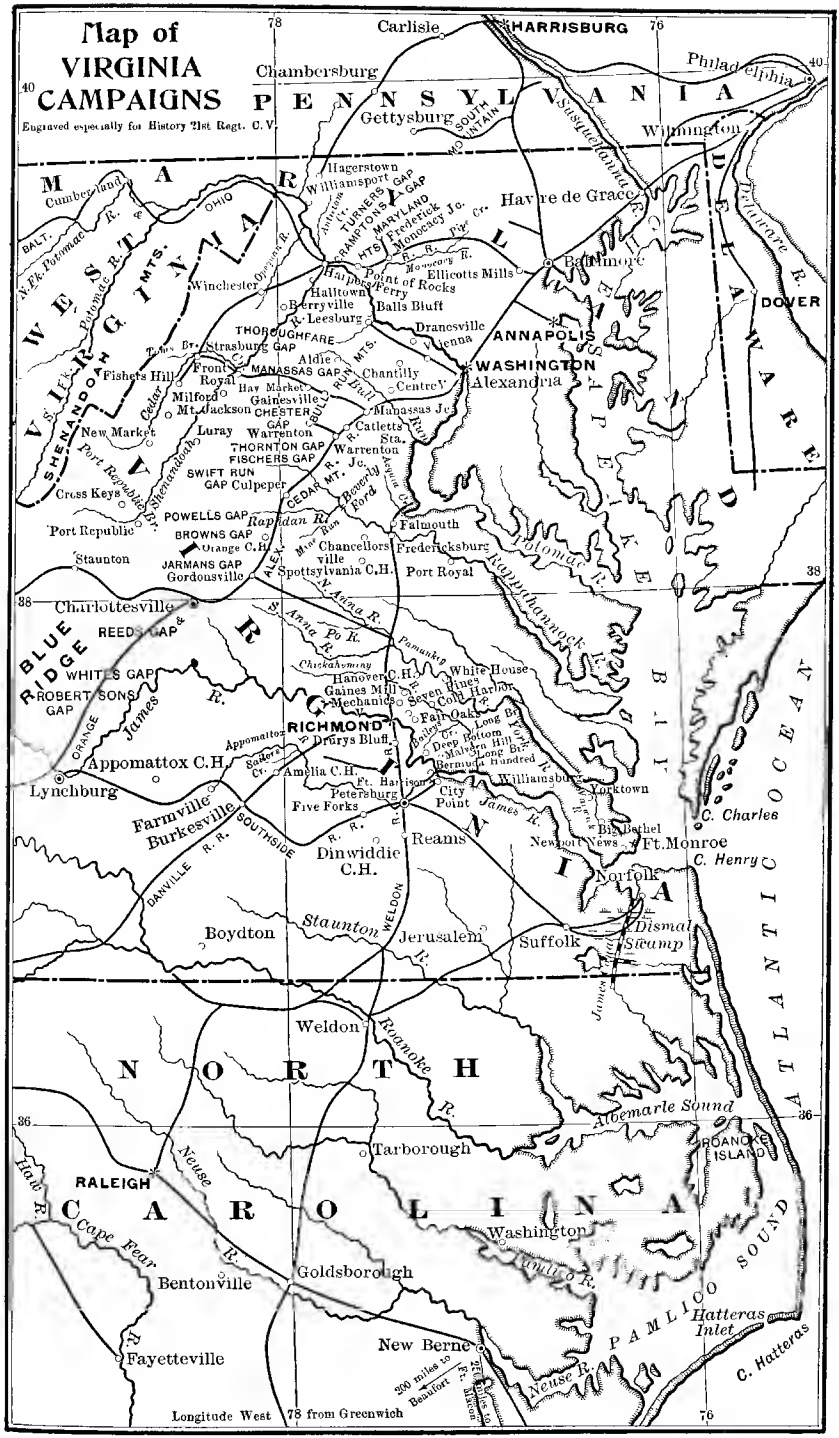
At daybreak all were eager for the rest of our task. The cavalry were sent out again to the Cross Roads, where the teams were again loaded with all the tobacco they could transport, and the residue was burned. * * * * Having destroyed such Confederate property as we could not bring away, we took on board our pickets, lingered long and whistled loud for stragglers, and about sunset weighed anchor for our return.

By the morning of Wednesday, March 8th, we were thirty miles down the river, and with daylight a cloud of tobacco smoke ascended from each steamer. This was the incense of our final farewell to Fredericksburg. We reached Fortress Monroe at ten o'clock that night, and forthwith telegraphed to City Point for orders. General Grant was so gratified with the result of our raid that he forwarded permission for us to be absent a week longer, and directed us to proceed up the Coon River into the region between the Rappahannock and the Potomac, where Moseby was wintering his men and accumulating supplies. The damaged "Northerner" was re-

placed by the "Pioneer" and the "Massachusetts," and these with the "Mathilda" were sent to Norfolk and Portsmouth to coal. We consumed three days in thus renewing our supplies, and by Saturday, the eleventh, were ready to start once more. Our little squadron steamed up the lovely Chesapeake Bay, past the Rappahannock and the York Rivers into the mouth of the Potomac, where at dark we cast anchor off Pinley Point.

Here we were to receive fresh orders by telegraph from Grant to the naval officer on shore. * * * * In accordance with instructions, we started down the river at 5 A. M. the next day, and soon turned into the Wycomico Creek, where amongst the oyster beds we found an excellent landing place, and no enemy to dispute our coming ashore. Everyone was heartily glad to set foot on the wharf, and soon the column was formed for a march of discovery on land. The cavalry were sent out to find the enemy, and found him in very lively condition a few miles distant. Our horses were badly cramped, and their courage wilted by standing on deck of the transports, exposed to the cold wind and rains of the previous days, while Moseby's foragers were in splendid condition and spirits, and full of audacious pranks. They would ambush our troopers in the woods, and suddenly dart off after giving a volley from behind a brush heap or wood pile. At one cross roads they actually gobbled up an unwary cavalry-man and carried him off prisoner, horse and all, right under the very noses of the main body of his friends. Probably there were not fifty of the rebs, all told, but they were as spry as crickets, and were liable to appear anywhere at any moment. They seemed to enjoy the skirmish much better than did Colonel Sumner's men, and they would not wait for the infantry to come up and engage them in a square fight.

We marched about eight or nine miles towards Kinsale and Hague, burned a storehouse of bacon, a blacksmith's and cooper's shop, where rebel wagons were being manufactured,


Map of
VIRGINIA
CAMPAIGNS
Engraved especially for History 21st Regt. C. V.
PENNSYLVANIA
MARYLAND
WEST VIRGINIA
VIRGINIA
NORTH CAROLINA
DELAWARE
ATLANTIC OCEAN
Carlisle
HARRISBURG
Philadelphia
Chambersburg
Gettysburg
Wilmington
Havre de Grace
Baltimore
Hagerstown
Williamsport
Winchester
Harpers Ferry
Point of Rocks
Ellicotts Mills
Halltown
Berryville
Leesburg
Balls Bluff
Dranesville
Vienna
ANNAPOLIS
WASHINGTON
Alexandria
DOVER
THOROUGHFARE
Strasburg GAP
Aldie
MANASSAS GAP
Chantilly
Centre V.
Fishers Hill
Front Royal
Milford
Hay Market
Gainesville
Mt. Jackson
CHESTER GAP
Manassas Jc.
Catletts Sta.
New Market
Luray
Warrenton
THORNTON GAP
FISCHERS GAP
Warrenton Jc.
SWIFT RUN GAP
Culpeper
Cross Keys
Port Republic
POWELLS GAP
BROWNS GAP
Orange C.H.
Staunton
JARMANS GAP
Gordonsville
Falmouth
Chancellorsville
Fredericksburg
Spottsylvania C.H.
Port Royal
Charlottesville
REEDS GAP
BLUE RIDGE
WHITES GAP
ROBERT SONS GAP
Hanover C.H.
Gaines Mill
Mechanics
Seven Pines
White House
Cold Harbor
Fair Oaks
RICHMOND
Drurys Bluff
Appomattox C.H.
Lynchburg
Amelia C.H.
Ft. Harrison
Petersburg
Five Forks
City Point
Williamsburg
Yorktown
Farmville
Burkesville
Reams
Dinwiddie C.H.
Big Bethel
Newport News
Ft. Monroe
C. Charles
C. Henry
Norfolk
Dismal Swamp
Boydton
Jerusalem
Suffolk
Weldon
Tarborough
Albemarle Sound
ROANOKE ISLAND
RALEIGH
Washington
Goldsborough
Bentonville
Fayetteville
New Berne
PAMLICO SOUND
Hatteras Inlet
C. Hatteras
Longitude West 78 from Greenwich

destroyed several granaries and cavalry sheds, and collected a large herd of cattle and sheep, besides geese, turkeys, and small poultry innumerable. * * * * We reached camp at dark, and for once there was no grumbling over short rations. Food was never before so gloriously abundant and varied, and fat men and lean men smiled alike with unctuous content. By the light of the blazing pitch pines, the process of reloading began at eleven o'clock, and it was not until half-past three in the morning that all were aboard, and the gun-boats began the fun of shelling the woods to cover our departure. This cannonade was distinctly heard at Fort Monroe, and was thought to portend a great disaster. * * * * But we were quietly sleeping off our spree, as we steamed away to Point Lookout, where we proposed to take in a supply of water for the steamers.

On reaching there at daylight, however, we received orders from General Grant to proceed at once to the White House, at head waters of the Pamunkey, and there entrench, to await the arrival of Sheridan, who was coming across on his great raid from Winchester, through the Shenandoah Valley, where he had crushed General Early, and had made fearful havoc with canals, railroads, and commissary stores. He was on the north side of the Pamunkey, and Longstreet was following him down along the south bank of the river. Our mission was, therefore, to help him across at White House Landing. This was another pleasant job, on which we entered with alacrity, as a delightful alternative to the earthworks before Richmond. We set sail, therefore, at once for Yorktown, which we reached at 4 A. M. the next day.

At Yorktown we woke up the telegraph operator, and sent a dispatch reporting progress to General Grant, after which we continued up the York River to the crooked Pamunkey, and for the third time thread our tortuous way to the White House, where we drop anchor at 3 P. M. How familiar the old camp ground appeared! There was the site of McClellan's headquarters, and the vast array of empty tin cans,

which former soldiers had left behind; there was the seat under the locust where Washington once courted the widow Curtis; and there, at the end of the once beautiful avenue, was the remains of the old Curtis mansion. The charred and dismantled railroad bridge on the West Point & Richmond road, looked as natural as life, and one of our gunboats was pushed through above the bridge so as to be able to command the approaches from that side toward our camp. Our troops were soon ashore, and we formed line of battle on the same spot as in June, 1864. A new and interior line of defense was hastily worked out, which our brigade could cover, while a heavy detail of skirmishers was sprinkled along the old earthworks of the peninsular campaign. * * * * The last orders directed all to be under arms at daybreak.

Dawn never came quicker to a sound sleeper than to us on Wednesday, for the cavalry bugles blew the reveille long before any of us desired to be stirring. No signs of Longstreet appeared, although, in fact, he was hovering near us, and, as he himself has acknowledged since the war was over, would have attacked us at once, if we had not guarded well against a surprise. Lieutenant-Colonel Dent, the brother-in-law and aide of General Grant, came up the river at noon with two of Sheridan's scouts, who were furnished with horses, and, dressed in rebel uniform, started out to find their commander. Colonel Sumner and his troopers were directed to return to Yorktown, and we, to wait with watchfulness till Sheridan appeared.

On Thursday, several of Sheridan's scouts came in. They were villainous looking fellows, dressed in butternut throughout, with slouched hats and the swaggering air of a horse thief. They were heavily armed, carrying two or three revolvers apiece, and were just the kind of fellows one would not rejoice to meet on a dark night and a lonely road. Their pockets seemed full of money, both gold and greenbacks, and they were plentifully furnished with watches and jewelry. The two who first arrived, after satisfying their hunger, fell to

gambling at euchre with ten-dollar gold pieces for stakes. They reported Sheridan not far off, and a battle likely on the morrow Colonel Babcock, of Grant's staff, also arrived at evening, and at his suggestion, the whole brigade was put under arms at four o'clock the next morning.

No attack came, however, but about noon General Forsythe, chief of Sheridan's staff, appeared, and a little later two wounded cavalrymen, who had been bushwhacked and mortally hurt with buckshot on the picket line, were brought in and sent on the "Metamora" to Hampton. At ten o'clock the next day General Sheridan appeared with General Merritt and their staff, and with an escort of more than a thousand contrabands, who seemed to think the millennium had dawned and freedom was now assured.

All was now bustle and excitement. The railroad bridge was planked over, and on Sunday morning the victorious troopers began to wade across. First came the gallant Custer, with his long yellow hair and his flaming red neck-tie, and behind him the twenty captured flags from the Winchester fight, and numerous trophies of the raid. Custer's subalterns followed his fashion, and sported enormous streams of red about their necks. Then came the division of Merritt and Devens, with the light batteries and the pontoon train, till the entire force of fifteen thousand splendid cavalry had filed past. Two thousand disabled horses were at once shipped to Fort Monroe, and the dismounted men were forwarded to City Point, where fresh horses awaited them. As for us, the infantry, not to be outdone, we resumed drill, and had several imposing brigade parades on Terbert's plan, with officers mounted. Sheridan witnessed and approved, and bestowed his autograph freely on any one who asked it of him.

After three days of this sport, all things were ready for the march across to the James River, and on Friday morning we started for the Chickahominy, with Wells' Cavalry Brigade as escort. The troopers cut up the roads and bridges so badly that our infantry brigade was allowed the precedence.

At Jones' Bridge a pontoon was laid, and the Twenty-first Connecticut was the first to cross, and formed in echelon on the heights beyond the Chickahominy, to protect the passage. By next morning the rear column was safely over, and we marched pleasantly on over ground consecrated by repeated battles and drenched with the blood-shed of the peninsular campaign. At 2 P. M., we passed through Charles City Court House, and the roads being fine and the men marching well together with no straggling, we reached Harrison's Landing at 6 P. M., where we occupied an old camp ground, literally swarming with rabbits. To Jack, the black and tan terrier at headquarters, this was the most exciting part of the journey, as he had all the live rabbit he could assist in slaying. Here was more fresh meat for supper, and the men were so amiable as not to growl at moving on to accommodate Custer's brigade. Our day's travel had been twelve miles.

At six the next morning we were in marching order, but waited four weary hours for the cavalry to file past, since it was our turn to be rear guard. Passed over Malvern Hill, where the mad Magruder once lost the flower of Lee's army in a reckless assault, and pushing close on after the troopers, we reached Deep Bottom at dark, and entered our old line at Spring Hill.

So ended our lark, and the Fredericksburg Raid with its sequel at the White House, forms one of our pleasantest memories of the war.

A final consequence deserves to be mentioned ere we close. Sheridan, on leaving us, went to the extreme left of the armies before Richmond, and a few days later at Five Forks succeeded in turning the Confederate right and starting Lee out of his stronghold. In consequence of our recent journey, many of the men being footsore, our division was chosen to occupy the entrenchments, while the rest of the corps marched off toward Farmville in pursuit of Lee. Hence to us fell the privilege of first entering Richmond, and of occupying the rebel capital for many weeks thereafter. We

had fought in the trenches and in the open fields before it, long enough to be worthy of the honor, even if we at last entered its streets without firing a gun. There was no unfairness in the order which permitted our division to inscribe Richmond on their banners.

To the old Twenty-first Connecticut, the word Fredericksburg has two-fold associations. The first memories are terrible. They suggest that fearful and useless slaughter on the plain in front of Maryé's Heights in 1862, when our regiment, by the interval of one brigade only, escaped the fatal orders to charge and be cut to pieces. The indiscriminate huddle of thousands in the streets of Fredericksburg, on the night after that battle under Burnside, is a pleasant memory, only, that it stirs gratitude that any of our soldiers escaped. Stonewall Jackson is said to have urged that all the rebel batteries open that night and pour their shell into the city, where it was known that our men were massed in confusion. But Lee, supposing that none could escape before daylight, shrank from the terrible slaughter of this cannonade. The following morning revealed the Federal army safely across their pontoons at Falmouth.

Between December 16, 1862, and March 6th, 1865, we passed through many perils and many pleasures. But the last visit to Fredericksburg was surely the best which war could do to obliterate the memory of its own horrors. As on that latter visit, we strolled out to the sunken road at the foot of the Convent Heights, and realized for the first time how in that road, behind the face wall, the enemy without danger to themselves could shoot down our men like bullocks, and then glanced up the terraced hillside, where row after row of musketeers poured down their plunging fire on our advance, and noted the mounds on the plain where our dead were buried as they fell, we felt grateful that the fury of the war was so nearly spent, and that we were so far away from the charging and countercharging at Richmond.

We may rejoice to-day not only that our last visit to Fredericksburg was bloodless, and our last memories of it ludicrous instead of ghastly, but also we may give thanks that no marching orders will take us there again. For though times of war make heroes, yet times of peace are better still.

"Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments,
Our stern alarms changed to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures,
Grim visaged war, for us hath smoothed his wrinkled front."

HEADQUARTERS TWENTY-FIRST CONNECTICUT VOLUNTEERS,

Near Fredericksburg, Va.,
December, 16, 1862.

SIR—I forward herewith a list of casualties in this regiment in the battle of Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862:

A number are reported missing, but they could not have fallen into the hands of the enemy, and it is presumed they will turn up now that the danger is apparently over.

It is my duty and pleasure to testify to the gallantry, coolness, and enthusiasm displayed by the regiment during the time it was under fire, and to the fortitude and alacrity with which they fulfilled every duty required of them during four days of excitement, danger, and suffering. The officers in particular have, without exception, shown themselves well worthy of the trust reposed in them.

List of casualties in the regiment in the battle of Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862:

Wounded—Lieutenant and Adjutant Clarence E. Dutton, in body, slightly; Private D. S. Hawkins, Company A, in head, slightly; Corporal Frank Hough, Company C, in leg, slightly;

Privates John Fitzgerald, Company H, in breast, dangerously; Charles W Prentiss, Company I, in head, seriously; Joseph H. Daniels, Company I, in leg, slightly.

I am, sir,

Yours, very respectfully,

A. H. DUTTON,
Colonel Commanding.

To the Adjutant-General.

Captain William Spittle, of the Twenty-first, is at his home in New London, sick.—*From New London Day, December, 1862.*

REBEL SCOUTS.

CHAPTER XX.

BERMUDA HUNDRED.

(December, 1864.)

After the battle of July 30th, the regiment resumed its old place in the trenches on the right of the line at Petersburg, and everything about us resumed its usual quiet. The days became hotter still, and the pits more sultry, till August 15th, when a heavy shower of rain cooled the air, but as though the fates were resolved to make it unpleasant for us, we were as much troubled with the mud as we had been with the heat. An outsider, unacquainted with our war-like character, might easily have taken us all for brick-makers, so completely were we plastered with the "sacred soil of Virginia." However, after two or three days' scrubbing and scraping, we contrived to get the outer coating off, with which we felt quite well satisfied.

The 18th of August dawned upon us, dark and lowering; fit surrounding for the sad tragedy which then deprived us of another of our gallant officers. "A curse upon the traitor who fired that shot," echoed many a heart, when Captain Kenyon's breast received the fatal ball. We bore him from the field. Every possible care and attention was bestowed, but all in vain. The thread of life was snapped asunder, and

after lingering two weeks, he slept the sleep which knoweth no waking, and our list of martyrs received one more honored name.

Fatigue and exposure still told fearfully upon the regiment, so that we now frequently had but few over a hundred men for duty, and often but three officers. And at this time we remained in the pits for eleven days in succession without relief; and a part of the time the mud was up to our knees. The writer occasionally casts a sly glance with his mind's eye, back to a certain spot where lie entombed (he would not dare say how deep), a pair of "Uncle Sam's Pontoons," sacrificed to the tenacious hold of the "sacred soil." Poor old pontoons! Calm and peaceful be your rest, until the war is ended, and the sword transformed into the ploughshare, when some fortunate swain, striking deep with his plough, lustily endeavoring to reclaim the barren tract from the desolation of war, may disturb your sweet repose, and wake you to usefulness again.

At last, however, the welcome news reached us that we were to be relieved. And with lighter hearts than we had enjoyed for many a day, we bade a glad farewell to Petersburg the evening of August 26th, and the next morning at daylight, after a tedious march nearly the whole night, found ourselves behind Butler's entrenchments at Bermuda Hundred. Here we went into camp, and free from the continual whizzing of minie balls and the shriek of bursting shells, we straightened our backs once more, inhaled deep draughts of the pure air, and wandered leisurely about with none to molest or make us afraid. The relief from the extreme fatigue we had undergone was great. And our thinned ranks soon began to fill, and those of us who had weathered the storm, felt new life and vigor coursing through our veins. Thus passed the time with nothing of moment to relate, till September 28th, when just at dark we received orders to be ready to move "in light marching order," and at nine o'clock were on our way.

Everyone was on the *qui vive* to know our destination. But that was not given us to know till we reached it. Yet I think the regiment never started off in better spirits or fighting trim. We marched that evening to Aikens' Landing, on the James, where we crossed on a pontoon bridge laid during the night, threw out our skirmishers in advance, and just as the gray streaks of dawn crept up the eastern sky, by brigades in column, the gallant First Division of the Eighteenth Corps swept up the hill, which brought them in contact with the enemy's skirmishers. These, however, were pressed steadily back about four miles, to their main line of works thrown up along the crest of a hill, a strong position by nature, where they had a large, square fort mounting about eight guns, and surrounded by a ditch ten feet deep, with perpendicular sides. From this on either side, stretched a heavy rifle pit, intersected with small redoubts, mounting one or two guns, and which enfiladed our approach in every direction.

Just before our line of battle was formed, seven companies of the regiment, with our commanding officer, *then* Captain, *now* Lieutenant-Colonel J. F Brown, were sent out as skirmishers on the left of the line, where gallantly led by Captain Brown, they pressed the enemy back in the face of a heavy fire even to their stronghold. The remaining three companies, with our colors, kept on with the column. Soon we saw the black mouths of the enemy's guns frowning upon us from the crest of the hill. But without halting to look around us, or to give the enemy time to concentrate, one regiment was immediately deployed in line of battle, and closely followed by the rest of the brigade, dashed over the field. It was a fearful distance, and the white clouds of smoke from that frowning crest as the iron demons belched forth their destruction upon our advancing column, with the sure promise they gave of the death messenger, were well calculated to strike terror to the stoutest heart. But steadily that little band pushed on, unterrified, undismayed by the pitiless storm, till

weak and exhausted, they halted just at the foot of the slope and partially under cover, to rest and reform.

But our work was not yet done. And after a short pause with one fierce shout, and more determined effort, they dashed through the leaden rain waiting to receive them, on to victory The day was won. And the emblem of liberty waved over the stronghold of rebellion. Although the greater part of the regiment were nobly doing their duty at another portion of the line, yet the three small companies with the assaulting column, proved themselves veterans. And while all did well yet a few deserve special mention for their devotion to their colors, which they closely followed into the fort and proudly unfurled to the breeze.

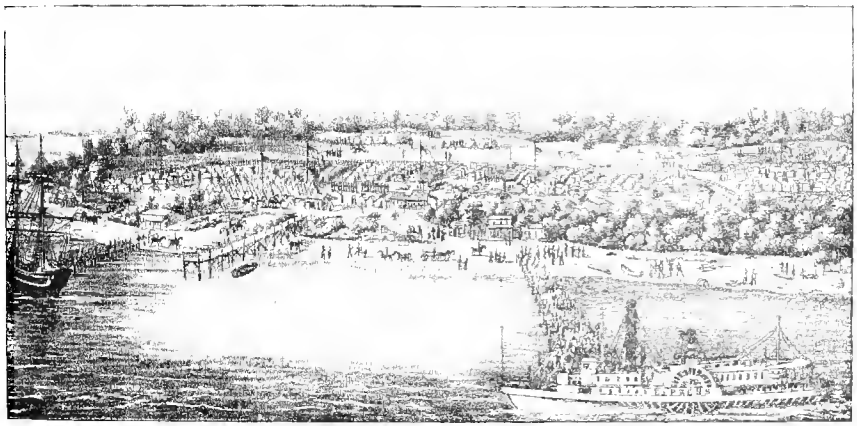
Among the first, then, Corporal Howard Camp, of Company I, although severely wounded before reaching the summit, stood by the flag he carried till safely transferred to Corporal Rix, of Company G, who bore it on, till, just as we were scaling the parapet, he, too, was wounded, but careful to see it again safe in other hands. Lieutenant, now Captain E. P Packer, of Company G, while gallantly leading his division in the charge, was seriously wounded in the head by a fragment of shell, and fell senseless a short distance from the fort.

Sergeant George P Edwards, of Company A, received a serious wound in the arm just as he leaped over the parapet. And then a little band of nine rallied round the dear old flag in the moment of victory. Curtis, of Company C; Coon, Wilcox, Tucker, and Colgrove, of Company G; Maynard and Fardon, of Company I, and Rouse, of Company K, were the first inside the fort. A gallant color guard and worthy of their colors!

But little more remains to relate. The regiment was not again engaged during the day, though subjected all the afternoon to a terrific shelling from the enemy's gunboats, which had been brought to bear upon our line, in the course of which several men were slightly wounded. But night stopped the mouths of the dogs of war, and we went busily to work

reversing the enemy's entrenchments. Just at dark, however, in withdrawing from an advanced position on the left, to our main line, the enemy made a sudden dash upon us, capturing some prisoners and materially accelerating our speed towards the main body, by a severe fire of musketry in our rear. And here again we are called upon to shed a tear over the death wound of another gallant officer, Captain H. R. Jennings, of Company E. A fatal ball crashed through his lung, and after weeks of what we thought a slow recovery, he, too, lay a still, white sacrifice upon the altar of his country. But his memory we shall ever cherish.

Surely we are doing our part in this war. On every field some noble form is laid.



ENCAMPMENT OF UNITED STATES TROOPS, AT NEWPORT NEWS, VA.

An extract from a private letter to the wife of the late Captain Henry R. Jennings, of the Twenty-first Connecticut Volunteers, from an officer high in rank and belonging to another State, contains the following eulogy upon the conduct of the gallant Twenty-first, upon several occasions, of which he was an eye witness, and which is worthy of the regiment. It reads thus:

"Great has been your sacrifice in the noble cause of our country. Brave, noble, patriotic, and able as your husband was,

he was an honor to even his magnificent regiment. When I have seen the gallant Twenty-first Connecticut Regiment in battle, I have, as an American, felt proud of them. A noble regiment, it has a splendid record. Never shall I forget their splendid behavior on that terrible 16th of May last, when the field at Drewry's Bluff was covered with from eight to ten thousand killed and wounded men of both armies, and the Twenty-first stood firm and fearless, in the terrible shock of that fearful charge, and repulsed it on their front. Many times in the heat of that conflict, I looked towards the Twenty-first, fearful that I should see them overwhelmed. They did their noble State immortal honor that day, as they have in every battle in which they have been engaged, and acquitted themselves with credit.

"September 29th, at Chapin's Farm, they performed distinguished services in the brilliant charge that captured those sixteen cannon and the enemy's line of works.

"It is a very honorable distinction to any one to have belonged to that faithful regiment."

When the meed of praise is thus bestowed by those so entirely disinterested, we may be sure it has been fairly won.

AN ALL DAY'S MARCH.

THE BATTLE OF DREWRY'S BLUFF

MAY 16, 1864.

[Extract from a poem by Rev. Theron Brown, Norwood, Mass., read at the reunion of the Twenty-first Regiment Connecticut Volunteers, at Willimantic, May 14, 1880.]

Wet with the tears of the sky, and wet with the breath of the river,
Wet with the drench of the swamps where they tramped thro' the horrible ooze,
Wet to the skin, thro' the creeks they had waded with feverish shiver,
And miles of the mud of old Chester stuck waxy and wet to their shoes.

Satire of Sabbath day rest! No church bell rung them to meeting;
Never a prayer that Sunday they heard, nor sermon, nor psalm,
Only the shout of the captain and nearer and nearer repeating,
Random shots of the skirmishers, sounding the battle alarm.

Tired to the heart of their strength with plodding o'er low land and high land,
Silent they halted at night on the dark wooded bluff of the James;
Sodden and soaked and fireless, no bed nor a meter of dry land
To lie on and nibble their hardtack, while waiting the calling their names.

Camped in the hurry of danger, they crouched on their guns till the morning,
Under the drip of the trees in the mist that smothered the shore,
Drowsing with heavy eyes, but ears awake to the warning
Crashed from the picket rifles in front of the old Tenth Corps.

Half-past four in the dawn. Hark! the big wardogs are snarling!
That was the bark of a howitzer—that was the shriek of a shell;
To your feet, every man of you! up! They are sallying out of Fort Darling,
And Heckman's banners are bent with the wind of the rebel yell.

Louder!—and fiery and short was the tug of the true and the traitor;
Brave men broke on the right where the battle was sudden and sore,
Where the foe swarmed out of the fog like fiends from the neck of a crater,
And blue met gray in the forest and mingled in blood on the shore.

Down like a whirlwind they came, and the cannon are silent that faced them.
Where are the New York squadrons? and where are the cohorts of Maine?
Down on the bold Twenty-first in the trenches where duty had placed them,
Alone of a host that with valor had battle for glory in vain.

Did they run—that Connecticut thousand? Did they cower like game to be eaten,
Left with one wing in the air, forlorn in the sweep of the fray?
No; lads of tough Yankee metal, they didn't know they were beaten;
And Johnnies come never so many, they stood like a wall in the way.

"Steady!" cries Burpee; and ghastly with gore and grimy with powder,
Breasting that tempest of death, they darted their volleys of fire,
All thro' the murk of the morn, while the terror grew thicker and louder,
They stayed there determined to fight or sink in their tracks in the mire.

See! gallant Stanton is struck! On the right brave Shepard is bleeding!
And the foe in the might of their numbers surge on like the surge of the sea,
Slaughtered, but still three to one, o'er their fallen they trample unheeding,
And rage at the handful of Spartans who never surrender or flee.

And there grand old Chaplain Brown, now swift from the caissons springing,
Rushes with rations of cartridge, feeding the patriots' guns;
Now by the wounded and dying kneels down where the bullets are singing,
Faithful to fight for his country or pray for the souls of her sons.

Veteran of two wars; since the last campaign on the border,
When Dearborn and Hampton led, and Jackson and "Tippecanoe,"
Grown gray a soldier of God, the Union found him in order
For work with his boys at the front with a sword and a Bible, too.

Blotted and blear came the sunrise. The clouds that dammed up the daylight,
Rolled with the smoke of the battle over the bold little band;
And under that horror whose shade made winter gloom of the May light,
The rebels have crushed on their flank! They are heroes, but how can they stand?

"Front to rear on the center!" They bent like a door on its hinges,
Sternly in serried square, two-faced to the terrible strain,
Like Cæsar's "elbow of battle" when trapped by the naked Tulinges,
And pushed by the wild old Swiss on the hills at the springs of the Seine.

Eight o'clock! Will the fight never cease? Will it turn to a slaughter,
Where that pale regiment struggles? How long must they struggle alone,
Fronting a whole brigade—in blood and brimstone and water—
No shout of relief from behind, no trumpet to rally them blown.

Only an orderly rode on the scene, peering at them and round them,
German, with spectacled nose, and cried as he cantered away,

"Brace up, boys! Hold them back! In a minute old Gilmore will pound them.
The rebels will turn on their tracks, and leave you the field and the day."

Still round the grim little troop rolled the war flood, swelling in fury,
And still in the search of death they gallantly held their ground;
And hot upon flesh and bone that hour of the field of old Drewry
Blistered its story of terror in many a weeping wound.

Madly they fought—but they listened in vain for the sign of assistance;
Nine o'clock—but no breeze from the left brings the burst of a cheer,
Cannon roar from the Court House, nor battle-cry in the distance,
Nor charge of the Tenth up the railroad, crowding the foe to the rear.

Bravo! They strove to the last; but their muskets are foul with their firing,
They are fewer by ten times ten than they were when the combat began.
Gone are their cartridges too—*gone where*, never think of inquiring;
They have given them away to the graybacks, a hundred rounds to a man.

Out of the useless carnage our heroes fell back at the order,
Sullen, as back from their trenches fell Bunker Hill's powderless guard,
Out of the woods; and the Johnnies, well quit of them, stop at the border,
Too glad of their riddance to follow the fighters who hit them so hard.

Out of the woods; but only for breath they halt in the meadow;
Stored with fresh ammunition and re-enforced for the fray,
They dash to their terrible work again in the thicket and shadow,
And hold the field, till the head of the army commands them away.

Woe for the fate of that day, the battle where "somebody blundered,"
Woe for the charge on the left when Gilmore had word to retire!
And woe for the pride of the brave, who bitterly murmured and wondered.
Thousands retreating unbeaten and scarcely smelling of fire.

But oh, when you talk of Richmond and tell of its battle-scarred region,
The roads and the woods, and the river below it, remember to say
How stood the gallant and stanch Twenty-first Connecticut legion
Three hours in the death-gap at Drewry on the fatal 16th of May.

SKETCH OF CHAPLAIN THOMAS G. BROWN.

Rev. Thomas Gibson Brown was commissioned as Chaplain of the Twenty-first Regiment Connecticut Volunteers, April 23, 1863, being at that time sixty-four years of age. The writer of this sketch well remembers the impression many members of the regiment had of him when he joined us. "Why is so old a man sent to us?" was the query, and "what good can he do?" Quiet, unassuming, yet active, obedient, and responsive to every call of duty, mindful of the welfare of every man, unselfish, no hardship too great, no weariness of his would at any time prevent his doing all that was possible for the physical, as well as the spiritual, well-being of even the most humble man in the regiment.

Time past, many learned to love him for himself, and his practical Christianity. His experience as a Methodist preacher, belonging to the New England Conference, had taught him how to reach and influence men, and to gain their respect.

The 16th of May, 1864, found the regiment at Drewry's Bluff, engaged in battle against fearful odds, and Chaplain Brown was with us, not at the rear, but on the front line where shot and shell were flying, ministering to the wounded and dying, wounded him-

self but staying at what he thought was his post of duty, until the regiment was ordered to fall back. On seeing him the next day, I said to him, "Why, Chaplain, are you wounded?" "Oh! that is nothing, just a scratch," was his reply. Then we found that the old man, our Chaplain, was a hero, and he had the love of every one of us. No one dared say a slighting word of Chaplain Brown in the presence of a member of the Twenty-first, after that.

This is his record—one of deeds, not words—and how we loved him. He was our father, we his boys, as he loved to call us in after years.

His father, an only son, was a soldier of the Revolutionary War. Three of his brothers served in the War of 1812, and he enlisted near the close of that war, but saw no active service. His three sons and a son-in-law, all the male members of his family, served in the War of the Rebellion; the oldest, Henry B. Brown, as Paymaster in the navy, the youngest, E. Plummer Brown, as Paymaster's Clerk, the other son, Delos D. Brown, as Captain in the Twenty-first Regiment Connecticut Volunteers, and the son-in-law, F. W H. Buell, as Lieutenant in the Twenty-first Regiment Connecticut Volunteers, dying while in the service at Chapin's Farm, Va. E. Plummer Brown died soon after the war.

March 12, 1885, twenty years after the close of the Civil War, Chaplain Brown died, and on Good Friday of that year many of his comrades of the regiment gathered at his funeral, and with sorrow and sincere affection followed his body to the tomb.

His memory is still with us, and his benign countenance, his sturdy form, his pleasant words, his cheerful smile, as he met with us at our yearly reunions, are a recollection always with us, and the influence of his service and life is a heritage which will always be ours.

He enjoyed attending the regiment's reunions and was always present. On one occasion he was presented with a cane, and in his reply to the presentation speech of Sergeant Hill, he said, "I don't see what I have ever done that you boys should love me so."

There were brave men in our regiment and faithful, but it is rare that any officer has been able to bring to himself the love, confidence and esteem of all, as did Chaplain Brown.

His epitaph, written in the hearts of his comrades, is "Duty and Love."

CHAPTER XXI.

OPERATIONS.

(Fall of 1864.)

The occupation of Fort Harrison, or Fort Burnham as it was subsequently named, in honor of the gallant leader of the Second Brigade, who there lost his life, was followed next day, September 30th, by a desperate attempt on the part of the rebels to retake the position. For this purpose a division of fresh troops was ordered up from Lee's army at Petersburg, and scarcely had we completed a temporary breastwork, before the enemy charged upon us with the utmost fury, in three separate columns. One of them struck for the right of our brigade line, and not being just then engaged, the Twenty-first was enabled to pour a galling fire into their flank, and materially assisted in their terrible repulse with heavy loss, though our men only dropped their picks and spades, and grasped their muskets just as the enemy came in view. Shortly after, another column, consisting of a brigade, charged directly upon our own front. But we were ready for them, and no sooner were they within easy range, than they received a most withering fire, as from rank to rank, volley followed volley in quick succession. Still on came that gallant band, though many bit the dust at each discharge.

Their pluck was worthy of a better cause. And as they swept down the opposite slope on the double quick, till

within fifty yards of our works, it looked for a moment as though they would surely reach us. But the most invincible courage could not stand such a fire as our brave boys poured into them. And the next tremendous volley caused them,

MUSICIAN JOHN BOLLES.

like a certain Dutchman well known to some of our readers, to "change their minds;" and more quickly than I can write it, a portion of the column faced about, and engaged in the "pursuit of happiness," at a much higher velocity than that illustrious seeker of the same, "Captain Bob Shorty."

The remainder of the column dropped to the ground and took shelter behind the bushes, and anything they could find, unable to retreat or advance. Here and there a dirty handkerchief raised above the bushes, indicated the owner's desire to surrender. Then the order, "cease firing," was given, and the air resounded with "come in, Johnnies, come in," of which invitation a large number took advantage, and found refuge and safety behind the works of the "detested Yankees."

Our picket line was quickly re-established, and being sent out by the flank, completely surrounded those who had not already given themselves up, and gathered them in. Nearly two hundred were thus secured, while the ground in our front was thickly strewn with killed and wounded. It was a sad day's work for the Johnnies, and they evidently thought so, for they made no further attempt to drive us out. As we fought behind breastworks, our losses were comparatively light. Yet a number received honorable scars, though but one was mortally wounded. The regiment here, as everywhere, did honor to its native State. I think the men never fought with more enthusiasm.

The remembrance of so many bloody fields where the enemy, protected by heavy works, had us almost at their mercy, was in every mind. And nobly did Connecticut's brave sons revenge themselves. Where all did their duty, it is hard to discriminate. Lieutenant William S. Hubbell, however, of North Stonington, and Acting Assistant Adjutant-General of the brigade, was here conspicuous for gallantry, and disregarding the numerous bits of cold lead flying about so freely, was so unfortunate as to run into one of them, which quickly put him *hors de combat.* Although a very serious wound, and one which laid him up for several months, he is now with us again, and rejoicing in the cognomen of Captain, which promotion has been most justly bestowed.

The capture of Fort Burnham ended our summer work, and the hard service and continual exposure of the campaign

was followed by a most unusual season of rest and quiet, refreshing alike to officers and men. Comfortable winter quarters were built, and although the picket and fatigue duty was sometimes rather severe, the men on the whole seemed to enjoy themselves, and appeared bright and cheerful, and the camp rung with jest and laughter.

Those brave defenders of our country's flag, who fall in its defense, cannot be too highly honored, or too long remembered. Yet, it is with feelings of sadness that we think of the loss of our gallant officer, Captain Isaac D. Kenyon, of Company B, who was mortally wounded while at his post in the trenches before Petersburg, August 18, 1864. He most deservedly possessed the respect and esteem of his brother officers. Possessing a large fund of anecdote and pleasantry, he was ever the life of the circle around the bivouac fire, and always welcome in every tent. Nor was he less welcome on account of his personal worth. He was noble and generous-hearted; brave and unflinching in battle, prompt and energetic in the performance of duty. We miss his cheerful countenance and hearty jest. But he died a noble death, and his name is enshrined upon our memories as one of our country's heroes. One of his last wishes was that he might be buried in his military suit, and that his coffin should be wrapped in the American flag. "The flag for which he left his home and friends, and died defending."

After lingering for two weeks, he died at the Eighteenth Corps Hospital, September 1, 1864, attended by his wife and brother, who had been summoned to his side. His body was embalmed and taken to his home.

About the 28th of October, the regiment joined with the rest of the corps in a movement upon the enemy at Fair Oaks, but was not actively engaged, though for some time under a severe artillery fire. After a few weeks great preparations were made for the approaching Christmas and New Year. The camp was beautifully trimmed with evergreens, the entrance of each street being graced with green arches,

the cedar boughs interspersed with red holly berries, arranged in fantastic forms, and each tent was adorned according to the taste of its occupant, some of them presenting a fit subject for the artist's pencil.

I wish I might here record the arrival of the Christmas turkeys so liberally contributed by our friends at home, for the benefit of their soldier friends, fathers and brothers, in the field. We had been led to expect a perfect feast of good things; but to our great disappointment, and to the shame of whoever was the cause of it, they failed to reach us. We had received word that a large box had been forwarded expressly for the Twenty-first, from Norwich. And our mouths were all made up for a good taste of mince pies, roast turkeys, etc., etc., and as the day approached, frequent were the inquiries if the box had come. But no box came, and we were compelled to put up with our usual allowance of salt pork and hard tack. And I deem this a fitting occasion to state for the information of our friends, that not one-fourth of the contributions for the regiment as a regiment have ever been received. I am unable to state at present upon whom the blame should fall.

But should the eye of any concerned chance to fall upon this account, it is hoped that they will be careful to conceal all evidence against them, for, should they ever be discovered, their reputation will most decidedly suffer in this regiment. But, notwithstanding the loss of our Christmas dinner, the day, though wet and muddy, was given up to festivity. And when the chance is given, one need not fear that "the boys" will fail to make merry. The men were relieved from all duty not absolutely necessary, and "got upon their muscle," and a vast amount of laughter by their sack and hurdle races, greased poles, greased pigs, pursuit of wealth under difficulties, wrestling matches, etc., ending up with a mock dress parade. And Jack Falstaff's crew certainly never presented a more ludicrous appearance than these Christmas votaries in

their improvised rags and costumes, and Christy himself could not surpass the paper collars here displayed.

If you ever have occasion to get up a "rag-shag" procession in Connecticut, don't fail to call on the Twenty-first. Their ingenuity in the line of costumes cannot be surpassed. The band, as it marched down the line, each member playing a different tune, and the bass drummer occasionally mistaking (accidentally of course), the unsuspecting pate of his file leader for the drum, and the huge appendage, like a fish's tail protruding from under the coat tails of No. 1, by his side, wagging in unmistakable approval, afforded infinite amusement to the crowd of spectators, although fearfully suggestive of a place called Bedlam.

Although it was a day of merriment long to be remembered; and if anyone retired that night without sore sides and an extra pound or two of flesh, it was not from lack of fun. New Year passed in a similar manner, and then followed another quiet spell.

The 4th of January was solemnly marked, however, by the sudden death of Lieutenant Frederick W H. Buell, of Company H, the result, it was supposed, of a congestive chill. He had been complaining but a few hours. Bullets are not always the death-messenger of the soldier. And the death of this young officer was a warning to us all that we are not free from the destroyer, merely because we are not on the field of battle.

The calm and quiet, and monotony of the past winter, has suddenly been broken by events the most stupendous, yet the most welcome. The end has come. The blood of our fallen heroes is avenged. And now the crimson current has ceased to flow. Peace, with extended wings, hovers over our land. May she never more depart from us.

Although our gallant little regiment has not been actively engaged in the closing battles of the past grand campaign, still it has performed the part assigned to it with its usual credit. And if we have lost the glory of loosing half our

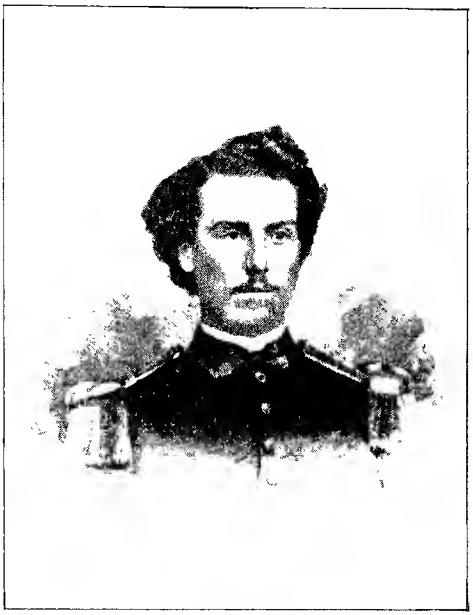
number in late actions, we feel happy that these precious lives are spared to serve their country just as faithfully, in some other manner.

Nothing of moment occurred to disturb the quiet of our camp life during the months of January and February. And we may well be thankful that we were not obliged to wade about through that notorious Virginia mud, which held full sway the greater part of the time. March 4th, however, found us breaking camp with the rest of our brigade. We, however, were going aboard transports, and the usual camp rumors were rife as to our probable destination, and about as far from the truth as usual. Fort Monroe, however, was our first stopping place, where we were joined by a small fleet of gunboats, and putting off again just at night of the fifth, our further progress was soon completely enveloped in darkness to those unacquainted with our orders.

The next morning, however, revealed our destination. For we found ourselves well on our way up the Rappahannock River, and Fredericksburg could be our only attraction in that part of the country. And at that place we arrived on the morning of March 7th. And a familiar spot it was to us, the scene of our first battle, December 13, 1862. And as we wandered through those now silent streets, that fearful scene more than two years before, was brought vividly to mind, and one looked towards those neighboring heights almost with the expectation of seeing them bristling with men and cannon. The town is but one of many sad illustrations of the devastation of war. Scarcely a house there but bore some mark of shot or shell. The greatest destitution prevailed among the inhabitants. One could scarcely pass through the town without being surrounded by a crowd of hungry women and children, begging piteously for something to eat. But as our supplies had not come up, we could not help them.

The object of our expedition was to break up an extensive and illicit traffic going on across the lines. A large amount

of supplies for the rebels was being continually smuggled across in exchange for tobacco. A large quantity of the latter article, which had just come up from Richmond for the purpose of exchange, was captured and destroyed by our forces. We remained but one day, "having accomplished the object for which we went there," and then returned to Fort Munroe, carrying over five hundred boxes of tobacco, a number of Confederate wagons and mules, and about thirty



CORPORAL JOHN G. PALMER, CHARLESTON, S. C., 1865.

rebel soldiers, surprised and captured in town. Among the latter was one of the most notorious scouts in the rebel service. We had come upon him entirely unawares.

After a short stay at the Fort, the brigade was sent off on another expedition to White House, Va., to establish a base of supplies for General Sheridan, who was then striking terror to the hearts of the inhabitants of Richmond and vicinity, by one of his most successful raids. Here the regiment remained in camp for several days, until joined by Sheridan's cavalry, when it marched with them across the

country to Deep Bottom, where we first started. Here the brigade remained until the memorable morning of April 3d, when it triumphantly marched into Richmond.

Thus the Twenty-first had the honor of being among the first troops to enter the rebel capital. But we cheerfully give the credit to those brave men, who, by their hard fighting at Petersburg, opened the door for us. We were content to be in Richmond; the goal of all our hopes and desires, and for which so much precious blood had been spilt. Its possession, however, scarcely seemed a reality. It was like a great and sudden joy, in which fact has overleaped imagination; for we had thought the only path to that goal, would be drenched with blood. But although scores of black-mouthed cannon grimly peered over massive ramparts all along the road, yet they were silent. The hand to fire the match was wanting. The enemy had evidently fled in the greatest haste, as everything was left just as it stood. Guns all in position, magazines filled with ammunition, and a large number of tents gave the Quarter-Masters a grand opportunity of squaring some of their accounts.

Nothing of importance characterized our stay in Richmond, which was rather short. We were first encamped on a beautiful hill-side just on the outskirts of the city, and near the James River, and from which a fine view of Richmond, Manchester, and the surrounding country might be obtained. Here it was that we received the news of the assassination of President Lincoln. It seemed so improbable, that at first we entirely discredited the report; but when the fact was fully substantiated, we were perfectly confounded. Men knew not what to say. But had they then been called into battle, the cry for quarter, I fear, would have been very poorly respected. In our sober reasoning, none of us believe that the Southern people had any hand in that dastardly act. But in the heat of the moment it was impossible not to associate the deed with those fighting against us, and for whose cause the blow was struck. And at first there seemed a hatred brooding in

each man's heart, which was fearful to behold, and which would have required but slight provocation to warm into a furious blaze. But happily, our glorious successes, the cessation of hostilities, and calm reflection, seem to have eradicated that feeling, and the guilt is very properly laid at the door where it belongs.

On the 28th of April, Colonel Brown was ordered to proceed with his regiment and a squadron of cavalry to Columbia, Va., a small village on the James River, fifty-six miles west of Richmond, to establish a military post, protect the inhabitants of the country during the inaction of the civil authorities, and to preserve quiet and order generally, especially among the negroes, who, under false notions of freedom, were leaving their plantations in large numbers and rushing for Richmond, which they seemed to consider was to be the Garden of Eden to them, where they would have no more work to do, but food, clothing and spending money would be freely given them out of the generous pockets of Uncle Sam. Well, we all know Uncle Sam to be a very generous old fellow, and that he is "rich enough to give us all a farm." But whether he will do it or not, is a question open to discussion. These misguided creatures, however, seemed to feel perfectly certain that he would do so, and all along the road to Columbia we met them by dozens, "trab'ling to glory."

Our marching was done by easy stages, of twelve or fifteen miles per day, so that with very little fatigue we reached Columbia on the 1st of May. And that is our present station. The regiment is somewhat divided, several companies being scattered about in different parts of the country, where troops are needed. Companies A, B, C, E, F. G, and I are encamped in town. Company D, Captain A. M. Crane, is stationed at Palmyra, about fifteen miles north-west from here. Captain Crane has been appointed Provost Marshal of the sub-district of Fluvanna County. Company H, Lieutenant Glazier in command, is stationed at Bremo Bluff, about

ten miles west from Columbia, on the James River. Company K, Captain Talcott, is at Goochland Court House, on the James River, about twenty miles distant, in the direction of Richmond. Captain Talcott is also Provost Marshal of the sub-district of Goochland County. Colonel Brown occupies one of the most pleasant locations in town, as his headquarters, and from which one has a splendid view of the James River and surrounding country. His staff is composed of the following officers: Captain W P Long, Twenty-first Connecticut Volunteers, A. A. G.; Captain Charles Fenton, Twenty-first Connecticut Volunteers, A. C. S.; Lieutenant Ransom Jackson, First Connecticut Volunteers, A. A. G. M.

We have communication generally twice a week with Richmond, by way of the James River and Kanawha Canal; one trip on a common canal boat requiring twenty-four hours. This mode of travel is extremely tedious to an enterprising Yankee. But as it is all we have, we are obliged to submit.

The Provost Marshal's office here is continually crowded with applicants for parole, the oath of allegiance, and provisions for destitute people. This department is one of the most arduous in the service, and requires a vast amount of good nature. It is a perfect school for patience. We find the male population, in profession at least, heartily glad to get back once more under the care and protection of the old Government. And all respectable citizens are taking the oath of allegiance. A good many take the "oath with sugar in it" also, when it can be obtained. And it is wonderful what an amount of sickness prevails in the community, as soon as a new barrel of whiskey makes its appearance at the Commissary. It is really amusing to see with what a relish some devotee of the God *spiritus frumenti*, who has been deprived of his grog for so long, smacks his lips after "a drink," and declares he "haint tasted nothin' like that ere for a twelve month."

The only opposition we find here is from the women. They are still a little rebellious. But their spunk becomes them so well, that we don't oppose it. However, they are like poor debtors; all they require is a little more time.

Lieutenant Jackson, our efficient Quarter-Master, is running his department with most commendable ability, fully supplying our wants in the way of clothing, etc., while Captain Fenton, our Commissary, is furnishing our stomach with the best that can be obtained. We are wholly dependent upon him for the principal articles of diet, for General Sheridan swept the country clean. Should you ever travel through this part of the country, you will not be obliged to ask twice if they remember Sheridan. Even the babes will tell you of him. A small supply of eggs, butter and milk can be obtained. As the season advances, however, early fruits and vegetables become quite plenty, so that we are even now feasting upon strawberries and cherries; and green peas have once or twice been served up at headquarters.

Our friends at home, as well as we out here, I presume, are already counting the weeks, yes days, to elapse ere our term of service will expire. Here many are so positive as to predict that we shall be at home by the Fourth of July Well, we shall all be glad to celebrate that day with you, and it is possible we may; but the least sanguine among us would not advise you to lay in a large supply of fire-crackers for our use, as it might be powder wasted. You will probably have due warning before we do come, however.

But the time cannot fly too rapidly with us. We yearn for your friendly greeting. Our long deprivation of home ties only makes them the more dear to our hearts. Welcome, then, the day when we may once more tread the soil of the noble "Nutmeg State."

SKETCH OF LIEUTENANT F W H. BUELL.

Lieutenant Frederick W H. Buell, the subject of this brief sketch, was born in the town of Chatham, Conn., in the year 1840, and was the son of Hon. William G. Buell, of that town. On the breaking out of the Rebellion, he felt it his duty to aid in its suppression, and the spirit of true patriotism firing his breast —he, with several others of his young patriotic friends, offered themselves to their country, and in the month of August, 1862, enrolled their names as defenders of right, truth and liberty.

Lieutenant Buell was a young man of much promise and worth—highly esteemed by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance —of good personal appearance and noble bearing. On the 5th of September, he was mustered into the service of the United States, at Norwich, Conn., and soon after left for the seat of war—stopping a short time in Washington, Frederick City, Pleasant Valley and Harper's Ferry, thence marching down the valley to Fredericksburg. Lieutenant Buell shared in all the toils and dangers of the camp and field, until after the investment of Petersburg. The most severe engagements in which he participated were at Drewry's Bluff and Cold Harbor. At both of these places Mr. Buell behaved with great bravery. On the 16th of May, at Drewry's Bluff, he, with the regiment, fought with great gallantry, in which we lost over one hundred men in killed and wounded. Lieutenant Buell was never wounded in battle, though his belt-plate was broken to pieces by a ball.

Lieutenant Buell was married, just before he left home, to Caroline Brown, daughter of Rev. Thomas G. Brown of Chatham. He was an only son, and greatly beloved by his parents and two sisters, and especially by his young wife. His sickness was of short duration, and terminated very suddenly on Januuary 4, 1865, at Chapin's Farm, Va., highly esteemed by his fellow officers and soldiers. His death was caused by congestive chills. Thus ended the warfare of this Christian soldier, and we trust he has entered into his rest in Heaven—this is the consolation of his friends. May we all die as well prepared.

CHAPTER XXII.

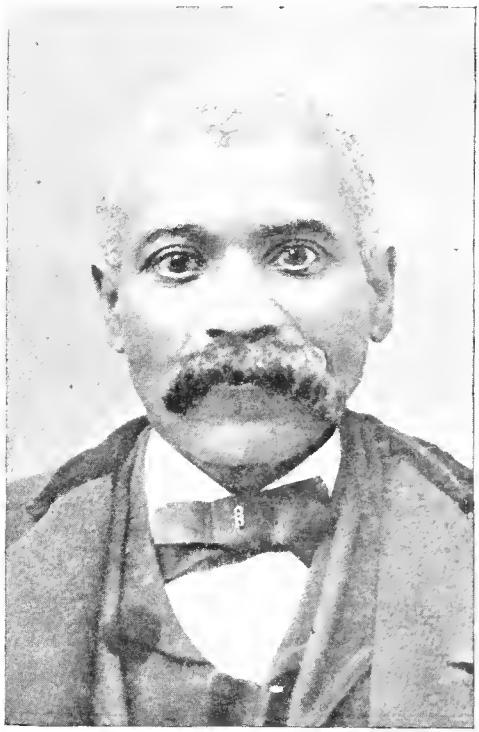
THE PRECIOUS MEMORIES OF THE VETERAN.

ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE REGIMENTAL REUNION MAY 18, 1875, BY CAPTAIN W. S. HUBBELL.

In the earlier days of our rebellion, I sat one morning in May, beneath the white canvas of a regimental headquarters. Being then a civilian, I had spent my first night as a guest in the new camp of the Twenty-first Connecticut Volunteers. It had been rather a sleepless night amid these unaccustomed surroundings, and now, soon after dawn, the young Colonel and myself were awaiting the movements of Sam. Wiley, the cook. Just then, upon our right, the flap of an "A" tent was thrown back, and there strode forth the Drum-major who with much ostentation and vigor, began to beat the signal for breakfast. As the sharp rattle died away in the hum of camp, Colonel Dutton exclaimed: "That drum-beat is a sound which I hate! For three years at West Point, I have been roused at dawn and warned to bed at night by that same alarm. I have been marched to my meals, to my studies, to drill, to parade and to church. I have scarcely taken a step without some exhortation from that beaten sheep-skin, and have often longed to escape its unwelcome

call. Yet, in spite of all this," continued he, "the sword and the drum recall memories which are dearer to me than life."

His speech expresses a truth to which every soldier's heart will respond. The details of military service may have been arduous and irksome, but the memory of the same is precious. The old reveille, that awoke us to the duties of camp and field, was oft an obnoxious and provoking sound,



SNOWBALL. (THE COLONEL'S ORDERLY).

but to-day it sets us wild to hear its well remembered notes. The "sick call" was the signal for a doleful procession to appear at the head of each company street, but the same lingering accents from the bugle would now provoke a healthy smile if given here to-day. So when "the general," "the assembly," or "to the color," were beaten in camp as warning of our departure from some desirable quarters, there

was much growling in the ranks, and disgust plainly readable upon each manly brow, but we now recall both the march and its signal with a smile of satisfaction.

It is true of war, that it looks best from a distance, and we get the benefit of this prospective, as we recede farther and farther from the times when "the Blue" and "the Gray" crossed swords on the battle-fields of the South. Those four years of fighting will seem more bewitching and incomparable as they retire into the past, and, as the survivors wax old and die, much of what annoyed and discouraged us the most in our military experience, will be most fondly cherished, and our hardest trials and severest struggles, will be the very last to be forgotten. In the retrospect, that will be the most prized which was least desired in its day. Now, that the marches, the battle, the perils are over, we would not have missed one of them all. Even scars are desirable after the wounds are healed.

Taking advantage, therefore, of this aspect of military experience, I propose to speak to-day of the "Precious Memories of the Veteran," since I am sure that the very endurance which once was a pain, can be transformed into a joy, at the touch of memory's magic wand. Those features of a soldier's life, which, like the Colonel's drum-beat, were hateful to us once, are now, as we recall them, a source of keen delight.

Taking first things first, let us begin with the memories of our enlistment day. And here, of course, it is assumed that we were all volunteers in the full and honorable sense of that word—a sense which lifted our soldiers above the scale of hirelings, and made them formidable only to the foe. There were, it is true, some exceptions to this rule—especially toward the close of our great struggle, it seemed necessary to recruit the ranks by an appeal to the unworthy and the dissolute. Substitutes were purchased at high cost, whose motives were quite mercenary and untrustworthy. But of the audience, which it is an honor for me to address to-day,

probably not one entered the service of our Government, save from high and patriotic intent. Let me, therefore, invite you to recall your enlistment day, and to refresh your memory with the details of that offering which you then made of self to country.

The waves of feeling which overspread the North at intervals during the rebellion, were most wonderful to observe. From the outset, the loyal element responded in a surprising way to the appeals from the national and state executives. When President Lincoln called for seventy-five thousand volunteers, on April 15, 1861, there was at first a general feeling that such an army could not possibly be recruited, and the South laughed with incredulity at the bare idea of enforcing such a proclamation. But the great uprising at once began, and two days later the Sixth Massachusetts left Boston for Washington. At the time of its passage through New York City, public sentiment was still undecided as to which cause should be favored in the metropolis. There were hundreds of Confederate flags, all ready to be unfurled at a moment's warning, and it is true beyond question that some of the largest newspaper offices in New York were abundantly provided with colors displaying the red, white and red, which colors were afterwards prudently concealed and replaced by the red, white and blue.

For many years I kept one of these Confederate flags given me in April, 1861, by the editor of a great New York daily, out of the stock which they had in readiness. Then, the next day, that memorable 19th of April, came the Baltimore riot, and this settled the question of enlisting with loyal thousands. Men left their farms and their merchandise, their college and their workshop, and hastened to the nearest recruiting officer to be enrolled for the defence of the old flag. At intervals in the history of our conflict, other great epochs can be marked, during which all other duties were laid aside, for the salvation of our beloved country. Under some such pressure, either sudden or gradual, we consented to sign away

our liberty in favor of "Uncle Sam." Do we not remember well the very day and hour in which we signed our names to some recruiting paper, and were enlisted beyond recall? There is an old proverb about "marrying in haste and repenting at leisure," and perhaps that view of life occurred to us, when we awoke on the morning after enlistment. Was there not a slight melancholy in the thought that henceforth we were no longer free, but must go and come according to orders?

A great blessing it was to the new recruit, that his enthusiasm came then to his aid and made him glad over the step he had taken. Straightway he hastened to decorate himself with some bit of martial regalia—a cap, or a vest with brass buttons, or some other significant trifle, which should indicate the new profession of arms now chosen. In many cases, recruits were enrolled faster than they could be equipped, and no uniforms were furnished till weeks after the troops had gone into camp.

In the exuberance of their patriotic ardor, men could not wait for Quarter-Master's supplies, but forthwith spent a part of their "bounty" in some article of dress which should advertise their belongings. The aristocracy of the North for the time being wore the blue, and indigo dyes were at a premium. Brass buttons became more lovely than prunella, or even than silver, and no head-dress was so imposing as a blue cap with a curved visor and a chin-strap easily lowered under the jawbone. Bronze became the fashionable flesh color, and white cotton gloves or buckskin gauntlets, well nigh abolished the use of kid. Lounging attitudes became rare. Men straightened up, by common consent, and bodies were held erect on the hips, inclining a little forward; heels were brought on the same line, and as near together as the conformation of man would permit; shoulders were kept square, with elbows near the body; eyes were fixed straight to the front and striking the ground about the distance of fifteen paces; while the palm of the hand was turned a trifle

outward and the little finger anxiously sought to entrench itself behind the seam of the trousers. None could be found, at least among the recruits, who did not assume a gait, modeled after that inimitable West Point carriage, and the first step of every move was inaugurated by throwing out promptly the left foot to a distance of exactly twenty-eight inches from the right heel. Add to this, a look of alertness which men wore, like an over-all, as if they feared some voice of authority might, on a sudden, call out, "Attention, Squad!" and catch them napping to their discredit. We may smile at these recollections now, but no one thought them ludicrous in 1861. In those days of the great war governors, it was no empty honor to be Commander-in-Chief of the militia of any Northern State.

At times speedily, but oftener after much delay, the new soldiers were sorted into regiments and received their uniform and equipments. Oh! the transformations of that eventful day! Surely, nothing but patriotism saved most of us from disgust at the fit of the new clothes. Government uniforms are made for the average man, and he, though easily got at by arithmetic, is seldom found in the flesh. Some of us were forced to concede that our comeliness hitherto, had been the work of our tailor, more than of our Creator. True, clothes do not make the man, but after the man is made, he is improved by suitable raiment. Uncle Sam, however, recognized no right of private judgment in apparel, and we were all leveled down to the regulation standard. The fashion plates of Quarter-Master General Meigs were all that we might consult, and the old-time luxuries of vests, collars, waistbands, neck-ties and shirt fronts, must, with umbrellas and straw hats, be relegated to the future, to await the close of our war. The goddess of taste was dethroned, and grim Mars reigned in her stead, sweeping public sentiment after him, in a tide like that of Fundy.

The ladies (God bless them), in feverish heat, declared that no man could look homely in the national blue, and they

avowed a fondness for the sturdy misfit of Uncle Sam's ready-made clothing. They laid their caressing hand on the sleeve of many a frightfully-fitting garment, and its wrinkles seemed to disappear, while the feminine touch of approval remained. Thus encouraged, every recruit hurried away, in the disguise of his new uniform to *have his picture taken* for his admiring constituents, and they all declared it "just splendid!" "so manly!" "handsomer than you ever looked before, my dear!"

Officers in blue broadcloth and glittering shoulder-straps, shone like stars in the firmament, and were the envy of all their friends, while here and there a regimental commander, with his silvery eagles, was adored as the Aztec used to idolize the Sun. Such a halo did society throw around the garments of liberty's defenders that common men became shining ones, and were clad with radiance as a wrapping for their regulation suit. This outer robe was pleasant to wear, and re-enforced the courage of many a timid volunteer.

Then came our introduction to camp life and its new discipline and requirements. How zealously did men enter on the duties of this untried realm! They welcomed its restrictions, rigors, arbitrary distinctions and rules. They sought eagerly to assimilate themselves to veterans, to catch the step and motion of a martinet, to acquire the instinct of discipline, to gain the bearing and the demeanor of an expert in arms. Military title and phraseology were studiously observed and martial courtesies insisted on with vigilance and care. Old friends assumed a distance and stiffness corresponding to rank, while new companionships were tolerated which would once have been abhorent. Men whose instincts inclined them to spring aloof, were held firmly together in the tenacious coupling of military restraint, and the social scale received a new and complete readjustment in the arrangement of camp. Revolutionary changes in the hours of rising and retiring, in diet and exercise, in the ordering of time and convenience, in subjects of study and interest,

were ushered in with our first day in tent or barracks. The voluntary principle in life was instantly surrendered, and the words of the Gospel centurian aptly described the new order of service.

"I am a man under authority, and I say to this man, go! and he goeth, and to another, come! and he cometh, and to my servant, do this; and he doeth it." This lesson was sometimes hard to learn, but, sugar-coated or not, the pill must be swallowed and kept down below all chance of an upheaval. Yet, from the first night in which we slept under a blanket, inwoven with the letters U. S. there was a kind of fascination in the life, which surely lingers yet in the memory of each soldier. The picturesque arrangements of tents; the precise detail of duties; the impartial justice of the diurnal round, from roll-call at sun-rise to "taps" at night; the division and subdivision which took account of each individual and reached with unavoidable scrutiny the conduct of every man; the machine movement which fitted every man to his place, and combined the whole into one compact person, so that a thousand men should move as one man, and have the power to strike one man's blow, with the terrible muscle of a thousand arms. These and myriad other novelties of soldier life, took firm hold of imagination, fancy and will.

Then there was our pride in the new profession of arms and in the special organization under which each was enrolled. Every enlisted man wore the number of some regiment and the letter of some company upon his clothing and acquired therewith an *esprit du corps* which was novel and stimulating. Within camp limits, the question was constantly mooted, as to which of the ten was the best company. Who ever tried harder to stand motionless like a post, than did we at those first dress parades, when, despite all precaution, somebody's hand, in the long line of two open ranks, would creep away from close custody on that seam of the trousers? And when the "troops beat off" and stalked solemnly down before the host at "parade rest," what

martyr ever suffered equal anguish with those, who longed to brush away that fly, which sportively crawled over the nose and threatened to enter nostril or ear, and which no facial contortions could deter or dislodge? Yet, to stand like a statue, was to represent a patriot, and every muscle, therefore, was drawn tense to fulfil this service.

So, too, of the guard duty, with its mysterious countersign, its series of challenge and reply, its opportunities for quickness of wit and rapid rejoinder. With what alertness did we walk our beat at night, patiently enduring the two hours on, and three hours off, amid wind and rain, and all the ingenious tests which our superiors could devise to determine our fidelity! In the stillness of midnight, how startling was the challenge, as it rang out sharply its demand, and the response with the low-murmured pass-word, or the change-guard, as it tramped its round and brought comfort throughout the circuit of tired watchmen. We all recollect the humors of guard duty, and its fatigues are not uppermost in our mind to-day. "Who comes there? halt!" is the stern outcry from a lonely post. "Grand Rounds," is the instant response. "Oh, hang your Grand Rounds! I thought it was the Second Relief!" bursts forth the irrepressible sentry in the heat of his disappointment, and so falls into disgrace.

It was always difficult to confine our volunteers to the use of the exact words laid down in the Army Regulations. The American mind dislikes sameness, and goes in for improvement in style and delivery. So men would insist on tinkering the challenge, and even the countersign, and either intentionally or not, would oft make ludicrous work of guarding the lines. I well remember the stentorian outcry one night on the Centerville Race Course, near Brooklyn, where a brigade was encamped, awaiting transports for the Banks expedition. Men were in the habit of running guard, after dark (in order to steal away to the city), trusting their luck to sneak in again to their quarters before daylight. Just after the camp had settled into quiet for the night, a voice was

heard exclaiming with excited tones, "Corporal of the Guard, Post 10, double-quick, with a lantern—Man gone to York!" It required many months of tuition, ere we learned how unmilitary it was to volunteer a word, or an act of service, not laid down in our instructions.

But there came a time when no more passes were issued to leave camp, and when we judged from a hundred symptoms, that soon the regiment would be off to the seat of war. Then good-bys in earnest must be said. Then the last stock of good things must be laid in. Then the seriousness of war must be faced and endured. The day that we abandoned camp and departed, out of sight of dear homes, kindred, sweethearts, and all familiar faces. Ah! we never, never, shall forget that time, nor those who followed us, to bid the last good-by. Under all our bravado, high resolve and eager anticipation, there was a lump of something heavy at the heart, and the most thoughtless looked grave, when he turned his back fairly on the old Nutmeg State. There was too much uncertainty about our return to make us jocular or indifferent to this farewell. Homes never seemed dearer, nor true friends more precious, than when we gave our parting cheers, and the band was doing its best to be cheerful with the music of "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and "When Johnnie Comes Marching Home."

Now it was that the real soldier-life set in, and that we plunged into the stern activities of war. The regimental mail bag grew portly and heavy, and as evening brought leisure, every drum-head was in use for a table, and writing desks were improvised on every hand. The Chaplain entered on what was in most cases his principal duty, the office of Post-Master, and stamps-that-would-stick were in peremptory demand.

Speculations were rife as to military movements, and the falsity of newspaper dispatches from the seat of war began to be realized. We read that the army was in fine condition, and anxious to be led against the enemy. We consented that

our condition was fair, but we never saw the day when we chafed with anxiety for a fight, at least, after we knew what a battle meant, both to winner and loser. We read of captures which had never been made, and of victories that were known only to the "special correspondent," and grew out of his fertile and mendacious brain. It was true of these warriors of the quill that one could chase a thousand and two put ten thousand to flight, and to us at the front who knew the truth, much of the newspaper was like the reading of Don Quixote's mighty adventures, or the entertainments of the "Arabian Nights" and the "Tales of Munchausen."

But the day at last came when we received our "baptism of blood" and were made familiar with all the terrible details of the field of battle. A new estimate of each officer and man was then introduced. "How did he behave under fire?" was the question asked and answered. Many a showy and

Battle of Chapin's Farm.

pretentious soldier sank in esteem under this test, and the sterling worth of many a modest and unappreciated hero was recognized. Those who did not flinch in battle were not forgotten, and it was remarkable in regard to officers that their men would tolerate in them every other vice save cowardice. If a Colonel or a Captain was cruel or dissolute, his men would forgive him all in a campaign, if he had high courage and led them dauntlessly on. Whereas, an officer might be genial and easy, take good care of his men, and spend much money in their comfort, but all despised him, even for the faintest suspicion of cowardice.

Perhaps of all the pages in our military record, that written in most indelible colors, describes the story of our first battle. Our own feelings as the conflict began and continued, will never fail to be remembered; we hardly dare to trust our selves to portray them, so mingled and indescribable were they, so different from what we anticipated and perhaps had feared. When we listen to martial music, we sometimes fight our battles over again. When we are sure that no one will misunderstand us, or think us boastful, we recount some of those ghastly scenes. Once launched on the sea of martial memories, we oft forget to cast our anchor or furl our sail. It is never safe for a civilian to decoy a veteran into the recital of those eventful days, for when once the floodgates are raised, there is danger that the reservoir will so press on, that no shutting back is possible till it is drained. Suffice it now for us to say, that the battles in which we fought were very unlike the battle pictures which artists paint, poets sing, or Bull Run Russell wrote up for the *London Times.* We who have seen them, desire to see them no more, and thank God that we survive the need of buckling on the sword to-day.

I once met in mountain travel, an old gentleman who sat with me on the stage coach, and who stated his great desire to see battle. Furthermore, said he, "I expect to see in Heaven, the attractive objects and incidents which have been

beyond my reach here. Now, sir," he continued, "you may think it queer in me, but I expect to see the Battle of Waterloo in Heaven. I have studied that great engagement with care, and I have always longed to see it over again, and I expect that I shall behold it hereafter." "My dear sir," said I, "did you ever witness a battle?" "No, sir," he replied, 'it was not quite convenient for me to enlist, and I never could get a pass to the front in war times just before a battle was expected." I assured him in very energetic language that if he had ever joined in a battle under Grant in Virginia, he would not be anxious to see another one, even in Heaven itself.

Some of us have memories of the hospital and of the dead, which no Decoration Day is needed to preserve, and which oft comes to us like a dreadful nightmare in sleep. For my own part, I can never smell the ether of a photographist's studio, without recalling the field hospitals, those sickening tents of mercy behind our contending hosts; those terrible heaps of dismembered limbs, those mangled and lifeless forms, those men in blue overcoats sprinkled thickly over the green grass and the red sands around Richmond; those stretcher-bearers coming in silently with their bleeding freight; the long files of ambulances jolting over rough roads, and the irrepressible groans ever and anon escaping from the sufferers within; the surgeons with bared, red-stained arms, with set lips, and dreadful instruments, and in such haste that we could not wait even to pray, before they began their work of painful kindness upon our wounds.

These are part of the legacy which the soldier cannot alienate from memory, when he counts up the education of his three years at the south. Some of us, too, remember those angels of mercy, the Florence Nightingales of the war, who seemed to come out of another world, with heavenly sweetness and love to our relief. Their names were fragrant, like the violets of spring, as they brought peace and home to the bedside of many a poor boy in blue. God be thanked for

such sweet ministry as the woman's soft hand and sympathic voice, which made it easier for many a hero to die, and rallied to recovery many a patient who through her ministries gained strength to live.

But at last the cruel war was over, and the perils of camp and field were past. Richmond was ours, Farmville had witnessed Lee, as he gave up his sword to our taciturn Ulysses, Andersonville, Columbia, and Libby Prison had unclutched their hold on our surviving comrades; the great reviews have been held at the rebel capital and at Washington, and the magnificent army of a million men is disbanding and *en route* for home. What emotions then filled the soldier's heart. Homeward bound at last, and soon to be discharged! The restraints of discipline seem quite intolerable. Officers are at their wits' end to maintain the necessary control over the men for whom they are responsible. All are longing and aching to be free once more, and to get beyond the reach of "general orders."

The supreme movement comes and the impalpable bridge is crossed, which puts us back into the ranks of civil life. Once more after the welcomes are said, the embraces finished and the shock of delight is over, we take off the blue and don the citizen's garb, and as we do so, we begin to love the blue with ten-fold passion. Our hand lingers caressingly over the garments which represent so much of intense and varied experience. We vow a vow, which, as I believe, we have all religiously kept, to love and to cherish the old color under which we fought to save our land.

To a veteran of the war, the old flag signifies far more than it suggests to those of recent years. We have but to close our eyes. and straightway rushes o'er the mind in long procession the series of victory and defeat alternating in desperate turn from Bull Run to Appomattox Court House. We see our stripes and stars on the crest of every battle wave, at the main of every gallant ship of war, on the ramparts of every fortress, carried unflinchingly by horseman and

by footman, who knew they were the mark for death because of their standard, yet, who begged the honor of being color-bearer with all its dangers; we see the battle flags, many rent with missiles of death, their staff splintered with bullets, their folds stained with patriot's blood, their fabric exposed to storm and shaking out defiant folds in many a tempest till worn to tattered shreds; we see the wounded color-sergeant, to save his flag from capture, stripping it from its staff and winding it around his own body beneath his blouse, where its silken layers receive his warm heart's blood as he falls in death and is buried with the colors of his shroud; we see the whole rebellion a struggle to trample on the flag, and at Lee's surrender, we see the rival banners furled and our color once more the flag of our Union, the symbol of peace.

Year by year we cling the more fondly to the memories of our soldier-past. At intervals, we live o'er again those scenes, in our dreams at night, and when we wake, it is with a half regret that our spell was broken. So too, we cherish our dead with a like tender and holy regard for the years in which they fell. Many of us would delight to revisit those battle fields of the South, before time obliterates the record of those old campaigns. On that soil, we would gladly greet those sincere but mistaken men who stood so long and heroically in our path to Richmond. They were a band of heroes whom we never were able to despise, and at last were able only to overwhelm. At present no Americans fraternize more speedily or thoroughly than two veterans, one of whom wore the blue, and one of them the gray, during the great American conflict. Those who did the fighting were not those who did the hating. We know right well that the rebels were brave men and mostly honest in their mistaken loyalty—more brave and more honest than the pestilent demagogues behind them at South or North.

God help all the soldiers of our land to cultivate the art of peace as fully and fearlessly as they fought in war! We do not revive our martial memories, nor decorate the graves

of our dead in order to rekindle the feuds of the past. Just the contrary should be our aim, for did not Federal and Rebel learn a lesson of mutual respect on the battle-field of the South? May we learn to know each other too well ever to quarrel again, and may we have

"A union of hearts, a union of hands,
A union that none can sever,
A union of lakes, a union of lands,
The American Union forever!"

STRAGGLERS.

CHAPTER XXIII.

INCIDENTS AND COINCIDENTS.

THE OLD ARMY SONGS.

One of the pleasantest features of army life, and one which is still a tender memory to the old soldier, were the Army Songs we used to sing in the quiet bivouac, and around the old camp fire. When the great army was resting from its labors; or on the toilsome march, when feet were weary and hearts were faint; or on the eve of battle, when the mind was busy with thoughts of dear ones, far away in the old home amid the peaceful scenes so dear to the memory At such times what could be more touching than the "Old Oaken Bucket?" sung as we used to sing it.

"How dear to my heart, are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollections present them to view;
The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wildwood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew."

Craw and Luce, the sweet singers of the regiment, who did so much to cheer the drooping spirits of their comrades by the pathetic songs which they sang, have gone over to the great majority, and their work here has been done, but the sweet melody of their songs will not soon be forgotten by their surviving comrades, and the tender feelings they inspired

will echo along the memory in the future years, producing thoughts which start,

"When memory plays an old tune on the heart."

Many of their comrades joined with them in singing by the camp fires, in such spirited songs as, "Mother, is the Battle Over?" "Carrie Lee," and "Home, Sweet Home," with tear-dimmed eyes, as they listened to their singing and thought of home and its pleasant memories, of the days gone by; and many a soldier in the hospital was invigorated and cheered as he gave up his life, by the touching and soothing influence of their music, and sank silently to their last long sleep, far from the scenes of the home they would never more see.

But not alone in the quiet camp were these old Army Songs sung, but on the long and weary marches, they were an inspiration to the tired and way-worn soldier. Who does not remember, on that long march from Harper's Ferry of the whole of that grand Army of the Potomac, how they sang, "John Brown's Body Lies Moldering in the Grave," and other songs, to enliven the drooping and cheer the weary soldier on his way How the song would start way back in the rear, and come sweeping with increasing energy along up that line of men, stretching away for miles, until it was taken up and sung as it was never sung before, and the bands joined in the chorus, and "the old woods rang to the anthem of the free." Never before was song sung by so many voices, and amid such a wave of enthusiasm. The inspiration was tremendous, and can never be forgotten by the Army of the Potomac.

BEAN SOUP.

I think if there is one thing which, more than another, is the most disagreeably impressed upon my mind, it was that first so-called breakfast of alleged "bean soup," at the barracks in Washington the morning after our arrival. You

all remember, I know you can never forget that sumptuous banquet in the capital city of the country. I ate only one small spoonful, and my appetite for bean soup—I speak of Washington bean soup—was appeased for time and for eternity. It was the most abominable concoction that could possibly be created. The pungent odor which it exhaled is with me still, and I fear will remain with me forever.

"You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
But the scent of that bean soup will hang around it still."

Quite in contrast to that capital city banquet of bean soup, was our very enthusiastic reception and dinner at the celebrated Cooper refreshment rooms in the city of Philadelphia, where the wealthy Cooper family fed and entertained, largely at their own expense, the troops passing through the city on the way to the seat of war. Some of you will remember that this patriotic and loyal family later lost all their property, and the daughters, of which he had several, had to go out to work in order to obtain the necessities of life. You may also remember that at one time this Regimental Association took up a collection for them amounting to twenty-six dollars—if I remember rightly—and forwarded it to them, with tender expressions of regret for their sad misfortune. Many other regiments did the same. But I have no information that the Government, they loved so well and served so loyally, ever did anything for them.

That detestable bean soup of the capital city, may possibly have suffered somewhat in our appreciation by its strong contrast to the splendid fare we had received in Philadelphia. I would like to be just to that soup, and would not intentionally say anything untruthful about it (if it be possible), but I have no desire to take back anything I have said, or to make any apology for it. Certainly the boys of the Twenty-first Regiment will ever have the kindliest recollections of their brief stay in the "City of Brotherly Love," and the

splendid ovation given them as they marched through the streets on their way to the train. The sidewalks were fairly lined with fair girls and lovely women, all anxious to say encouraging words, and bid the boys "God speed," and "good-by." I think I must have shaken hands with some hundreds in our hurried passage along the walks, and I know that many a soldier carried away as souvenirs of that brief march, many delicate and highly perfumed handkerchiefs, some of which I hope are still tenderly preserved among other relics of the war.

Grand old city of brotherly love, "thou art still true to thine ancient fame and worthy of thine ancestral honor."

Our stay at Arlington Heights and in the vicinity of Washington was without any interesting or noteworthy incidents others than those pertaining to the tedious routine of company and battalion drills, and if possible the more tedious and weary grand reviews by General Casey—the inventor and patentee of the army tactics. Arlington Heights was at that time a kind of military training school, where the green regiments first practiced in the manuel of arms, and where the new officers attempted to instruct the men, with their limited stock of knowledge, by commanding file right, when they meant file left, and vice versa. One officer, it was said, substituted the more familiar words, "haw" and "gee." It should be said, however, that the boys soon learned what was wanted of them, and if a wrong order was given, they had the good sense to go right, and by so doing often saved the command from getting tangled. It was while here that some of the officers became convinced that military life was not to their taste, and so decided to resign, and like John Burns, of Gettysburg, went back to their bees and cows.

Pleasant Valley, in the vicinity of historic Harper's Ferry, and among some of the grandest scenery on this continent, where we spent most of the beautiful month of October, was also devoid of any very particular incidents. Here we joined

the Second Brigade of the Third Division of the Ninth Army Corps, General Burnside's famous old army corps.

On the 28th of October, the grand Army of the Potomac, which had been concentrated at Pleasant Valley, folded their tents like the Arab and silently stole away, and fording the Potomac at Berlin, begun that long and weary march of one hundred and seventy-five miles to Falmouth, on the Rappahannock River, opposite the city of Fredericksburg.

Previous to this time we had only a limited acquaintance with the grayback, or army louse, but from this on our relations were more intimate, and they came to be extremely fond of our society. The grayback, or army louse, is one of the most interesting and lively attaches of the army. They are very familiar on short acquaintance, and have as much cheek as a commercial drummer. They are exceedingly domestic and affectionate in their taste, and never get lost for any length of time. They need no cultivation, but once planted in good soil will increase and multiply like pimples on the nose. They are gregarious, and never travel alone. Whether they are any relation to the common pestiferous little louse so often found in the country school-house, I do not know. I only know that their habits are quite different, and that the grayback is not worn in the hair, as is the product of the country school-house. Nor do I think they are as fond of school-marms. The army louse is more robust and stalwart in his makeup, being much larger, and subsists on the blood of his victims, and are worn in the seams of the clothing next the skin, and seems to be particularly at home in the army clothing, especially in the shirt. They are fond of travel, and are usually at home with an army on the march or in the field, and often make it lively for the "boys." They don't grow up with the country, and as I have never seen a small one, I conclude they are born full size. They are about the size of a full-grown bed-bug, and like them, they do most of their work in the night. They can easily be seen with the aid of a glass, and you can feel them *uneasily* in the

dark. They were probably created for some wise purpose, but nobody seems to know what; if they do they don't tell. My own opinion is that they are a substitute for the bed-bug, which we don't have in the army, and are nearer related to them than they are to the school-house variety.

SERGEANT JEROME B. BALDWIN.

It is the usual custom of an army on the march to go into camp occasionally, for a day or so, ostensibly, for the purpose of allowing the men to rest and refresh themselves, but really

to allow them time to wash their underclothing, and get the smoke of the camp-fire off their dirty faces and kill lice. I have often seen the men, of other regiments, engaged in this interesting occupation, and have been highly pleased. In fact it is in this that I have had the most and the best opportunity for the study of the army louse, and must account for what little knowledge I have of them. They are a very interesting study—at a distance.

One of the most impressive scenes, which it was my fortune to witness, during my army service, was that of the Great Army of the Potomac, sleeping. It was on a lovely moonlight night, amid the grand scenery around the vicinity of Harper's Ferry, in the month of October, that I stood and looked down upon acres of men, rolled in their army blankets, and quietly and peacefully sleeping, with only the moon and the stars, and the broad canopy of the heavens above them. It was an impressive and inspiring spectacle, and it brought very forcibly to my mind those beautiful lines, which must have been written under the spell of some similar inspiration:

ON THE POTOMAC—1862.

"All quiet along the Potomac," they say,
"Except now and then a stray picket
Is shot, as he walks on his beat to and fro,
By a rifleman hid in the thicket.
'Tis nothing, a private or two, now and then,
Will not count in the news of the battle;
Not an officer lost—only one of the men,
Moaning out, all alone, the dead rattle."

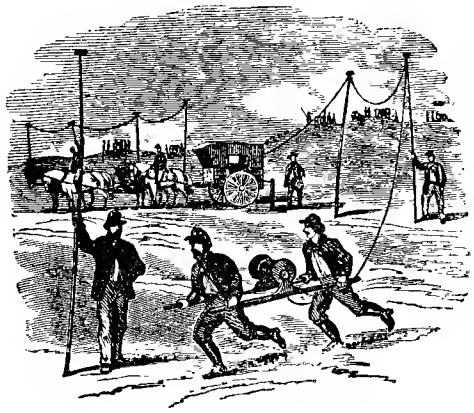
All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming:
Their tents in the rays of the clear autumn moon,
Or the light of the watch-fires are gleaming,

A tremulous sigh, as the gentle night wind
Through the forest leaves softly is creeping;
While stars up above, with their glittering eyes,
Keep guard—for the army is sleeping.

There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
And thinks of the two in the low trundle bed,
Far away in the cot on the mountain,
His musket falls slack; his face, dark and grim,
Grows gentle with memories tender,
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep—
For their mother—may Heaven defend her!

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine tree—
The footstep is lagging and weary;
Yet onward he goes, through the broad belt of light,
Toward the shade of the forest so dreary.
Hark! was it the night wind that rustled the leaves?
Was it moonlight so wondrously flashing?
It looked like a rifle; "Ha! Mary, good by!"
And the life-blood is ebbing and plashing.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night—
No sound save the rush of the river;
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead—
The picket's off duty forever.



ESTABLISHING AN ARMY TELEGRAPH.

THE ANIMATED FENCE.

Another scene which used to afford a great deal of amusement was the "animated fence." Any veteran of the army can tell you truthfully that he has seen miles of Virginia rail fence get up and walk, and in less than two minutes not a rail was left to tell the location of the fence. It was a curious sight to see that grand Army of the Potomac, when, after a long march the order was given to break ranks, to see the boys make a rush for the fence. In the twinkling of an eye every man had one or more rails on his shoulder, and the air was full of rails all pointing in a different direction, and all going to supply fuel for the camp-fire and the cooking of the soldiers' coffee.

The army camp-fire is to the soldier something like what the country grocery store is to the village loafer—a place to try and keep warm in, to talk politics, and discuss the conduct of the war, to swap lies, and chew Navy plug, to tell stories, and inhale smoke. It is as impossible to keep warm around a camp-fire as it is around an old fashioned fire-place. On a cold night, one side is freezing while the other is thawing, and the only way to avoid freezing solid is by a frequent change of front. There is one peculiarity about the smoke from a camp-fire for which I could never fully account, and that is, its peculiarity in always taking you in the face. Change of position seemed to make no difference, it would follow you everywhere, and after a night around the camp-fire, the faces of the men had a color on them similar to that of a sugar-cured ham. But after all that, there was always a kind of fascination about a camp-fire. It was the home circle of the soldier, and the scenes of some of his happiest hours.

After a long and weary march, there was no place so welcome and so enjoyable as around the cheerful camp-fire, made of good dry Virginia rail fence.

A squad of soldiers asleep around a camp-fire, or trying to sleep, was always an interesting picture. Rolled in their

blankets they lie down in a circle with their feet to the fire, as near as safety would permit, but not always to an uninterrupted sleep, for there was always some uneasy ones to "make it lively for the boys" who desired a quiet night, or some sonorous snorer, who made the "echoes wake" until everybody else was awake, or somebody would arouse the whole party, with the frantically uttered explanation, "I smell a heel aburning." The old camp-fires, if they did not always add to the warmth of the soldier, had a warm place in the heart of the veteran.

On the hot morning of June 1st, when the regiment was lining up to march out from White House Landing to Cold Harbor, the writer took his place in the ranks of Company F Just before the regiment moved out, Surgeon Lee, knowing I was with the regiment, came to the company, taking me by the arm and leading me from the ranks, said it was an impossibility for me to stand the fatigue of the march and the battle about to take place, and advised me not to come back to the regiment again, but to find some duty elsewhere that I was able to perform. I was sent with others to the Sixth Corps Field Hospital, where I was soon placed in charge of about two hundred and fifty men, to do all the outside work of the vast hospital of the Sixth Corps. We found acres of wounded men of every description lying upon the grass in the hot sun, waiting for shelter and attention.

One of my duties was to see that all the cooks of the hospital and people sent out by sanitary commissions and committees of Eastern churches, etc., who came out to cook delicacies for the sick and wounded soldiers, not supplied by the government, were furnished with dry chestnut rails for their cooking purposes.

Among them, from the far State of Iowa, was a couple of women who came to administer to the wants of the Eastern soldiers. The younger of the two, a prepossessing girl, stated that a young brother of hers had enlisted in the Second Connecticut Heavy Artillery while on a visit to Connecticut, and

she, on learning of the fact, had joined the army so as to be near and care for him, feeling sure he would be wounded. I informed her that the Second Connecticut Heavy Artillery was in the defenses of Washington, serving with heavy ordnance, and he was in no danger of being hurt; but she had a premonition that her brother would be severely wounded and be in need of her nursing to save his life. It transpired that the Second Heavy was ordered in all haste to join General Grant, and was put into the great charge as infantrymen at Cold Harbor, and the mangled soldiers soon commenced to arrive at the Sixth Corps Hospital.

A morning or two after the battle, the writer was walking around among the wounded when he caught the eye of a young soldier, who seemed to be severely wounded, beckoning me with his forefinger, which was all he had the strength to do. Going near him, I noticed he had on his cap, "Second Connecticut Heavy Artillery." I stooped down and asked him his name, and he whispered the same surname to me as that of the Iowa girl. I unbuttoned his coat and discovered he was shot straight through the lungs, and in a very serious condition. Realizing he was the long-sought brother, I hastened back and brought his sister to him, preparing her on the way for the painful meeting. Then I went for the stretcher and helped to take him to her tent. The surgeon, upon examining him, shook his head to me as an indication that the chances for the young boy were slim, but with the good nursing of his sister he seemed to hold his own for the few days I was able to keep track of him. In a short time we were ordered to evacuate White House Landing, preparatory to Grant's march across the James River to invest Petersburg.

If the young member of the Second Connecticut Heavy Artillery survived his wound, it was owing to his sister's premonition and great faith, and making the sacrifice of leaving her comfortable home and coming to the Army of the Potomac, suffering almost all the camp risks of a soldier's

life. But what puzzled the writer then, and has all these long years since those eventful days, is what was the chance, the magnet, the unseen power, that irresistably drew me straight to the side of this comrade in his struggle with death, in preference to anyone of the hundreds of wounded men who thickly strewed the ground, all of whom needed immediate care. Who can tell?

When the subject of rations are mentioned, old soldiers are interested, and new recruits as well, for it is a matter that touches the heart; no, I mean the stomach of us all. Good rations mean to soldiers, ability to stand the march and courage to fight, and live and to fight again.

The first few rations the regiment received after starting from Connecticut, were so varied and remarkable and from so many different sources, that it is proper they should be recorded in this history.

The regiment marched from the fair grounds the very warm afternoon of September 11th. The most of the people of Norwich, were in the streets to honor our departure, and we had a most hearty send-off for the war. We took the cars at Norwich to Allyn's Point, where we embarked on steamboat for Jersey City. There was but little sleep for anyone that night. Towards morning we began to get hungry, then the news went round that there would be a big breakfast waiting for us when we landed, a regular Connecticut meal, furnished by the state agent and paid for by the commonwealth of the State of Connecticut.

It was to be a spread that we would remember until long after we "licked the rebels" and returned home. We were drawn up in line on the tracks, near the station, and, after a long wait, our tin plates were ordered to be ready. After a longer wait along came waiters with pails of something they called soup, the same variety of chicken soup as made by a hen wading through a brook. About one-half pint was put on each plate. We supposed this was a relish for what was to come and it quickly disappeared. I won't say "that,

Micawber-like, we waited for something to turn up," or, like David Copperfield, " we asked for more," for everbody quotes that, but that was about the truth of it. We waited and called again, but the small dipper of hot water was the beginning and the end of the anticipated feast. The state agent was there to make us comfortable, and the state paid for it.

We were then counted off, forty to a car, and put into hot

QUARTERMASTER-SERGEANT E. S. WHEELER.

box-cars, which had been occupied by swine and cattle, and but partially cleansed for our use. But we soon made what is now called "open-air cars" of them by tearing off the sides of the car down to about three or four feet high. A great many got out and rode on top of the car with their feet hanging over the sides; a ride never to be forgotten. By the time we arrived in Philadelphia the Connecticut breakfast had

made us ravenous. We did not expect much, for we had no state agent there, but not one of us, I venture to say, will ever forget the meal we were treated to in the famous Cooper Shop restaurant. A regiment marched out as we entered. There was ample room for all—never was such vast extent of tables cleared and filled with everything that was good, and in great abundance. We had a great feast, were well waited on and kindly treated. Those that were sick were taken to the hospital upstairs. Hundreds of thousands of soldiers were fed at this place during the war. Any soldier could get a square meal here at any time of day or night.

In Baltimore we received a fair spread, but meal number four we received from the United States on our arrival in Washington, and it is still engraved on our hearts. After the usual long wait, we were marched for some distance over the hot gravel of the railroad track to a baggage car. Reaching up our arms to full length, the rations were dropped into our open palms as we marched past the doorway. In one hand I received about one and one-half pounds of boiled "sow belly." It was still scalding hot. In the other hand some hard or soft bread. I clutched my fingers over the boiling fat chunk, and the hot lard ran down my arms and body to my shoes. Not as yet being used to this quality of rations, I tossed it into the bushes. My father, who had accompanied us to Washington, said, that so far we had lived to eat, but he feared that now we would have to eat to live.

We now marched over to East Capitol Hill and went into bivouac there. Breakfast there was eagerly anticipated, especially after eating the pork. When it came, it proved for the most part to be putrid boiled pork-ham. I can smell and taste that ham at this moment. I am sure the whole regiment will remember their first five rations, but it was not long before we were able to eat raw salt pork placed between two hard tacks—while on our great march to Fredericksburg, in thick clouds of dust—our hunger making us relish the pork, dust and crackers alike.

I suppose we ought to be thankful that nowadays it is the "other fellows" that are doing the marching on the same rations.

While making a trip to New York by boat about ten years after the closing of the war, it being very warm and suffocating in the berth which I was compelled to use, about daylight I woke, and gathering my belongings, I hastened, half clad, from the cabin out upon the after deck, where I found many there in the same predicament, seeking fresh air.

Lying upon a settee was a gentleman bewailing the close, warm morning. As the sun commenced to make its appearance above the water of the Sound, he wondered what it was. Upon being informed it was the sun rising, and that it was the way we had of getting the "sun up" in Connecticut, he said, "This is the first time I have seen the sun rise since I was in the army." Upon learning he was in the army, of course acquaintance was soon made, and among other remarks he said there was one man he always felt he would like to meet again. His story was, that after the second day's march of the Army of the Potomac, from Harper's Ferry for Fredericksburg, they encamped at a place called "Wheatland." The boys commenced to forage, and a special raid was made on one of the plantations near camp, which was fully stocked with cattle, horses, fowl, etc. The writer, on entering the garden, found soldiers carrying off to camp with all kinds of truck, some hives of honey with the bees still in the hives. After appropriating everything in sight, a large smoke-house was discovered. Soon butting down the doors, it proved to be full of turkeys, and the narrator stated that just as a cavalry patrol detachment was sighted coming up the road, he grabbed a turkey by one leg and a comrade the other, and both of them holding on pulled the turkey apart alive and ran up the road in front of the cavalry. He stated he had always wished to meet this comrade, as he was anxious to know what became of the other half of the turkey. I told him to shake, for I was the comrade he was looking

for, and assured him that the remnant of the bird was put where it would do the most good.

While in the same camp ("Wheatland"), which we occupied two or three days, there appeared one morning a gentleman on horseback with well-filled saddle bags. He appeared friendly and was very talkative with the soldiers, telling them about the rebels who had fallen back as we advanced. While his attention was called away from his horse, which he had dismounted, Jared Culver, a member of the company, inspected the contents of the fat saddle bags and found that each contained a nicely cooked boned chicken, neatly folded in a white napkin. Of course we were both financially broke, and Culver, taking me one side, advised me to engage the close attention of the well-to-do farmer. While so engaged he was to possess himself of the boned chickens, and when he had gotten well away I was to withdraw and turn the gentleman over to some other comrade, and we were to "subsist on the enemy" for the remainder of the afternoon.

I called the attention of the stranger to a ridge of mountains in the front, and asked him about the crops, etc., and, after a few minues, looking over my shoulder, I saw that Culver was well on his way into the woods with the game. I quickly withdrew to join him, but somehow he changed his course upon entering the brush, and I lost his trail. It transpired afterward that he had already made arrangements with another comrade, Sergeant John C. Ladd, to dine off the plunder, but I evened up with him in later transactions. Sergeant Ladd was always around when there was something good to eat, and could scent a good meal farther than any man I know of.

I was informed it would have been very interesting to me if I had been present when the stranger missed his supplies. He forgot his gentlemanly and friendly deportment and swore only as a Virginian can.

One afternoon while out doing the country, I came across an eccentric member of Company F, by the name of

Murphy. All the Company boys will remember him. He was very busy skinning a pig which he had found in the "enemy's country." While scheming how to share his game with him, the owner of the pig came upon the scene and loudly objected to the proceedings, and said he would go at once and see the General and have him arrested, as he understood that orders had been issued and would be strictly enforced against foraging. I told Pat to hang on to his pig and I would head the man off from seeing the General.

Hurrying to camp and to the General's quarters, I found a messmate of mine on guard and gave the situation to him, at the same time informing him that pork chops were something to be desired, and that if he worked the thing right he should have his share. He said that on no account would he allow the man to get access to headquarters.

Soon the irate planter came into camp and made for the General's tent. He ran up against the sentry, who, to his loud complaints, said the General had given strict orders not to be disturbed on any account, and if he made any more noise he would be quartered and hung before sundown. The man's anger gave way to fright and he seemed glad to escape with his life.

I fared a little better with Pat than I had with Culver and the chickens, for he divided the pork up that night and the chops were nicely cooked. Of course the sentry came in for his share, and a good proportion of the same graced the General's table for breakfast, and we never heard that he inquired where they came from.

One day a splendidly equipped sutler's team with four horses, heavily laden with all kinds of delicacies craved by soldiers, drove into this same camp and they were immediately received with loud hurrahs. Members of the Hawkins Zouaves, veterans of Roanoke Island, who were brigaded with us, quickly secured the proprietors of the equippage and guarded them carefully. Others kindly held the four horses, while the wagon was literally overrun with Hawkins men,

who were not selfish at all with their possessions, but liberally distributed the same. Soon heads of barrels were stove in, boxes broken open, ginger cakes, cookies, crackers, canned fruit of all descriptions, including several cheeses, pies, etc., were distributed with a free hand, and it took but a very few minutes for that great load to absolutely disappear from view. Nothing was saved but some empty barrels and boxes and packages of various kinds.

When the owners saw that there was nothing visible of their stores and no possible way to make a claim, or reimburse themselves in any way, upon invitation of those wicked Zouaves, they departed at once for Harper's Ferry, to bring up another load, as the word was "on to Richmond," and we expected to break camp any time, and wished to start in as good condition as possible.

I wish to remind the old boys of an event which happened at the time the Eighteenth Corps were embarked at Bermuda Hundred, to proceed to join General Grant at Cold Harbor. You will remember that the regiment boarded a propeller. The captain of the craft proved to be a brother of a member of Company H. He, knowing we were to join Grant for an immediate movement upon Lee, ran the boat diagonally across the river into a bay hard aground at high tide, which held it fast for twenty-four hours or more. At low tide we could easily wade around the boat. It took the united efforts of five or six tugs after repeated attempts at one or two high tides to release us from the mud, which gave us a delay of twenty-four to thirty-six hours, so that we were the last regiment of the Corps to land at White House, and did not get started for Grant's army until the morning of June 1st.

We thought that the captain ran his boat into the mud on purpose for us to gain time and escape the first onset of the battle, but perhaps he lost his bearings and went on to the bank by accident. The writer never learned the truth.

We all have a disagreeable memory of both camps at Fredericksburg. I remember how we slept on the frozen

ground with our overcoats, shoes and caps on, and often times our feet pushed out from under our rubber blankets, which were the only tents we had in the first camp.

I think it was after the battle of Fredericksburg, one evening early, just as a storm was about to break, comrade Culver came to me and asked if I would like to have some good, nice hay to spread in the bottom of the tent to sleep upon. I told him I very much desired to sleep in a hay mow. He said we would enjoy that luxury, if I would keep a stiff upper

SERGEANT JOHN C. LADD.

lip, follow him and obey orders. Giving me an old slouch "Burnside" hat and directing me to wear a blouse, we started for an ammunition park, a quarter of a mile away. On the way he told me he had ascertained that the teamsters in this camp had fallen in regularly about dark, to draw their rations of hay for their mules, and that the night being stormy, it would be pitch dark at the regular time of their drawing. Arrangement was that we should pull our hats well down over our faces, tuck our blouses inside of our trousers and

all in with the men, and in the flickering light of a candle we would escape detection and secure the hay. So when the bugler sounded the forage call and the teamsters fell in, we took our place in line and filed slowly with them up to where the sergeant was seeing to the delivery of the hay. As good fortune would have it, just as our turn came, a new bale was rolled out and the wires cut from the same. Stooping down carefully lifted up one-half of the bale, and Culver, who followed me, drew the other half, and proceeding a few steps off, we were in complete darkness and could not be discerned. We arrived safely in camp, made a good comfortable nest, and there were two tents certainly which enjoyed a bed of hay until we changed camp to the side hill over the grave yard, where sickness and death overtook so many of us.

PECULIARITIES OF GENERAL BUTLER.

BY THE REGIMENTAL QUARTER-MASTER SERGEANT, SOMETIME CLERK AT BUTLER'S HEADQUARTERS.

At the outbreak of the Civil War, Massachusetts had a brigade organization of its militia, and regiments were sent to the front as brigades, with their Brigadiers given commissions of the same rank in the United States Volunteers.

One of the most prominent of these inexperienced Generals was Benjamin F Butler. He did some excellent service as originator of the idea in the early part of the war, that negroes found within our lines might be held as contraband of war, and hence afterwards known to our Eastern army as contrabands.

As Commander at New Orleans he did efficient work along the duties of a Provost Marshal, and obtained much notoriety through his ingenuity in thinking out new ways of inflicting

punishment to the enemy's sympathizers. An instance of this was on the death of a Roman Catholic officer of a Connecticut regiment. The General sent to the French Bishop, not asking, but demanding, an interment in consecrated ground, thinking this would be a source of annoyance. To his surprise, the Bishop answered very courteously. "Certainly, my General, ten thousand of them."

But General Butler was never successful as a corps commander on strictly military lines; still less as a commander of a large army in the field; but political considerations apparently dictated his appointment to the command of the Army of the James.

Among many detailed to act as clerks at his headquarters was Private Edwin S. Wheeler, Company G. Private Wheeler, who had been fitted for college in 1862, was recommended by Colonel Dutton for appointment as cadet at West Point, and this was approved and confirmed by the Department Commander, but the formal commission, though long promised and expected for over a year, was never received. His duties were to write the special orders, properly enter them, and see that they were correctly started to their destination. Many of these orders being important and great care necessary in their phraseology, the order clerk was often in the presence of the General, who had a mind of most unusual speed in its operations. A letter or report of several pages, perhaps badly written and obscurely expressed, demanding from an ordinary man half an hour to fathom its author's meaning, would be correctly grasped by the General in a few minutes. His commands were usually expressed in pencil memoranda, in an extra imperative form, as "Let it be granted! Let him be discharged!"

His contempt for military law, and his desire to deal out what he called substantial justice, often took high-handed forms. The fact that officers nominated by the President and confirmed by the Senate could not be discharged by a department commander without approval of the Secretary of War,

did not prevent the peremptory discharge and disgrace of officers whom he thought worthy of such punishment. Neither did he hesitate, contrary to regulations, to put in confinement a commissioned officer, even of the rank of Colonel, for causes he considered sufficient. Quite likely these men deserved all that they received, but remonstrances that their treatment was illegal had no effect. He found the court-martial much too slow, and in one case of clearly admitted desertion, the man was shot first and tried afterwards. While it would be too much to say he was deficient in moral sense, it is certainly within bounds to describe his point of view on many subjects as entirely unconventional. He brought to military affairs the acute mind of the clever, criminal lawyer, who thought it right to accomplish his ends by any means not in violation of criminal law. And yet, probably he intended only to do what he believed, and sincerely believed, to be just. To deserters he was severe. The records at Washington are said to show that less than two hundred deserters were shot during the whole Civil War, but many more than this number must have been shot in the Army of the James alone, during the height of the bounty-jumping. From Connecticut regiments six times as many men deserted as were killed in action.

Like General Hancock, he had a habit of excessive profanity, and his vocabulary in that direction was remarkably full. The Twenty-first had some members with a large line of swear words, but none with the versatility of General Butler. When, through a sudden gust of wind his candles were extinguished, he would sit alone in darkness and invoke the most elaborate condemnation on the country-clodhoppers, as he termed them, who had pitched his tent. He had a most uncommon dislike to music, and serenades at headquarters were rare. Still, with all his faults, and they were many, he was of great service to his country, and while there were undoubtedly serious errors, yet the balance must be fairly considered to be largely in his favor.

LETTER FROM GENERAL DEVENS.

The following letter from General Devens to Governor Buckingham gives a brief account of the history of the Twenty-first Regiment, now about being mustered out of service:

HEADQUARTERS THIRD DIVISION, TWENTY-FOURTH ARMY CORPS,
RICHMOND, VA., June 17, 1865.

His Excellency William A. Buckingham, Governor of Connecticut:

GOVERNOR—The connection which has existed between this division and the Twenty-first Connecticut Volunteers is to-day dissolved by its departure for the state which sent it forth a few months before the regular expiration of its term of service. It is fully entitled to the honor of having served most faithfully and long as its services were needed, and of having done its duty nobly under many most trying and dangerous circumstances. Its soldiers deserve the reward of those who have continued faithful to the end of that rebellion whose writhings are yet hardly still, and will receive at your hands, and those of the people of Connecticut, a cordial and generous welcome.

The Twenty-first Connecticut Volunteers was organized in September, 1862, and was almost immediately, on coming into service, annexed to the division commanded by General Getty, in the Ninth Corps, and was for the first time under fire at the great battle of Fredericksburg, December 13, 1863.

Having been transferred to the troops of the Department of Virginia and North Carolina, it took part in the siege of Suffolk and the expedition of Major-General Dix up the Peninsula, in the spring of 1863, and in the winter was ordered to North Carolina, where it bore its part in the movements of February and March, 1864, from Newberne, under Major-General Foster.

In May, 1864, it was transferred to the Eighteenth Corps, thus forming a portion of the column operating against Richmond, under Major-General Butler, and was severely engaged in the action of Drewry's Bluff, May 16th, and various skirmishes on this portion of the line.

The Eighteenth Corps having temporarily joined the Army of the Potomac, was engaged in the battle of Cold Harbor, June 3d, and subsequently in the various conflicts of the summer of 1864, in front of Petersburg.

On the 29th of September, 1864, the regiment formed a portion of the force which gallantly carried by assault Fort Harrison, the strongest work held by the enemy on the north side of the James, and on the 27th of October, took part in the affair on the Williamsburg road.

Without undertaking to recite all the conflicts in which this regiment has been engaged, such is a brief sketch of its history.

It has worthily maintained the honor of the State of Connecticut, her loyalty to the Union of our fathers, her deep and stern attachment to the principles of popular government and of civil liberty. Many brave officers and men have sealed, with their lives, their devotion to the cause of the country, prominent, especially, among whom are Colonel Arthur H. Dutton, the most accomplished among gentlemen and soldiers, who fell mortally wounded in a skirmish at Port Walthall, in May, 1864, and Lieutenant-Colonel Burpee, who was killed at Cold Harbor in June, 1864. The memory of these gallant and distinguished soldiers, and all their brave comrades, will be gratefully embalmed in the memory of the people of Connecticut, as well as in that of their more fortunate companions who return to you in triumph to-day

The trials and dangers which this regiment have passed through will only have made them more fit for the duties and responsibilities of citizens, to which they now return; and their conduct hereafter will show, I sincerely believe, that the fame they have won by valor and intrepidity abroad in the field, will be maintained by industry, energy and perseverance at home.

I am, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

CHARLES DEVENS, JR.,

Brigadier and Brevet Major-General Commanding.

RECORD OF SERVICE.

The Twenty-first Connecticut Volunteer Infantry was organized at Norwich, Conn., September 5, 1862, with Arthur H. Dutton, Colonel; Thomas F Burpee, Lieutenant-Colonel, and Hiram B. Crosby. Major.

Served in the Second Brigade, Third Division, Ninth Corps, Army of the Potomac, from October, 1862—Third Brigade, Second Division, Ninth Corps, Department of Virginia, from January, 1863—Third Brigade, Second Division, Seventh Corps, Department of Virginia, from April, 1863—Provost Guard, Getty's Division, Department of Virginia and North Carolina, from August, 1863—Heckman's Command, District of Portsmouth, First Division, Eighteenth Corps, from December, 1863—Dutton's Command, Newport News, First Division, Eighteenth Corps, from January, 1864—Defenses of Newberne, District of North Carolina, Department of Virginia and North Carolina, from February, 1864—Third Brigade, First Division, Eighteenth Corps, Army of the James, from May, 1864—Third Brigade, Third Division, Twenty-fourth Corps, Army of the James, from December, 1864.

SERVICE.

Duty near Washington, D. C., to September 9, 1862.
Joined the Ninth Army Corps, October 10.
Advance on Falmouth, Va., November 1–19.
Battle of Fredericksburg, December 12–15.
Supported the assault on the Heights of Fredericksburg, December 13.
Selected to lead the forlorn hope, December 13.
Camped near Falmouth to February, 1863.
Mud march, January 20–23, 1863.
Defense of Suffolk, April 11–May 4.
Operations on Edenton Road, April 13–14.
Reconnoissance to Chuckatuck, May 3, and skirmishes at Reed's Ferry Road, Everett's Bridge and West Branch.

Pursuit of the enemy, May 4.
Duty at White House, July 1–7, during Dix's Expedition towards Richmond.
Provost duty at Portsmouth to September 29; at Norfolk to December 10, 1863, and at Newport News to February, 1864.
Expedition up the James River, January 24–25.
Moved to Morehead City, N. C., February 3–5.
Duty in the sub-district of Beaufort, defense of Newport Baracks to February 12.
Moved to Washington, N. C., and served in the sub-district of Pamlico until May 2; then moved to Fort Monroe.
Joined the Army of the James, May 10.
Operations against Petersburg and Richmond, May 10, 1864–April 2, 1865.
Engagements at Drewry's Bluff and Bermuda Hundred, May 12–16, 1864.
Actions near Fort Darling, May 15.
Fog fight, May 16, Drewry's Bluff.
Ware Bottom Church, May 20.
Reconnoissance along the Bermuda Hundred front, May 25–26, 1864.
Battles about Cold Harbor, June 1–12.
Assault at Cold Harbor, June 8.
Petersburg Works, June 15–17.
Mine explosion, July 30, and Battle of the Crater. (In support.)
Trenches before Petersburg to August 27.
Defenses of Bermuda Hundred to September 29.
Battles of Chapin's Farm, Fort Harrison and Newmarket Heights, September 29–30.
Held entrenchments on Chapin's Farm near Fort Burnham to March, 1865.
Reconnoissance in force to Fair Oaks and Darbytown Road, October 27–28, 1864.
Reported to General U. S. Grant, March 4, 1865, for secret service.
Expedition to Fredericksburg, March 4–7. "Tobacco Raid."

Moved from Fortress Monroe to Kinsdale Landing and raided into Westmoreland County, March 10–12.

Under special orders from General Grant, moved from Point Lookout to White House Landing, March 13–14.

Established and protected base of supplies for Sheridan's Cavalry, March 14–24.

Moved to Signal Hill, March 24–25.

Occupation of Richmond to April 3.

Provost duty at Richmond to April 28, and in Fluvanna and Goochland Counties to June 16.

Recruits transferred to the Tenth Connecticut Volunteers and the balance mustered out, June 16.

A SKIRMISH LINE.

FROM THE PENSION OFFICE RECORDS.

The Twenty-first Regiment, Connecticut Infantry Volunteers, was mustered into the service of the United States, September 5, 1862, at Norwich, Conn., to serve three years. It left that place, September 11, 1862, and arrived at Camp Chase, near Washington, D. C., September 22, 1862. It proceeded then to Frederick, Md., and thence to Harper's Ferry, Va., arriving there about October 9, 1862. It served subsequently as follows: To December, 1862, in the Second Brigade, Third Division, Ninth Army Corps,—station,

December 31, 1862, opposite Fredericksburg, Va., to February, 1863, in the Third Brigade, Third Division, Ninth Army Corps,—station February 28, 1863, Newport News, Va.; to May, 1863, in the Third Brigade, Third Division, Department of Virginia,—station, April 30, 1863, near Suffolk, Va.; June, 1863, in the Second Division, Department of Virginia; July, 1863, in the Third Brigade, Getty's Division, Department of Virginia; August, 1863, in Getty's Division, Department of Virginia,—station, August 31, 1863, Portsmouth, Va.; September, 1863, in Potter's Brigade, Department of Virginia and North Carolina; to November, 1863, in Barnes' Brigade, Department of Virginia and North Carolina,—station, October 31, 1863, Norfolk, Va.; December, 1863, in Heckman's Brigade, Department of Virginia and North Carolina,—station, Newport News, Va.; January, 1864, in the Eighteenth Army Corps,—station, Newport News, Va.; February, 1864, in Peck's Division, Eighteenth Army Corps,—station, Washington, North Carolina; March, 1864, in the District of Pimlico, Eighteenth Army Corps; April, 1864, in the District of North Carolina, Department of Virginia and North Carolina,—station, Fortress Monroe, Va.; to November, 1864, in the Third Brigade, First Division, Eighteenth Army Corps,—station, June 30, 1864, and August 31st, and October 31, 1864, "In the field;" to May, 1865, in the Third Brigade, Third Division, Twenty-fourth Army Corps,—station, December 31, 1864, and February, 28, 1865, Chapin's Farm, Va.,—station, April 30, 1865, near Columbia, Va.

This regiment during the period of its service, participated in the following named engagements: Fredericksburg, Va., December 13, 1862; Suffolk, Va., May 3, 1863; Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, 1864; Cold Harbor, Va., June 1-12, 1864; Petersburg, Va., June 16—September 20, 1864; Chapin's Farm, Va., September 29-30, 1864; Fair Oaks, Va., October 27, 1864; Richmond, Va., April 3, 1865.

The regiment was mustered out of service at Richmond, Va., June 16, 1865.

Very Respectfully,

F T AINSWORTH,
Colonel U. S. Army,
Chief Record and Pension Office.

BY HIS EXCELLENCY,

WILLIAM A. BUCKINGHAM,

GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF CONNECTICUT.

A PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS, The General Assembly, at its recent session,

Resolved, "That the heartfelt thanks and lasting gratitude of the people of this state are due, and are hereby tendered, to all Connecticut officers and soldiers of every rank and grade, who in the War of the Rebellion have gallantly borne the flag and nobly sustained the honor of our state, and who, by long years of faithful service, and on many a hard-fought field, have aided in preserving to us our institutions, and in demonstrating to the world that no government is so strong as that which rests in the will of a free and enlightened people, and that no armies are so invincible as citizen soldiers battling for their own liberties and the rights of man.

"That this state will ever gratefully cherish and honor the memories of those victims of war and rebel barbarities, who went forth from us for our defense, but who come not back to participate in the blessings of that peace, which, through their efforts and sacrifices, a just God has vouchsafed to us.

"That His Excellency the Governor be requested, by suitable proclamation, to publish the foregoing resolutions."

Therefore, I, William A. Buckingham, Governor of the State of Connecticut, in order to effect the object designed by the General Assembly, hereby issue this proclamation, and call upon

the citizens of this commonwealth, to manifest by expressions of gratitude, and by acts of kindness, both to the living and to the families of the honored dead, their high appreciation of the sacrifices made by each of the fifty-three thousand three hundred and thirty men, who from this state have entered the service of the nation during our recent struggle with rebellion; and to impress upon their children and children's children, the duty of holding such patriotic services in honor and perpetual remembrance, and thus prove the enduring gratitude of the Republic.

{ L. S. } Given under my hand and the seal of the State, at the City of Hartford, this, the seventh day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five.

WILLIAM A. BUCKINGHAM.

THANKSGIVING DINNER.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE END OF THE WAR.

The spring of 1865 brought with it large hopes of speedy success, and anticipations were cherished of those movements that would lead to the end of the war. General Sherman's army was at Goldsboro, N. C., about one hundred and fifty miles distant. It was possible in the union of these two great armies to overcome any obstacle. But would General Lee remain idle and permit this? Early in the month of March President Davis and General Lee had a consultation about the situation in and around Richmond, and they both agreed that both of these places could not be held much longer and that they must get away as soon as possible. It was only the muddy roads that prevented earlier movements. Meanwhile General Grant purposes to crush the Army of Northern Virginia before the arrival of Sherman's troops, that the Army of the Potomac may have the full credit of the victory.

General Lee strikes the first blow in a movement of the new year. To render his plans for escape the easier of execution, he determines to attack our line near the center, that, so our left flank being weakened by taking troops therefrom for support elsewhere, escape by his right flank may be easier. Accordingly, on March 25th, he makes an attack on Fort Steadman and surrounding works, breaking through our line at the place once held by our regiment. But his movement,

at first successful, ends in a complete failure with a loss of four thousand men on his side to two thousand on ours. Meanwhile General Grant is as impatient to begin the campaign as General Lee is to get away, but he must await the arrival of General Sheridan, who has been sent on an expedition to the north of Richmond.

To establish a base of supplies for Sheridan's cavalry upon their return, our brigade is sent to White House Landing. Here we are joined by his troops on March 18th, and after waiting nearly a week for the recruiting of the horses, we start for our old position in front of Richmond by way of Harrison's Landing. Our first day's march is made in company with one brigade of the cavalry to Chickahominy, where

CAPTAIN WALTER P. LONG.

LIEUTENANT COURTLAND G. STANTON.

we encamped for the night. Next day we are joined by the rest of the army, and passing by Charles City Court House, where we find the ruins of a few burned buildings, we reach Harrison's Landing about sundown.

Next morning we fell into line about six o'clock, and after waiting three hours for the cavalry to get under way, we cross the James on a pontoon bridge, and reaching our old place, go into camp nearly two miles from our former camp and one mile from Deep Bottom near Battery Number Nine.

Here we relieved the One Hundred and Fifty-eighth New York Regiment, which, with other troops, hastened forward to join in a general movement toward the left, while our division, together with one division of colored troops, under command of General Weitzel, remains in front of Richmond. Here we stay and await the result of speedily developing movements that precede the surrender of General Lee's army at Appomattox Court House.

It was Sunday, April 2d, while President Davis was at church, he received word from General Lee that the line in front of Petersburg was broken, and that Richmond must be immediately evacuated. By two o'clock President Davis left, and was followed during the night by the entire army. By three o'clock on the morning of the third we were called out and from that time rested upon our arms. Soon was heard a terrific explosion, to be followed after a short interval by another—the explosion of the rebel gunboats on the James. After a hasty breakfast we march out toward the picket line, but find no one there to challenge our advance. Then the breastworks are reached, and they, too, are deserted. We hasten on towards the capital of the Confederacy, some seven miles in our front. No one complained of a shoe hurting his foot, no one lags behind because of weariness, but elated with the cheering prospect, we make no halt till we reach the suburbs of Richmond. Another brigade had preceded us and already were in the city, having reached it by another road.

With feelings of great satisfaction we now pitch our camp in perfect safety on the very spot the Army of the Potomac had striven to reach for the past four years, and for which it had sacrificed a hundred thousand men. A laudable curiosity now takes possession of all to see the city. But the visitor finds that the prey, won at so great a sacrifice, had suffered hard usage at the hands of the former defenders, for the city had been swept by a great fire that had destroyed nearly its entire business portion. Probably for the purpose

of preventing certain stores from falling into our hands, the enemy on leaving had set them on fire. But the fire, escaping control, spread with great fury till it was checked by the opportune arrival of our troops, who joined with the citizens in extinguishing the flames.

The following extract, written by one of the members of the regiment to a near relative and by him published in the *Willimantic Journal*, April 13, 1865, may convey some idea of the condition of the city:

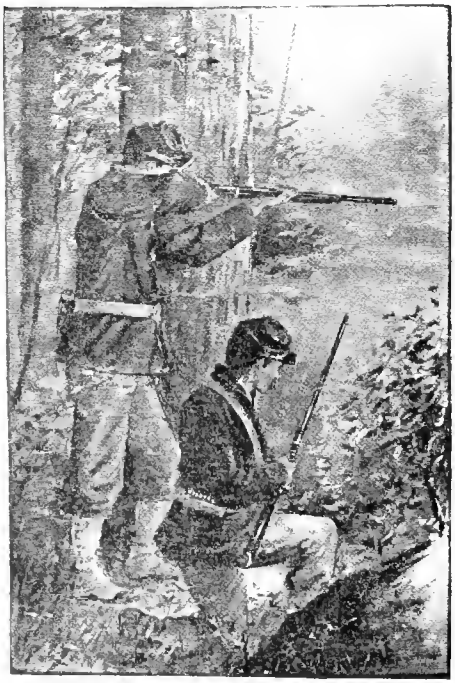
"To-day (April 4th) I have spent much of the time in Richmond visiting Libby Prison, the Capitol, President Davis' home, Spottswood Hotel, etc., etc., and will give you a brief account of my travels. Captain T—— went with me. The first thing we noticed was two or three hogs in the street, which I supposed to be a necessary appendage of a Southern city

"The first point of interest reached was Libby Prison. This is a place of no very inviting accommodations, I assure you; but now we saw it filled with Confederate prisoners. We made no attempt to go through it, as there was so large a crowd around the door, that it would have been very difficult. One poor fellow, no doubt, thinking his lot a hard one, asked 'how long he would have to stay before he got a hearing?' Captain T—— replied, 'get a hearing! you ought to stay there three years.' * * * * The destruction by the fire is immense. On Main Street the buildings were burned, and the bricks had fallen on the sidewalks, so that it was with difficulty that we could get through even the centre of the street. As I passed through the street, I thought that 'poetic justice' was here represented.

"I was wandering over the ruins of Richmond. Stopping at a store which had escaped the fire, I entered into conversation with a man, evidently a strong secesh. While talking, a lady came up with a basket on her arm, with the inquiry, 'Can you tell me, sir, where the commissary is?' 'No,' I replied, 'I have not been in the city long. Do you wish pro-

vision?' 'Yes,' she replied, 'we have nothing to eat; there ain't anything in the city to get, and unless we get provisions, remember, we shall starve, and if we do, you will,' and she hurried off with a look sour enough to bite your head off, implying, if such a thing should happen, we, alone, would be the cause of it.

"Passing along some distance, over bricks, rubbish, etc., we arrived at the Capitol. This presented no very inviting



SHARPSHOOTERS.

appearance; many of the windows were broken, and a large number of official papers were scattered on the ground. There were many piles of furniture on the square and about the doors of the building, and in groups were crowds of people, not of the class that formerly would occupy the ground, but of all classes, the darkies and whites, the aris-

tocracy and poorer classes—all desirous of seeing some one and knowing what was going on.

"I went into the Capitol, which had been occupied by the State Legislature and Confederate Congress. The Senate Chamber was used as a provost marshal's office. I managed to press my way through the crowd and took a seat, on the desk of which, was the name of Alexander J. Marshall. Close by was Mr. Braman's seat, from whose desk I took a letter by 'Letcher,' date January 16, 1865, stating that the James River canal was in a miserable condition, and urging him to take some measures to place it in a better condition. Leaving this I proceeded to the Spottswood Hotel, which is a fine building. I inquired the price of board, and was informed that it was one dollar per meal. It used to be sixty dollars a day.

"Looking at the register, under date of April 2d (Sunday), I saw the names of Confederate officers. I then strolled up town through a more pleasant part of the city, and by inquiring of several individuals, I found Jefferson Davis' house, which was occupied by General Weitzel. I then passed through Richmond market, which was crowded with all classes of beings, but not a mouthful of anything to eat. While in the city I visited the office of the *Richmond Whig*. While there I conversed with Mr. Walker, who has managed the business department of the *Examiner* He with several others, connected with the press, spoke in the highest terms of our soldiers, and acknowledged that, if it had not been for them, the entire city would have been destroyed. They represented that nearly the whole business portion of the city had been burned, a statement which I think correct. They said the press had not been allowed to publish what they wished to.

"News was entirely suppressed, except what the government allowed. They thought the city would be easily governed. They felt very indignant at the conduct of the Confederate government, on leaving the city. At first the citizens

feared our soldiers, but now they have learned that we are human beings. Many, no doubt, rejoice at our arrival; others, while they do not like to be defeated in their so-called Confederacy, yet did not like the conduct of their Government, and so far are favorably impressed with our army. One great obstacle, as they say, is placing the 'nigger' on an equality with the white man. I returned to camp, tired and well satisfied with my walk."

For three weeks we remained in camp where first we halted in the enjoyment of the proud consciousness of complete victory. Only one event seemed to cast any gloom over the men. One morning there was heard the report of a gun fired every fifteen minutes. At first it was unnoticed, then it seemed ominous. Upon inquiry we found it to herald the sad news we were so unwilling to believe, that President Lincoln had been assassinated. He was loved and held in honor by all, and now that he must fall just in the hour of victory it seemed doubly sad.

About April 20th we moved our camp to the other side of the James opposite Richmond, preparatory to our marching inland to Columbia County, whither our regiment was to proceed under a separate command. On the twenty-eighth we left for our new destination under command of Lieutenant Colonel Brown, accompanied by two companies of cavalry The distance was about fifty-four miles. Our route lay along the valley of the James, and very near to the river, with a canal lying between. With no enemy in view, freed from the restraint that attended our movements when connected with a large army, advancing at our own leisure with no danger to fear, pitching our camp when and where we pleased, enjoying the most delightful season of the year, our march was exceedingly agreeable.

Most of the way, after leaving the suburbs of the city, our route lay along the same road that Sheridan had traveled six weeks before when he met our brigade at White House Landing. We were often reminded of this as we passed the

decaying carcasses of cavalry horses which, too poor to be of any value, were slain and left unburied. On our journey we passed the residence of the Hon. Mr. Sidden, Secretary of War in the late cabinet of Mr. Davis. To the colored people we were a great curiosity. The field hands, upon seeing us, would leave their work and hasten to the road for a closer inspection. Our boys acquired the habit of addressing each one they met as Sam. "Hello, Sam!" was the common, good-natured greeting they gave to all. From one darky thus addressed there came quickly the response, with a good

REVEILLE ON A COLD WINTER MORNING.

degree of self-satisfaction, "How'd you know my name was Sam? I believe everybody about here knows me."

Arriving at Columbia, which was the only village we saw on the way, we found a collection of less than a score of houses, together with a grist-mill, two shoe-makers' shops, a store, and what was a post-office, and an Episcopal Church. There had been a tobacco factory, but that had been burned during Sheridan's raid. Here we established our headquarters, which were also the headquarters of the army to which we belonged. The expectation of a short stay, however, discouraged any elaborate preparation of good quarters. We had a mail perhaps twice a week, and managed our own

affairs as we pleased. As we expected no more military duty, company and regimental drill were abandoned. While preserving military discipline, which now had become almost second nature to us, there was a great degree of freedom. One night, however, the Lieutenant-Colonel and staff at headquarters suffered in the loss of five horses, together with the hostler and colored boy having them in charge. Whence or how they went was not known, only this, that the officers were out so much property.

There was not much affiliation between the soldiers and the society in the village. To the more thrifty of the New England States the whole system of Southern industry seemed fifty years behind the times. Female slaves worked in the field as well as the male. The very implements of husbandry seemed awkward and heavy. Near the camp was the home of a Virginia planter surrounded by his former slaves numbering some three hundred. "How large is your master's farm?" was the inquiry directed to one of the slaves. "Oh, I don't know. It extends up James River about four miles and up the Fluvanna River (flowing into the James) about six miles." "With whom does your master associate?" "Well, he goes a good deal down to Colonel Harrison's, twenty miles below here, and visits with Mr. —— ten miles off." There was also a Union family, living six miles from camp, with which many in our regiment had some interest. The father and husband had been drafted into the rebel army and had died. The mother was left with six children, the eldest of whom was a daughter of eighteen. Their only means of support was in braiding hats with straw taken from the field or from the stack. When Richmond fell, the eldest daughter remarked to her grandfather, "Now my daily prayers are answered." "Then you may never expect another loaf from me," was the reply. One of the children, a boy twelve years of age, was in camp one day, and when asked how much they had to eat, replied, "About one-half bushel of corn-meal and three pounds of bacon." "What

will you do when this is gone?" was asked. He confessed that he did not know. Some fifteen dollars' worth of supplies were contributed by certain ones in the regiment for the assistance of the family. On one of the fast-days appointed by President Davis, a Southern lady asked one of her slaves, "Do you pray?" "Yes," was the reply. "For what do you pray?" "I pray that de will of de Lord may be done." "You must not pray for that," responded the mistress, "but that our enemies may be driven back."

Here in camp two of the companies were sent off at different points, some eight or ten miles distant, with their commanders as provost marshals to administer the oath of allegiance, and as far as possible to adjust any unsettled affairs that might arise and disturb the state of the country. One of these officers finds board in a family consisting of the parents, two daughters and one son, a prisoner from General Lee's army. One evening, for the entertainment of the boarder, the two daughters, accompanied by the piano, kindly sang some familiar songs. After singing "Home by the Ocean Shore," and "Gypsy Girl," they commenced "The Southern Soldier Boy." The sentiment of the piece was quite complimentary to the valor and success of their hero, but when in singing the second stanza they came to the words, "and he never will run," they quite broke down with laughter and went no further, for the presence of their own brother as a parolled prisoner, and the entire army of General Lee disbanded, made the words seem too ridiculous, even for song. One of the neighbors called one day with a letter and wishes the officer to forward it with his mail. Upon his paying the three cents postage, the officer takes from his pocket a three-cent stamp and adjusts it to the letter. "What! are these three-cent stamps come to life again?" is the inquiry of the once-citizen of the Confederacy with apparent surprise. "O, sir, be assured that these stamps have never died," was the reply.

The financial affairs of the conquered people were in a deplorable condition. There was plenty of Confederate scrip, one man saying that he had sixty thousand dollars of it in his possession, but it was entirely worthless. There was little or no specie in circulation and the state banks were ruined. The most perplexing questions were those that pertained to

WOOL GATHERING IN OLD VIRGINIA.

the negro. They had all learned the fact that they were free. In the possession of this fact some of them would start off with a bundle of clothes on their backs, and after wandering about for some time, and like Noah's dove, finding no place of rest, would return to their old place to work for five dollars per month, or less. Just how to deal with such a class of people seemed perplexing to the Provost Marshal.

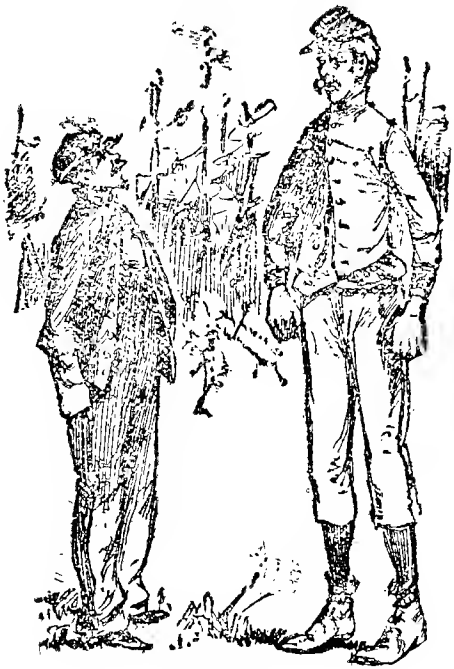
It was a most unfortunate condition for both the freed slaves and their former masters.

But at length there comes to the regiment the welcome order to return to Richmond and make out the muster-out rolls of the regiment. It was needless to say that no part of the service was more welcome than this, and joyfully the work is performed in a camp that is more like the grove of a picnic than a place of military discipline.

On June 16, 1865, we were mustered out of the United State's service, and relieved from all obligations assumed, September 5, 1862, the date of our mustering in. But the list of names on the muster out roll differed very materially from those on the roll by which we were mustered in. On the first roll there were nine hundred and sixty-six names, to which were added afterwards seventy-five recruits. Now there were but three hundred and sixty-four present to be mustered out. There were some ninety-three others absent, either on detached service or sick in hospitals, who were mustered out near this date in the locality where they happened to be stationed, four hundred and fifty-seven in all. But the names that did not appear among these mustered out were recorded elsewhere. Fifty-four were killed in action or died of wounds, one hundred and eight died of disease, three hundred and thirteen were discharged by reason of disability. Of the remainder some (among the officers) resigned, some discharged for various reasons, and some deserted. The recruits for the most part were transferred to the Tenth Connecticut Regiment. Of the thirty-eight commissioned officers that were mustered in September 5, 1862, only five remained to be mustered out June 16, 1865: to wit, Lieutenant-Colonel James F Brown, Major William Spittle, Captain Philo F Talcott, of Company A; Captain Alvin M. Crane, Company D; Captain E. Perry Packer, Company G.

Thus reduced in numbers we returned home, reaching New York by boat, thence by cars to New Haven, Conn., where we remained in camp sufficiently long to meet the

pay-master. We were paid off July 6th, which date marks the last day in the history of our regiment. Thus enriched by the experiences and discipline of nearly three years' service, and possessing the consciousness of having borne an honorable part in the greatest war of the nineteenth century, each member of the regiment returned to his home to assume again the duties of an humble citizen.



MISFITS.

MEDALS OF HONOR.

The following members of the regiment have been granted medals of honor by the War Department, for gallant conduct in battle:

Private Wallace A. Beckwith,—Awarded February 15, 1897, action at Fredericksburg, Va., December 13, 1862: for gallantly responding to a call for volunteers to man a battery, serving with great heroism until the termination of the engagement.

Lieutenant F Clarence Buck,—Awarded April 6, 1865, action at Chapin's Farm near Richmond, Va., September 29, 1864. Although wounded, refused to leave the field until the fight closed.

Sergeant Robert A. Gray,—Awarded July 13, 1895, action at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, 1864. While retreating with his regiment, which had been repulsed, he voluntarily returned in the face of a heavy fire of the enemy's guns to a former position, and rescued a wounded officer of his company who was unable to walk.

Captain William S. Hubbell,—Awarded June 13, 1894, action at Fort Harrison, Va., September 30, 1864. Captured a large number of prisoners.

Corporal John G. Palmer,—Awarded October 30, 1896, action at Fredericksburg, Va., December 13, 1862. Volunteered to assist as gunner of a battery upon which the enemy was concentrating its fire, and fought with the battery until the close of the engagement.

THE UNION DEAD.

As prepared under the direction of Adjutant-General Drum in 1884. The statistical tables accepted as official, give the following figures:

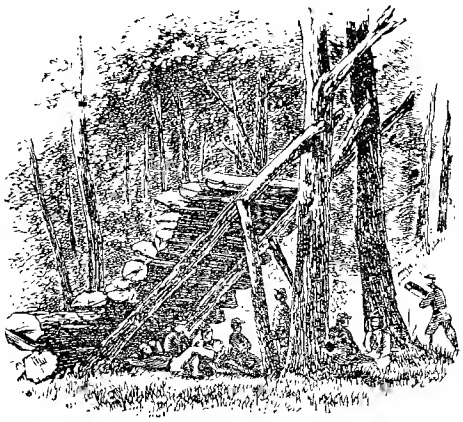
There are of record 9,853 deaths of commissioned officers and 349,913 deaths of enlisted men, making an aggregate of 359,496 deaths among the Union forces. The period included in the record is, for the regular troops, the interval between April 15, 1861, and August 1, 1865; for a portion of the volunteers it is prolonged beyond the latter date until the muster out of each organization. It will be remembered that the troubles in Mexico and other causes occasioned the retention of some volunteers in the service after the downfall of the Confederacy. Indeed, as Mr. Kirkley, the chief statistician, notes, the last white organization was disbanded November 18, 1867, and the last colored regiment, December 20, 1867, while the last officer of the volunteer general staff was not mustered out until July 1, 1869.

The death register of some of the largest prisons at the South, used for the confinement of Union soldiers, are missing. For the prisons at Americus, Atlanta, Augusta, Charleston, Lynchburg, Macon, Marietta, Mobile, Montgomery, Savannah, Shreveport, and Tyler, the registers have not been secured at all, and the importance of these prisons is well known. Only partial records were had from the prisons at Cahawba, Columbia, Florence, S. C., Millen, and Salisbury There have been ways, it is true, of partly working up these deficiencies; but, on the other hand, as Quartermaster-General Meigs has shown, in many Southern prisons three or four corpses of Union prisoners were sometimes buried in the same trench, and the number of graves only imperfectly indicates the number of dead. Even in the most imperfect record, the number of Union soldiers known to have died in captivity was close upon 30,000—in exact figures, 29,498. The late investiga-

tion, we may add, has increased by about one-sixth the record of deaths among Union prisoners.

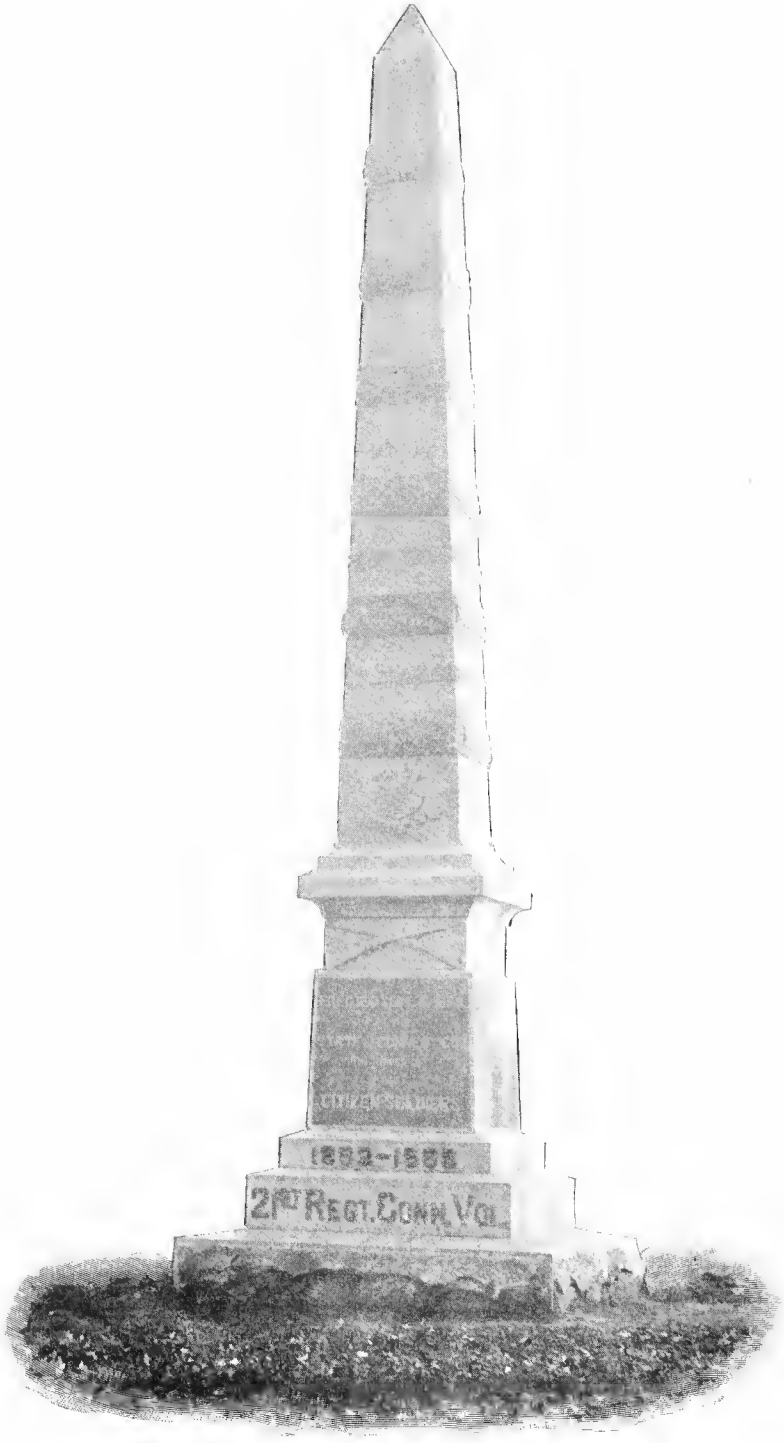
Taking Mr. Kirkley's tables, we derive from them the following general results:

	OFFICERS.	MEN.	AGGREGATE.
Killed or died of wounds,	6,365	103,673	110,038
Died of disease,	2,795	221,791	224,586
Drowned,	106	4,838	4,934
Other accidental deaths,	142	3,972	4,114
Murdered,	37	487	524
Killed after capture,	14	86	100
Committed suicide,	20	365	361
Executed,	--	267	267
Executed by enemy,	4	60	64
Died from sunstroke,	5	308	313
Other known causes,	62	1,972	2,034
Causes not stated,	28	12,093	12,121
Totals,	9,584	349,912	359,496



BULLET PROOF IN WOODS.

APPENDIX



MONUMENT DEDICATED OCTOBER 20, 1898, AT NEW LONDON, CONN.

DEDICATION OF MONUMENT

At the reunion of the Association, held at Willimantic, May 16, 1895, a committee of five was appointed to act for the regiment, to secure a monument under the resolution of the State Legislature, providing an allowance of one thousand dollars, for the placing of a monument on any battle-field or national cemetery, to any Regimental Association.

At the annual reunion of May 15th, held at Willimantic in 1897, Chairman Smith reported that the State Legislature had so changed the first resolution as to allow the association to erect a monument in this state. A ballot was taken on the choice of location for the monument. Four towns were voted for, of which Willimantic had forty-four votes, Norwich nineteen, Groton six, and East Hampton one, and it was declared that Willimantic was the place chosen.

The committee, consisting of Comrades B. E. Smith, D. O. Lombard, Robert A. Gray, D. D. Brown and George W Shepard, advertised for designs, specifications, and prices not to exceed one thousand dollars. Early in the following August a design by W E. Ohaver, of New London, Conn., was accepted by the committee, and Quarter-Master General Van Kuren acting for the State of Connecticut.

Quarter-Master General Van Kuren made a contract with Mr. Ohaver for the erection of a monument in accordance with the accepted design, and the work was begun with the expectation of its being completed and dedicated at the reunion to be held May 16, 1898.

The committee met at Willimantic and selected a site for the monument on the ground adjacent to the Town Hall. A subsequent meeting of the voters of the Town of Windham did not grant the site selected by the committee, but granted a site on the Town High School grounds. This site was not accepted by the committee, and as a site was offered by the city of New London on Williams Memorial Park, it was decided to postpone further work until after the reunion of 1898. At this reunion, held May 16, 1898, at Willimantic, a resolution was unanimously voted to rescind previous vote to locate the monument at Willimantic, and a resolution passed to instruct the committee to accept the site offered by the city of New London, through His Honor Cyrus G. Beckwith, Mayor of the city.

On October 20, 1898, a handsome monument, seven feet square and twenty-six feet high, was dedicated and unveiled, in the presence of a large number of the members of the regiment, their friends, and the citizens of New London. The prominent guests present were His Excellency the Governor, Lorrin A. Cooke, with members of his staff, United States Senator Joseph R. Hawley, Representative Charles A. Russell, His Honor Mayor Beckwith, of New London, and the Rev. J. M. Bixler, of New London.

The presentation of the site by the Park Commissioners, and the assurance that the city of New London would maintain and care for the monument, by Mayor Beckwith, was followed by the acceptance of the gift on behalf of the Association by Chairman of the Committee B. E. Smith, and the unveiling of the monument by two sons of veterans. President Edward N. Crocker then introduced Governor Cooke, who spoke of the service of the volunteer soldiers of Connecticut.

HISTORICAL ADDRESS

By Rev A. M. Crane, Groton, Mass.

FORMERLY CAPTAIN COMPANY D, TWENTY-FIRST REGIMENT, C. V.

Your Excellency, Mr. Mayor, Fellow Comrades and Citizens

With humiliation we bow to that universal law of our race, which denies to her heroes the privilege of perpetuating the memory of their deeds; but with gratitude we welcome that other law, whereby a sympathetic people gather up the deeds of those who have made their history, and inscribe their names upon imperishable monuments. It is in obedience to this law that we meet here to-day. A noble commonwealth, with appreciation for her valiant sons, has enabled this association of veterans, after the lapse of more than a third of a century, to erect this monument, that it may speak to those who shall come after us of heroic deeds and worthy achievements.

And in passing, permit me to say, that it is in keeping with the past record of the state, that she now bestows this munificence. Our commonwealth has ever been loyal when danger has threatened. Far back on the muster-rolls of the Pequot and King Phillip's war we find, as the historian tells us, the same names as those recorded on the muster-rolls of the late Civil War. Two hundred years ago the records of our colony bear witness to the valor of our troops as they contend with bitter cold, gnarled swamps, and strong forts defended by a stubborn enemy, while the many mourners scattered through the land bear witness to the bravery of her sons in battle. In the War of the Revolution, but one colony, that of Massachusetts, exceeded the number of her troops sent to the Continental Army, while in the War of the Rebellion, our State exceeded her quota by over five thousand men.

But not only in numbers did she excel; in the efficiency of her troops she also stands among the first. The powers of heredity by which our great leaders, Grant and Sherman, consummated their Herculean tasks, were acquired on Connecticut soil through a Connecticut ancestry. She furnished for the Navy in the late Civil War a Secretary, two Rear-Admirals and three Commodores—two of whom were from this city. Eight Major-Generals were from our state, and, counting those of brevet rank, eight Brigadiers. Their fidelity appears among the list of martyrs. The first to fall among the soldiers of rank are General Lyon of Eastford, Colonel Ellsworth, of Connecticut ancestry, Major Winthrop, a lineal descendant of the first Governor, and Captain Ward of the navy. Of the three Major-Generals who fell while leading an army corps, two were from Connecticut—Mansfield and Sedgwick—while of the thirty-two Brigadier-Generals counting brevet rank, three were from our state. Right worthily then does a state, boasting of such a history, commemorate the deeds of her sons, who gave their lives to make that history

But for what does this monument stand? The intelligent citizen of future generations will come and read its inscription:

1862–1865.
TWENTY-FIRST REGIMENT CONNECTICUT VOLUNTEERS.
ERECTED SEPTEMBER 5, 1898,
BY THE STATE OF CONNECTICUT,
IN HONOR OF HER CITIZEN SOLDIERS.
DREWRY'S BLUFF, COLD HARBOR, FREDERICKSBURG,
SUFFOLK, FAIR OAKS, FORT HARRISON,
AND PETERSBURG.

But will this inscription contain all that he will see? Far from it. For as standing here to-day and gazing upon this monument, you cannot fail to take in the surrounding scenery, the beautiful park, and the landscape yonder lost in the distant horizon, so he who comes to read this inscription will also have brought to his mind the long and trying war, with its fearful losses of the one hundred and ten thousand slain in

battle, and the two hundred thousand more who died from disease; while beyond this carnage of war he will also see that sharp and decisive conflict of political strife, where great moral ideas swayed the minds of men as they never have been swayed since.

There is a legend respecting the battle of Chillon, fought in mediæval times with great slaughter, that for several successive nights after the battle, the spirits of the slain hovered over the gory field and fought over again the fearful contest. Reverse the order of combat in this legend and you have an illustration of our conflict. Before the clash of arms there was the clash of political and moral forces. I shall never forget the great political excitement that preceded the election of Abraham Lincoln. I was then attending school in an academy of our state, and with a few comrades went ten miles to listen to the Hon. Anson Burlingame, as he spoke with telling power upon the great questions of the day

But in the midst of this great political conflict our state made no preparations for war, rather she suffered her militia to fall into a sad state of inefficiency. Captain Hubbell, of our Association, states that when at school a few years previous to the war, his father gave him the unprecedented privilege of staying out a few days to witness the manœuvres of a military company about to disband, "for," said the father, "you may never have the privilege of seeing the like again in this state." This may serve to illustrate the absence of military spirit on the part of our people. But when the reverberation of that gun fired upon Fort Sumpter reached the state, how quickly was all changed; the people arose in their might, and directed their energies to the terrible realities of war. How earnest they were may be judged from the fact that, previous to the war, in a closely contested election, eighty-four thousand votes were cast. During the war our state sent over fifty thousand three-years' men for the defense of our country

Can we recall to-day the busy scenes of that eventful summer and autumn of 1862? Already fourteen regiments had gone to the front, and now, during the three weeks ending September 15th, eight regiments of three years' men left for a like destination, and before the snow flew they were followed by seven more nine months' men. It was in stirring scenes like these that the Twenty-first found its origin. Scarcely has the Eighteenth left the camp at Norwich when the Twenty-first quickly gathered in the vacant tents. Notice the towns from whence they came:

Groton	sends	100	men,	Hartford	sends	94	men,
Stonington	"	75	"	Middletown	"	61	"
North Stonington	"	68	"	Mansfield	"	41	"
Plainfield	"	55	"	Chatham	"	30	"
Colchester	"	50	"	Ashford	"	20	"
Montville	"	45	"	Windham	"	18	"
New London	"	42	"	Brooklyn	"	16	"
Norwich	"	37	"	Pomfret	"	15	"
Voluntown	"	26	"	Glastonbury	"	15	"
Sterling	"	11	"				

with a smaller number from other towns. Within a radius of twenty-five miles from this monument, a majority of this regiment came.

Observe, if you will, some characteristics of these men here gathered. The average age of the soldier was twenty-five, but in this regiment, twenty-six and one-half years. Seventy-five per cent. of the whole army were native, the rest foreigners; of this company eighty-four per cent. native, sixteen per cent. foreigners. In the army as a whole forty-eight per cent. are reported as farmers, sixteen per cent. as laborers. In this regiment forty-two per cent. are reported as farmers, seven per cent. as laborers, while over fifty per cent. are reported as skilled workmen, including seventy-five different occupations representing nearly every industry of the state. But who now shall be added to this body of men to be their leader and master, to become to them what the soul is to the

body, inspiring them with his own personality, awakening the traits of his own character in theirs, and with patience and firmness draw out their love and respect? Such a man was found, respecting whom I do not remember to have ever heard one word of fault, but many words of commendation.

Arthur H. Dutton was born in Wallingford, Conn., November 15, 1838, where his father's family, for several generations, had resided. His sister writes, "From his mother, a native of Coventry, Conn., he inherited strong literary tastes, with a love for poetry and romance, which manifested themselves in early life. As a boy, he was of a quiet, retiring disposition, though fond of sports of all kinds, and later in life, while entering with ardor into the pleasures and amusements of youth, all forms of vice were distasteful to him. He was extravagantly fond of reading, and at the age of nine years was familiar with all the works of Shakespeare. A favorite amusement of his boyhood was writing plays, which were enacted by himself and his companions in a vacant barn, which they had converted into a theatre for the purpose. His early education was acquired principally in the public schools of Wallingford, though profiting by whatever advantage of private school the town occasionally offered. From the age of fourteen, he attended for two years the school of Mr. French in New Haven, after which he entered upon the two years' course at the Yale Scientific School. This he left before graduating in order to accept the appointment of cadet at the United States Military Academy, tendered him by Mr. Clark, then Representative in Congress. At West Point he took from the first the highest stand in his class, excelling particularly in mathematics and French. He graduated among the first five or star-members in June, 1861, the course of study having been shortened to four years owing to the outbreak of the Civil War. He was appointed Lieutenant in the Corps of Engineers, United States Army, and immediately reported for duty at Washington. General Mansfield, then in command of the defenses of the capital, appointed him on his

staff, where he served during the winter of 1861–1862. In March, 1862, he was ordered to Fort Clinch, Fernandina. Returning the following August, at the recommendation of General H. G. Wright, he received from Governor Buckingham the Colonelcy of the Twenty-first Connecticut Volunteers.

I shall always remember his appearance as he assumed command of our regiment. A little above the average height, with a true military bearing, possessing features indicative of thoughtfulness and retirement, and yet an eye that could look one through and detect shams, he impressed everyone that he was easily master of his position. And then, as he put his hand to the task of leadership assigned him, he manifested that patience and skill in discipline, that firmness tempered with sympathy, which inspired in all the highest confidence in his ability. and won for him a large place in the affections of everyone in his command. In him was illustrated what Sarah Grand says of the educated soldier: "In appearance and manner, officer and gentleman are synonymous terms." But with all, there was a worthy ambition to excel—the Twenty-first must become among the best of regiments, and it was not long before each member thought that he must do his best to make it so. There was in the heart of Colonel Dutton a true love for his chosen profession, without which no great success can be achieved.

How well do I remember his speech as he received from the ladies of Eastern Connecticut the colors of our regiment. Expressing thanks for the gift, he added, "At some future day, many months hence perhaps, we hope to bring these colors back to you, time-worn and dust-covered, perhaps bullet torn they may be, but polluted by the touch of a rebel, never."

At length on September 7, 1862, we leave the state for the front. Arriving at Washington, we go into camp at Arlington Heights, having been assigned to General Casey's command for the defense of the capital. After two weeks we

leave for Pleasant Valley, Md., where we take our place in that world-renowned Army of the Potomac, being assigned to Third Brigade, Third Division, Ninth Army Corps, Brigadier-General Harland commanding. After three weeks we leave this place for our long march through Virginia. We arrive at Falmouth near the close of November, and in a few days after participate in the battle of Fredericksburg.

Though a third of a century has passed since then, I am sure that the details of our movements then are fresh in your memories, fellow comrades. You remember how we crossed the river into the city in the morning, and waited near the pontoon bridge, while the cruel fighting was in progress; how at sundown we marched through the city and took our place on the battle-field; then, next morning early, you remember how we returned to the city and spent the day in suspense, expecting the command to charge on the works in front of us with the whole Ninth Corps. But prudent advice prevails, and after a day or two we return to our camp. You remember, too, the hardships of the march and the sickness we suffered; how we were out for three months nearly, before we received our shelter tents, being obliged to use our rubber blankets, designed to protect from the damp ground beneath, as a tent to shelter us from the descending rains; how many would wake at night to find their limbs drenched by the falling rain. You remember, too, the severe sickness that followed, an epidemic of typhoid fever, when twenty died per month. You remember the poor hospital accommodations, how one just able to reach the doctor at surgeon's call is bidden, "Go to the hospital," but soon returns to the physician saying, "There is no room in the hospital tent, not even on the ground, to spread my blanket for a bed." And yet in the midst of all this, I do not remember of any fault being found with the authorities at Washington. Rather, the united voice of the North was, "On to Richmond," while our comrades were buried unnoticed by the world.

While stationed here, a new brigade was formed with Colonel Dutton as commander. At length, February 9th, after two and one-half months' stay at Falmouth, we leave with the entire Ninth Corps, for Newport News. Our stay here of a little over a month, ends on March 13th, when we leave for the defense of Suffolk, now threatened by Longstreet's advance. Here we experience an uninterrupted period of picket duty till the following May. But when Longstreet is called off by General Lee to join him in the invasion of the Northern States, the grip on Suffolk is relaxed and we find a period of rest.

Deeming the place no longer of any value, our army evacuates Suffolk and established their lines in the suburbs of Portsmouth. Here at Bowers' Hill we enjoy a delightful camp for six weeks. I know of no like period of equal duration that we had greater enjoyment. Colonel Donahue, inspecting our regiment, makes this report in part: "I believe this regiment equal, if not superior, to any I have ever inspected. I predict that the Twenty-first can be relied upon to fill any position to which it may be assigned."

At length on June 22d, leaving our camp in light marching order, we set out upon our expedition up the peninsula to White House Landing, thinking, perhaps, that if Lee's army invades the north, we may find the back door open to Richmond. At the beginning of this expedition our regiment receives the complimentary order assigning it to the duty of provost guard for the division. This expedition is richer in experiences than in tangible results. Upon our return, after an absence of three weeks, we are assigned to the duty of provost guard for the city of Portsmouth. After serving in this position for two and one-half months, we are transferred to Norfolk, where we fill a like period in discharge of the same duty. Of this life we have only pleasant memories.

A Portsmouth paper speaks in the highest terms of Connecticut soldiers, and adds, "we have heard of not a single case of strife, or rowdyism, or interference with private rights.

Everywhere they receive encomiums of praise." Then December 10th, we are summoned to Newport News again, where we remain nearly two months, during which time many of our regiment engage in the expedition to Brandon Farms. This a period of comparative retirement, many of the officers having their wives with them.

In the early part of February following, Newburn, N. C., is threatened by the enemy as Suffolk had been threatened ten months previous. Then at Newburn, afterwards at Little Washington, we spend an uneventful period of three months with no enemy to molest us. Now comes the preparation for that last great campaign against Richmond under the direction of General Grant. The troops along the coast of Southern Virginia and the Carolinas, are consolidated in two army corps, the Tenth and the Eighteenth, to be known as the Army of the James, Major-General Butler commanding.

About the first of May we leave the State of North Carolina, and after a few days tarry at Portsmouth, we join the Eighteenth Corps at Bermuda Hundred, where real service begins. Here our Colonel is assigned to duty on General Smith's staff, Commander of the Corps. But a few days elapse before the eventful 16th of May, when was fought the battle of Drewry's Bluff, in which our regiment lost one hundred and nine men. Out of upwards of fifty regiments connected with these two corps, only seven lost as many or more than we. It was the good fortune of our gallant Colonel at several periods of the battle, to witness the conduct of his regiment. In a letter written to his sister he says, "The Twenty-first behaved gloriously. There was not a regiment in the field that fought more bravely or pertinaciously." Thankful am I, that he, who in ten days was to finish his work, should now behold some of the fruit of his skilled labor, in the conduct of his regiment. That our Colonel was not unduly boasting is apparent from the language of General Weitzel, who when asked, "Where is the Twenty-first?" replied, "At the front, fighting like hell."

From the battle-field we retire within the strong fortifications of Bermuda Hundred, guarded on the right flank by the James, on the left by the Appomattox. Here a new brigade is formed, over which our Colonel is assigned to the command. Let us picture, if we can, the map of this country. Here is a triangle formed by the two rivers, the James on the north and the Appomattox on the south, while at a point a few miles from their junction where the distance between the two streams is scarcely more than two miles, our strong defenses are established. Within these defenses we rest secure—but where are the enemy; how strong are they? Somewhere in the front, doubtless. To our Colonel with his newly formed brigade, is assigned the duty of answering these questions.

On May 25th, from a point near the left of our line, he moves out on a reconnoissance. After a march of nearly two miles through a dense forest, approaching night drives him back to his camp. Next day he again moves forward with his entire command, advancing beyond the point reached on the preceding day. Says the official report, "After an advance of two miles through heavy woods, our skirmish line comes upon the enemy, strongly entrenched and almost hidden by underbrush. Line of battle was at once formed. As our skirmish line was becoming engaged, Colonel Dutton, then, as usual on the skirmish line, was mortally wounded." A bullet from a sharpshooter had pierced his face, passing under his tongue, rendered death imminent from hemorrhage.

I well remember the form of our loved Colonel as he was borne on a stretcher by tender, loving hands to the rear. Immediately we commenced our return to camp, with each heart filled with inexpressible sadness. Soon after, at his own request, attended by a physician, he was taken to Baltimore. At the landing another hemorrhage sets in, and in spite of medical skill and the tender watch, care and loving sympathy of a devoted wife, and sister, and mother, he dies June 6th. Says General Devens, "Many brave officers and

men have died. * * * * Prominent especially among them is Colonel A. H. Dutton, the most accomplished among gentlemen and soldiers." So passes from our regiment our devoted leader and noble Colonel, after he had won for himself the loving respect of every one of its members, and in turn had imparted to each one something of its soldierly qualities and gentlemanly character. He dies, but his influence lived on, and the discipline he had called into being lived through to the end of its history.

Soon after, in a brigade commanded by Colonel Guy V Henry, Fortieth Massachusetts, we take part in the battle of Cold Harbor on the 3d of June following. Here we met with a loss of thirty of our men, and a few days after suffered the loss of our brave Lieutenant-Colonel, who fell mortally wounded while making his round as division officer-of-the-day. Lieutenant Colonel Thomas F Burpee, before the war, had been connected with the manufacturing interests of Rockville, Conn. He brought to his office and consecrated to his work the strong qualities of his sincere, noble manhood, characterized by unflinching courage and a true military bearing. Self-possessed, dignified, faithful in the details of his work, he brought honor to the regiment. In his loss we all grieved.

Shortly after this we returned to the south side of the James, and in connection with the Army of the Potomac, engaged in the assault upon Petersburg. Then followed the watchful and dangerous duty behind rifle pits, where our losses during the month of July averaged one a day, either killed or wounded, among the noblest of these our brave Captain Kenyon. Then follows the attack connected with the explosion of the mine, where the genial and loyal Captain Long was instantly killed. Soon after follows the attack and capture of Fort Harrison, where fell the noble Lieutenant Jennings, mortally wounded. In mentioning these, I forget not the fifty-five others equally loyal and worthy, who died

in battle or from wounds received, without whose fidelity the history of our regiment had been written in dishonor.

Then follows the winter in front of Richmond, where only seven miles out from the capital of the Confederacy we maintain our regular picket line. At the opening of spring comes the Titanic blows of our great leader, that breaks through the strong defense of Petersburg and hastens the evacuation of Richmond. O, happy was that day that dawned after a night of watchful expectancy, where we found every enemy vanished from our front, for the rebel capital, towards which for years we had been pressing our way, was now defenseless at our feet. Thus, with the close of the war, there remains but a few weeks of service, which we spend in provost duty in Fluvana County. Then comes the welcome orders to return home.

With the mustering out of the regiment there comes an end to its history, as a military organization, but not to the achievement of its arms. Though it was only one regiment out of two thousand, yet it did its part in preserving our country. Of the thirty regiments sent from our state, twelve only lost as many men as we in battle. In the entire army the average loss in battle was five per cent. Our regiment lost six per cent. Of the twelve great battles, in which eleven thousand or more were lost, we were present and bore a part in three of them.

Senator Hawley, Congressman Russell, and Rev. J. M. Bixler, of New London, each gave an eloquent address.

The monument is an imposing shaft of granite, with suitable inscriptions and the crossed muskets, surmounted by the state coat-of-arms in relief. A contribution of twenty-five dollars from Mr. George R. Dutton enabled the committee to add to this feature, otherwise the coat-of-arms would only have been traced. Mr. Dutton is a brother of Colonel Arthur H. Dutton.

OFFICIAL RECORD

——OF THE——

SERVICE OF THE MEN

——OF THE——

Twenty-First Regt., Conn. Vol. Infantry,

IN THE WAR OF THE REBELLION.

Transcribed from the Records in the Office of the Adjutant-General of the State of Connecticut.

With Corrections to Date.

Mustered Into the United States Service, Sept. 5, 1862.

Mustered Out, June 16, 1865.

CONCERNING THE ROSTER AND RECORD.

The catalogue of Connecticut Volunteer Organizations, published by the State, and the file of the Regiment in the Adjutant General's office, have largely served as the basis for the Roster and Record of the Regiment, but as there have been found so many errors and inaccuracies, much time and patience have been necessary in its preparation.

While it is to be regretted that the Regimental and Company records have not been kept with greater care and accuracy, it must be remembered that they were in the hands of so many different persons during the period of our service, and that, considering the exigencies and necessitudes of that service, especially when in the field, it is surprising, rather than otherwise, that they were preserved at all with any approach to correctness.

Some of the errors and omissions in this Record will be found very serious and annoying. No one can regret this more than the members of the committee, but they can plead in extenuation that the best possible service has been rendered with the facilities at their command; and we ask the forbearance of all concerned, and that the difficulties under which the work has been done, will be borne in mind when this portion of the work passes under review and criticism.

TWENTY-FIRST REGIMENT C. V INFANTRY

FIELD AND STAFF

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE ON ENLISTMENT.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Colonels.			[Died of wounds June 5, '64.
Arthur H. Dutton,	Wallingford,	Sept. 5, '62	App. Brig.-Gen. by bvt. May 16, '64. Wd. May 26, '64, Petersburgh, Va.
Thomas F Burpee,	Vernon,	Sept. 5, '62	Pro. from Capt. Co. D, 14th C. V., to Maj. Aug. 25, '62; Col. June 9, '64. Wd. June 9, '64, Cold Harbor, Va. Died of wounds June 11, '64.
Hiram B. Crosby,	Norwich,	Sept. 5, '62	Pro. from Priv. Co. C, 18th C. V., to Maj. Sept. 5, '62; Lieut.-Col. June 8, '64; Col. June 27, '64. Dis. Sept. 14, '64.
Lieut. Colonels.			
Thomas F Burpee,	Vernon,	Sept. 5, '64	(See Colonel.)
Hiram B. Crosby,	Norwich,	Sept. 5, '64	(See Colonel.) [out June 16, '64.
James F. Brown,	Stonington,	Sept. 5, '62	Pro. from Capt. Co. G, to Maj. Oct. 12. '64; Lieut.-Col. Oct. 31, '64. Must.
Majors.			
Hiram B. Crosby,	Norwich,	Sept. 5, '62	(See Colonel.)
Chas. T Stanton, Jr.,	Stonington,	Sept. 5, '62	Wd. May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Pro. Maj. July 25, '64. Disc. dis. Sept. 14, '64. App. Lieut.-Col. by bvt. to date Mch. 13, '65.
James F Brown,	Stonington,	Sept. 5, '62	(See Lieut. Col.) [M. o. June 16, '65.
William Spittle,	New London,	Sept. 5, '62	(See 1st Lieut. Rifle Co. C, 2d C. V.) Pro. from Capt. Co. F, Dec. 19, '64.
Jeremiah M. Shepard,	Plainfield,	Sept. 5, '62	(See 2d Lt. Co. F, 8th C. V.) Wd. May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Disc. dis. Sep. 14, '64. Apt Capt. and C. S. Mch. 3, '65; Maj. by bvt. Aug. 10, '65. Disc. Aug. 10, '65.
Adjutants.			
Clarence E. Dutton,	Wallingford,	Sept. 5, '62	Wd. Dec. 13, '62, Fredericksburg, Va. Pro. Capt. Co. H, Mch. 1, '63.
Frank C. Jeffrey,	New London,	Dec. 26, '62	(See Private Rifle Co. C, 2d C. V.) Pro. from 1st Lieut. Co. A, Mch. 1, '63. Disc. dis. Sept. 14, '64.
Walter P. Long,	Stonington,	Sept. 5, '62	Pro. from 2d Lieut. Co. B, Oct. 12, '64; Capt. Co. B, Jan. 11, '65.
Elisha B. Chipman,	New London,	Sept. 5, '62	Pro. from 2d Lieut. Co. E, Jan. 11, '65. M. o. June 16, '65.
William S. Hubbell,	Stonington,	Nov. 24, '62	Pro. from 1st Lieut. Co. B, Jan. 5, '65.

FIELD AND STAFF—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE ON ENLISTMENT.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Quarter Masters.			
Hiram W. Richmond,	Brooklyn,	Sept. 5, '62	Disc. Feb. 17, '63.
Edward Gallup,	Brooklyn,	Sept. 5, '62	Pro. from Q. M. Sergt. Feb. 21, '63. M. o. June 16, '63
Chas. Fenton,	Mansfield,	Sept. 5, '62	Pro. 2d Lieut. July 31, '63; 1st Lieut. Co. C, Nov. 16, '64
Surgeons.			
William Soule,	Griswold,	Sept. 5, '62	Pro. from Asst. Surg. 1st C. H. A. Sept. 5, '62. Disc. Feb. 23, '63
J. Hamilton Lee,	Norwich,	Sept. 5, '62	Pro. to Surg. Apr. 21, '63. Disc. Oct. 31, '64.
Nehemiah Nickerson,	Saybrook,	Jan 2, '65	Pro. from Asst. Surg. 16th C. V. Jan. 2, '65. M. o. June 16, '65.
Asst. Surgeons.			
J. Hamilton Lee,	Norwich,	Sept. 2, '62	(See Surgeon.)
Chas. T. Tennant,	Windsor,	Mch. 12, '63	M. o. June 16, '65.
Lewis E. Dixon,	Plainfield,	Sept. 5, '62	Disc. Jan. 24, '63.
Chaplains.			
John E. Wood,	Groton,	Sept 5, '62	Pro. from Capt. Co. G, Sept. 15, '62. Disc. Jan. 8, '63
Thomas G. Brown,	Chatham,	May 8, '63	Wd. at Drewry's Bluff, Va. M. o. June 16, '65

NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF

Sergeant Majors.			
Christopher C. Brand,	Norwich,	Sept. 5, '62	Pro. 2d Lieut. Co. A, Oct. 12, '63
Henry R. Young,	Chatham,	Sept. 5, '62	Pro. from Sergt. Co. H, Oct. 12, '62. Rede. to Sergt. (sick) and trans. to Co. A, May 19, '63.
Luther N. Curtis,	Hartford,	Sept. 5, '62	Pro. from 1st Sergt. Co. C, June 1, '63; 2d Lieut. Co. K, Feb. 1, '64.
Orlan D. Glazier,	Hartford,	Sept. 5, '62	Pro. from 1st Sergt. Co. A, Feb. 1, '64; 2d Lieut. May 31, '64 (not must.). Wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va. Pro. 1st Lieut. Co. G, Oct. 12, '64.
John W. Graham,	New London,	Sept. 5, '62	Pro. from Sergt. Co. F, Oct. 12, '64. M. o. June 16, '65.

Q. M.-Sergeants.			
Edward Gallup,	Brooklyn,	Sept. 5, '62	Pro. from Priv. Co. K, Sept. 5, '62; Q.-M. Feb. 31, '63. M. o. June 16, '65.
Ransom Jackson,	Stonington,	Sept. 5, '62	Pro. from Priv. Co. E, Mch. 1, '63; 1st Lieut. Co. D, Oct. 13, '64. M. o.
Edwin S. Wheeler,	Stonington,	Sept. 5, '62	Pro. from Priv. Co. G, Oct. 12, '64. M. o. June 16, '65. [June 16, '65.
Com.-Sergeants.			
Joseph D. Plunkett,	Norwich,	Sept. 5, '62	Pro. 2d Lieut. Co. K, Oct. 11, '62. Disc. Dec. 20, '62.
Albert T. Childs,	Hartford,	Sept. 5, '62	Pro. from Corp. Co. A, Oct. 11, '62. M. o. June 16, '65.
Hospital Stewards.			
James E. Barbour,	Norwalk,	Sept. 5, '62	Disc. June 29, '63.
Julian N. Parker,	Mansfield,	Sept. 5, '62	Pro. from Sergt. Co. D, June 30, '63. M. o. June 16, '65.
Principal Musicians.			
Albert E. Scranton,	Plainfield,	Sept. 5, '62	Pro. from Musc. Co. K, Nov. 24, '62. M. o. June 16, '65.
Elijah J. Scranton,	Plainfield,	Sept. 5, '62	Pro. from Musc. Co. K, Nov. 30, '63. M. o. June 16, '65.
Elias B. Brewster,	Groton,	Sept. 5, '62	Pro. from Priv. Co. C, Jan. 1, '65. M. o. June 16, '65.

COMPANY A.

Captains.			
Joseph Jordan, Jr	East Hartford,	Sept. 5, '62	Resigned Jan. 7, '63.
Nathan A. Belden,	Hartford,	Sept. 5, '62	Must. 1st Lieut. Pro. Jan. 7, '63. Dismissed Aug. 14, '64. [16, '65.
William S. Hubbell,	Stonington,	Nov. 24, '62	Pro. from 1st Lieut. Co. B, Sept. 30, '64; Maj. by bvt. Oct. 5, '65. M. o. June
1st Lieutenants.			
Nathan A. Belden,	Hartford,	Sept. 5, '62	(See Capt.)
Frank C. Jeffrey,	New London,	Dec. 26, '62	Pro. from 2d Lieut. Co. B, Jan. 7, '63. Ap. Adj. Mch. 1, '63.
William W. Latham,	Groton,	Sept. 5, '62	Pro. 2d Lieut. Nov. 3, '62; 1st Lieut. May 18, '63; Capt. Co. E, Mch. 1, '65.
F. Clarence Buck,	Windsor,	Sept. 5, '62	Pro. Corp. Jan. 30, '63. Wd. at Fort Harrison Sept. 27, '64. Pro. 1st Lieut. Mch. 1, '65. M. o. June 16, '65.
2d Lieutenants.			
Philo P. Talcott,	Hartford,	Sept. 5, '62	Pro. 1st Lieut. Co. I, Oct. 12, '62. [23, '63.
Christopher A. Brand,	Norwich,	Sept. 5, '62	Pro. from Sergt.-Maj. Oct. 12, '62; 1st Lieut. Co. K, Nov. 5, '62. Disc. Feb.

COMPANY A—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE ON ENLISTMENT.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
2d Lieutenants—cont'd.			
William G. Hawkins,	Stonington,	Sept. 5, '62	Pro. from Sergt. Co. G, May 18, '63. Dismissed Jan. 23, '64.
William W Latham,	Groton,	Sept. 5, '62	(See 1st Lieut.)
1st Sergeants.			
George P Edwards,	Hartford,	Sept. 5, '62	Pro. 2d Lieut. Co. G, Sept. 16, '62.
Hamlet F Roberts,	East Hartford,	Sept. 5, '62	Must. Sergt. Pro. Sept. 16, '62; 2d Lieut. Co. G. June 4, '63.
Orlan D. Glazier,	Hartford,	Sept. 5, '62	Must. Corp. Pro. Sergt. Sept. 29, '62; 1st Sergt. June 4, '63. Ap. Sergt.
Arthur G. Olmstead,	East Hartford,	Sept. 5, '62	Must. Sergt. Pro. Feb. 24, '64. M. o. June 16, '55. [Maj. Feb. 1, '64.
Sergeants.			
Amadon, Charles D.	East Hartford,	Sept. 5, '62	Must. Corp. Pro. Feb. 3, '65. M. o. June 16, '65.
Brewer, Ralph C.	East Hartford,	Sept. 5, '62	Must. Priv. Pro. Corp. Aug. 12, '63. Redc. to ranks Jan. 31, '64. Pro.
Curtis, Luther N.	Hartford,	Sept. 5, '62	Pro. 1st Sergt. Co. C May 18, '63. [Sergt. Apr. 13, '64. M. o. June 16, '65.
*Edwards, George P.	Hartford,	July 28, '63	Must. Priv. Pro. Sergt. Sept. 1, '63. Wd. Sept. 29, '64, Chapin's Bluff, Va. Pro. 1st Lieut. Co. C Feb. 3, '65.
Severance, Melvin A.	Windsor,	Sept. 5, '62	Must. Priv. Pro. Corp. Jan. 30, '63; Sergt. June 4, '63. M. o. June 16, '65.
Soper, Henry L.	Windsor,	Sept. 5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Young, Henry R.	Chatham,	Sept. 5, '62	Trans. from Sergt. Maj. May 19, '63. Redc. to ranks (sick) Sept. 1, '63. Trans. to 18th Co. 2d Batt. V R. C Dec. 12, '64. Disc Aug. 11, '65.
Corporals.			[June 16, '65.
Brewer, Jason S.	East Hartford,	Sept. 5, '62	Must. Priv. Wd. July 6, '64, Petersburg, Va. Pro. Jan. 1, '65. M. o
Bryant, William B.	East Hartford,	Sept. 5, '62	Disc. dis. Dec. 5, '62. [M. o. June 16, '65
Case, Andrew A.	East Hartford,	Sept. 5, '62	Must. Priv Wd. Sept. 30, '64, Chapin's Bluff, Va. Pro. Feb. 3, '65.
Childs, Albert T	Hartford,	Sept. 5, '62	Ap. Com.-Sergt. Oct. 11, '62.
Cotton, Leander	East Hartford,	Sept. 5, '62	Disc. dis. May 13, '63.
Cowles, J. Francis	East Hartford,	Sept. 5, '62	Wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va. Died Aug. 5, '64.
Crosby, Lincoln E.	Glastonbury,	Sept. 5, '62	Must. Priv. Pro. Sept. 29, '62. Disc. dis. Mch. 12, '63.

*Substitutes and drafted.

Cunningham, John	Hartford,	Sept.	5, '62	Must. Priv. Pro. Oct. 12, '62. Redc. to ranks at own request Jan. 25, 63. Disc. dis Dec. 3, '63. (See Priv. Co. I, 1st C. V Cav.)
Fuller, John H.	Marlborough,	Sept.	5, '62	Must. Priv. Pro Feb. 24, '64. M. o June 16, '65 [June 16, '65.
Garrison, Isaac	East Hartford,	Sept.	5, '62	Must. Priv. Wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va. Pro. May 10, '65. M. o.
Hawkins, David S.	East Hartford,	Sept.	5, '62	Must. Priv. Wd. Dec. 13, '62, Fredericksburg, Va. Pro. Feb. 24, 64. M. o. June 16, '65.
Hodge, Timothy H.	Glastonbury,	Sept.	5, '62	Must. Priv. Wd. July 30, '63, Portsmouth, Va. Pro. June 4, '64. M. o. June 16, '65. ['65. M. o. June 16, '65.
Kimball, Samuel M.	East Hartford,	Sept.	5, '62	Must. Priv. Pro. June 5, '63. Redc. to ranks Apr. 7, '65. Pro. Apr. 27,
Luce, Henry B.	East Hartford,	Sept.	5, '62	Wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va. Redc. to ranks Feb. 15, '65. M. o. June 16, '65. [June 16, '65.
Olmsted, Elihu	East Hartford,	Sept.	5, '62	Must. Priv. Wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va. Pro. Feb. 13, '65. M. o.
Rowell, George D.	East Hartford,	Sept.	5, '62	Redc. to ranks Jan. 4, '64. Trans. to Co. A, 7th Regt. V. R. C. Apr. 1, '65. Disc. June 29, '65.
Musicians.				
Clark, Horton S.	Windsor Locks,	Sept.	5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Hyatt, James W.	Hartford,	Sept.	5, '62	Died Jan. 5, '63.
Wagoner.				
Smith, Dwight	Hartford,	Sept.	5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Privates.				
Bailey, Henry O.	Saybrook,	Sept.	5, '62	Wd. Aug. 3, '64, Petersburg, Va. Disc. dis. June 2, '65.
Barrett, David	Windsor Locks,	Sept.	5, '62	Trans. to Co. E, 2d Regt. U. S. Art. Oct. 15, '62. Re-trans. Dec. 4, '63. M. o. June 16, '65.
Bell, James O.	Glastonbury,	Sept.	5, '62	Trans. to Co. B, 9th Regt. V. R. C. Aug. 20, '63. Disc. June 26, '65.
Bissell, Harrison H.	East Hartford,	Sept.	5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Blish, Timothy H.	Glastonbury,	Sept.	5, '62	Cap'd May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Par. Dec. 6, '64. Disc. June 10, '65.
Bourke, John	Hartford,	Sept.	5, '62	Trans. to Co. E, 2d Regt. U. S. Art. Oct. 15, '62. Re-trans. Dec. 25, '63. Wd. July 30, '64, Petersburg, Va. Des. Oct. 25, '64.
Brainard, Arthur M.	Glastonbury,	Sept.	5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Brainard, Stillman,	Glastonbury,	Sept.	5, '62	Died Dec. 11, '62.
Brewer, George E.	East Hartford,	Sept.	5, '62	Cap'd Feb. 1, '64, Smithfield, Va. Died June 16, '64, Andersonville, Ga.
Brewer, William H.	East Hartford,	Feb.	16, '64	Trans. to Co. G, 10th C. V. June 16, '65.

COMPANY A—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE ON ENLISTMENT.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Privates—continued.			
Carter, A. Russell	East Hartford,	Sept. 5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Chapin, Edward	South Windsor,	Sept. 5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Clay, Hugh	Windsor,	Sept. 5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Clark, Ansil B.	Windsor,	Sept. 5, '62	Trans. to Co. B, Oct. 15, '62.
Clark, John	Windsor Locks,	Sept. 5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Cleveland, John E.	East Hartford,	Sept. 5, '62	Disc. June 16, '65.
Cosgrove, Francis	Hartford,	Sept. 5, '62	Disc. dis. Jan. 31, '63.
Cotter, John	East Windsor,	Sept. 5, '62	Disc. May 30, '65.
Craw, Charles	East Hartford,	Sept. 5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Dickinson, Elias	Marlborough,	Sept. 5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Dickinson, Wolcott	Marlborough,	Feb. 3, '65	(See Priv. Co. G, 13th C. V.) Trans. to Co. B, 10th C. V. June 16, '65.
Douglas, William W.	East Hartford,	Sept. 5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65. [Regt. Died Nov. 19, '64.
Dunham, John E.	Hebron,	Sept. 5, '62	Trans. to Co. B, 9th Regt. V. R. C. Aug. 20, '63; trans. to Co. G, 24th
Foote, Ambrose P.	Glastonbury,	Sept. 5, '62	Cap'd May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Died Feb. 24, '65, Florence, S. C.
Forbes, Charles	East Hartford,	Sept. 5, '62	Disc. dis. Feb. 11 '64.
Forbes, Monroe	East Hartford,	Sept. 5, '62	Disc. dis. Nov. 5, '62.
Francis, Alexander M.	Hartford,	Sept. 5, '62	Wd. May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Disc. dis. July 11, '65.
Freeman, W. Deloraine	Portland,	Sept. 5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Frome, Otto	East Hartford,	Sept. 5, '62	Disc. June 3, '65. [Disc. June 7, '65.
Glazier, Frederick W.	Hartford,	Sept. 5, '62	(See Priv. Rifle Co. A, 3d C. V.) Wd. May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.
Goodale, John M.	Glastonbury,	Sept. 5, '62	Trans. to Co. D, 19th Regt. V. R. C. Aug. 20, '63. Pro. Corp. Sept. 14, '63.
Grassel, George A.	East Hartford,	Sept. 5, '62	Disc. dis. May 26, '64. [Disc. July 13, '65.
Griswold, George T.	East Hartford,	Mch. 15, '64	Trans. to Co. I, 10th C. V. June 16, '65. [M. o. June 16, '65.
Hale, Charles O.	Windsor,	Sept. 5, '62	Trans. to Co. E, 2d Regt. U. S. Art. Oct. 15, '62. Re-trans. Feb. 19, '64.
Hall, James A.	Hartford,	Sept. 5, '62	Cap'd July 9, '63, Burnt Ordinary, Va. Par. July 14, '63. Wd. July 30, '64, Petersburg, Va. M. o. June 16, '65. [Disc. July 13, '65.
Hemmings, Richard C.	Hartford,	Sept. 5, '62	Trans. to Co. B, Oct. 15, '62.

Holmes, Lester	Glastonbury,	Sept.	5, '62	Trans. to Co. D, 19th Regt. V. R. C. Aug. 20, '63. Pro. Corp. Jan. 19, '64.	
Hunt, Alvin	Glastonbury,	Sept.	5, '62	M. o. June, '16, '65.	[Disc. July 13, '65.
Hunt, Ashbel E.	Glastonbury,	Jan.	5, '64	Trans. to Co. D, 10th C. V June 16, '65.	
Jepson, Orsemus	Hartford,	Sept.	5, '62	Wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va. Disc. May 20, '65.	
Judson, Albert A.	Hartford,	Sept.	5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.	
Kimball, Clarence	East Hartford,	Dec.	11, '63	Trans. to Co. G, 10th C. V June 16, '65.	
Korngeibel, Fred'k	Glastonbury,	Sept.	5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.	
Loomis, Hiram C.	South Windsor,	Sept.	5, '62	Wd. May 3, '63, Suffolk, Va. Disc. dis. Feb. 11, '65.	
Luce, Otis F	East Hartford,	Sept.	5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.	
Mason, James	Windsor,	Sept.	5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.	
McClelland, Wm. J	East Hartford,	Sept.	5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.	
McKenna, Patrick	Hartford,	Dec.	11, '63	Trans. to Co. E, 10th C. V June 16, '65.	
Miner, Charles E.	Somers,	Sept.	5, '62	Des. Feb. 6, '63.	
Munsell, William S.	East Hartford,	Feb.	27, '64	Killed May 16, '64, Drewry s Bluff, Va.	
Murphy, Thomas	†Norfolk, Va.	Dec.	9, '63	Trans. to Co. D, 10th C. V. June 16, '65.	[M. o. June 16, '65.
Newberry, Samuel	East Hartford,	Sept.	5, '62	Trans. to Co. E, 2d Regt. U. S. Art. Oct. 16, '62. Re-trans. Nov. 29, '63.	
Noble, Hiram	Hartford,	Sept	5, '62	Died Jan. 4, '63.	
Olmsted, Evelyn	East Hartford,	Sept.	5, '62	Died Dec. 5, '62.	
Parsons, Henry A.	Windsor,	Sept.	5, '62	Died Dec. 20, '62.	
Parsons, Naman D.	East Hartford,	Sept.	5, '62	Disc. dis. Jan. 5, '63.	
Pearl, Jared, Jr.	East Hartford,	Sept.	5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.	
Porter, George D.	Glastonbury,	Sept.	5, '62	Wd. May 19, '64, Bermuda Hundred, Va. Disc. dis. June 6, '65.	
Porter. Nelson L.	East Hartford,	Sept.	5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.	
Proctor, Jared	East Hartford,	Sept.	5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.	
Risley, Charles O.	Hartford,	Mch.	15, '64	(See Priv. Co. C, 25th C. V.) Trans. to Co. H, 10th C. V June 16, '65.	
Risley, Julius A.	East Hartford,	Sept.	5, '62	Disc. dis. Jan. 5, '65.	
Roberts, Joseph	East Hartford,	Sept.	5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.	
Rockwell, Edw. F Jr.	South Windsor,	Sept.	5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.	
Saunders, Edwin	Hartford,	Sept.	5, '62	Des. Feb. 6, '63.	
Shanahan, Richard	Windsor Locks,	Sept.	5, '62	Des. Oct. 7, '62.	
Shepard, Jason J.	East Hartford,	Sept.	5, '62	Trans. to U. S. Sig. Corps. Nov. 22, '63. Disc. June 24, '65.	
Smith, Benajah E.	Windsor,	Sept.	5, '62	Disc. June 18, '65.	

† Place of muster in.

COMPANY A—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE ON ENLISTMENT.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Privates—continued.			
Spafford, George L.	East Hartford,	Sept. 5, '62	Wd. June 15, '64, Petersburg, Va. M. o. June 16, '65.
Talcott, D. Eugene	Glastonbury,	Sept. 5, '62	Cap'd May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Par. Dec. 6, '64. M. o. June 16, '65.
Verder, John R.	Hartford,	Sept. 5, '62	Cap'd Oct. 29, '64, Fair Oaks, Va. Parole not shown. M. o. June 16, '65.
Wakefield, Elhanan	East Hartford,	Sept. 5, '62	Disc. dis. Apr. 10, '63.
Wilson, William	Windsor,	Sept. 5, '62	Died Nov. 14, '62.
Winchell, Justin H.	Bloomfield,	Sept. 5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Wright, Henry	East Hartford,	Sept. 5, '62	Wd. Sept. 29, '64, Ft. Harrison, Va. M. o. June 16, '65.

COMPANY B.

Captains.			
Chas. T. Martin,	Hartford,	Sept. 5, '62	Resigned, Oct. 16, '62.
Albert B. Johnson,	Pomfret,	Sept. 5, '62	Pro. from 1st Lieut. Co. K, Nov. 8th. Trans. to Co. I, Nov. 24, '62. [Sept. 1, '64. Died
Henry T. Philips,	Montville,	Sept. 5, '62	Pro. from 1st Lieut. Co. F, Nov. 24, '62 (not must.) (See Capt. Co. F, 1st C. V. Cav.) [Died of wounds Sept. 1, '64.
Isaac D Kenyon,	Voluntown,	Sept. 5, '62	Pro. from 1st Lieut. Co. G, June 8, '63. Wd. Aug. 18, '64, Petersburg, Va.
Walter P. Long,	Stonington,	Sept. 5, '62	Pro. from Sergt. Co. E, to 1st Sergt. Dec. 22, '62; 2d Lieut. Mch. 23, '63. Wd. Aug. 18, '64, Petersburg, Va. Ap. Adj. Oct. 12, '64. Pro. from Adj. Jan. 11, '65. M. o. June 16, '65.
1st Lieutenants.			
Joseph H. Martin,	Hartford,	Sept. 5, '62	Resigned Oct. 17, '62.
Geo. P. Edwards,	Hartford,	Sept. 5, '62	Pro. from 2d Lieut. Co. C, Nov. 8, '62 (not must.). Resgd. Feb. 23, '63. (See 1st Lieut. Co. E, 8th C. V.)
John F. Trumbull, Jr.,	Stonington,	Sept. 5, '62	Pro. from 1st Sergt. Co. E, to 2d Lieut. Jan. 7, '63; 1st Lieut. Mch. 1, '63. Dismissed Jan. 28, '64.
William S. Hubbell,	Stonington,	Nov. 24, '62	Pro. from 2d Lieut. Co. H, Feb. 15, '64. Wd. May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Wd. Sept. 30, '64, Chapin's Farm, Va. Pro. Capt. Co. A, Sept. 30, '64.

Fred'k A. Rich,	Chatham,	Sept.	5, '62	Must. Corp. Pro. Sergt. Oct. 12, '62. Pro. 1st Sergt. May 1, '64 Pro. from 1st Sergt. Co. H, to 1st Lieut. Co. B, Feb. 12, '65. Wd at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64. M. o. June 16, '65.
2d Lieutenants.				
David G. Knox,	Hartford,	Sept.	5, '62	Resigned Oct. 21, '62.
Frank C. Jeffrey,	New London,	Dec.	26, '62	Pro. 1st Lieut. Co. A, Jan. 7, '63.
John F. Trumbull, Jr.	Stonington,	Sept.	5, '62	Pro. Dec. 21, '62; 2d Lieut. Co. B, Jan. 7, '63; 1st Lieut. Mch. 1, '63.
Walter P. Long,	Stonington,	Sept.	5, '62	Pro. Sergt. Dec. 12, '62; 2d Lieut. Mch. 23, '63.
1st Sergeants.				
William T. Marble,	Hartford,	Sept.	5, '62	(See Sergt. Co. K, 1st C. V H. A.) Pro. 2d Lieut. Co. C, Nov. 8, '62.
Darius H. Randall,	North Stonington,	Sept.	5, '62	Trans. from Co. G, Feb. 23, '63. Redc. to Sergt. May 7, '63. Pro. 2d Lieut. Co. H, 25th Regt. U. S. C. I. Jan. 18, '64. Disc Dec. 6, '65.
Benjamin B. Baker,	Hartford,	Sept.	5, '62	Must. Sergt. Pro. May 7, '63. Wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va. Disc. May 31, '65. [M. o. June 16, '65.
Daniel P. Bradley,	Hartford,	Sept.	5, '62	Must. Sergt. Wd. Sept. 29, '64, Chapin's Farm, Va. Pro. June 1, '65. [June 16, '65.
Sergeants.				
Armstrong, John	Hartford,	Sept.	5, '62	Must. Corp. Wd. June 16, '64, Petersburg, Va. Pro. June 6, '65. M. o.
Cornish, Horton	Hartford,	Sept.	5, '62	Must. Priv. Pro. Corp. Oct. 10, '62; Sergt. June 1, '65. M. o. June 16, '65.
Larkum, Charles C.	Hartford,	Sept.	5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Snow, Samuel A.	Hartford,	Sept.	5, '62	Must. Corp. Pro. Aug. 1, '63. M. o. June 16, '65.
Wright, William H.	Hartford,	Sept.	5, '62	(See Priv. Co. A, 2d C. V) Redc. to Corp. July 30, '63. Pro. Jan. 31, '64. Wd. Sept. 29, '64, Ft. Harrison, Va. Disc. June 7, '65.
Corporals.				
Bassett, Julius	Hartford,	Sept.	5, '62	Must. Priv. Pro. June 1, '65. M. o. June 16, '65.
Berry, Peter	Hartford,	Sept.	5, '62	Must Priv. Pro. Jan. 1, '65. M. o. June 16, '65.
Braddock, J. Thomas	Hartford,	Sept.	5, '62	Disc. dis. May 13, '64.
Cronin, James	Hartford,	Sept.	5, '62	Redc. to ranks at own request Jan. 24, '63. Disc. dis. May 13, '63
Eaton, Charles C.	Hartford,	Sept.	5, '62	Must. Priv. Pro. Jan. 24, '63. Redc. to ranks. Cap'd Feb. 1, '64, Newbern, N. C. Par. Apr. 30, '64. Disc. July 5, '65.
Jones, Malachi W.	Voluntown,	Oct.	29, '63	Wd. Sept. 29, '64, Chapin's Farm, Va. Pro. Corp. June 12, '65. Trans. to Co. A, 10th C. V June 16, '65. [ranks June 19, '64. M. o. June 16, '65.
Langdon, Dennis A.	Hartford,	Sept.	5, '62	Must. Priv. Pro. Jan. 30, '64. Wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va. Redc. to

COMPANY B—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE ON ENLISTMENT.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Corporals—continued.			
Leacy, Thomas	Hartford,	Sept. 5, '62	Redc. to ranks Sept. 24, '62. Trans. to Co. I, Oct. 16, '62.
Morton, William W.	Wethersfield,	Sept. 5, '62	Wd. June 3, '64. Cold Harbor, Va. M. o. June 16, '65.
Parkhurst, Ephraim	Hartford,	Sept. 5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Ralph, Moses	Berlin,	Sept. 5, '62	Must. Priv. Pro. June 1, '65. M. o. June 16, '65.
Sargent, George K.	Hartford,	Sept. 5, '62	Must. Priv. Pro. June 1, '65. M. o. June 16, '65.
White, Pliny M.	Hartford,	Sept. 5, '62	Must. Priv. Pro. May 18, '63. Killed July 30, '64, Petersburg, Va.
Wilcox, Otis F	Hartford,	Sept. 5, '62	Must. Priv. Pro. Mch. 1, '63. Killed July 30, '64, Petersburg, Va.
Wood, George W	New Britain,	Sept 5, '62	Died Feb. 27, '63.
Musicians.			
Clark, Jesse A.	Hartford,	Sept. 5, '62	Detailed Musc. Returned to ranks. Wd. May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. M. o. June 16, '65.
Rees, Edwin	Hartford,	Sept. 5, '62	Detailed Musc. Returned to ranks. Wd. and cap'd May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Par. Dec. 6, '64. Disc. dis. May 8, '65.
Thurston, Increase V	Hartford,	Sept. 5, '62	Must. Priv. Pro. Musc. Disc. dis. June 12, '65.
Privates.			
Baker, William	Hartford,	Sept. 5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Blinn, John S.	Middletown,	Sept. 5, '62	Disc. dis. Mch. 27, '63.
Burr, Moses	Hartford,	Sept. 5, '62	Disc. dis. Dec. 16, '62.
Burgess, Isaac	Ellington,	Sept. 5, '62	Disc. dis. Dec. 25, '62.
Butler, Edwin M.	Hartford,	Sept. 5, '62	Disc. dis. Jan. 31, '63.
Callahan, John	Hartford,	Sept. 5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Campbell, Edward	Hartford,	Sept. 5, '62	Wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va. Died July 5, '64.
Carney, Martin	Enfield,	Sept. 5, '62	Died Dec. 22, '62.
Clark, Daniel Jr.	Hartford,	Sept. 5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Clark, Ansil B.	Windsor,	Sept. 5, '62	Trans. from Co. A, Oct. 15, '62. Disc. dis. Feb. 6, '63.
Clifford, Michael	South Windsor,	Sept. 5, '62	Died June 14, '64.

Cooley, Edwin L.	Somers,	Sept.	5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Culpepper, William	Voluntown,	Oct.	29, '63	Disc. dis. May 31, '65.
Cuzner, Henry	Hartford,	Sept.	5, '62	Disc. dis. Aug. 17, '63.
Daley, Michael	Hartford,	Sept.	5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Deitzer, Charles	Marlborough,	Feb.	10, '65	Trans. to Co. K, 10th C. V. June 16, '65.
Dutcher, William R.	Hartford,	Sept.	5, '62	Disc. dis. Feb. 3, '63.
Ebearn, Patrick	Hartford,	Sept.	5, '62	Trans. to 159th Co. 2d Batt. V R. C. Aug. 30, '64. Disc. July 5, '65.
Ellsworth, James B.	Bloomfield,	Sept.	5, '62	Died Feb. 25, '63.
Flint, Alvin	East Hartford,	Sept.	5, '62	Disc. dis. Jan. 9, '63.
Flint, George B.	Hartford,	Sept.	5, '62	Died Jan. 15, '63.
Gardner, Richard	Hartford,	Sept.	5, '62	Disc. dis. Mch. 13, '63.
Glynn, John	Hartford,	Sept.	5, '62	Wd. Sept. 29, '64, Chapin s Bluff, Va. M. o. June 16, '65.
Gunn, William	†Norfolk, Va.	Feb.	18, '65	Trans. to Co. B, 10th C. V June 16, '65.
Hanrahan, Daniel	Bloomfield,	Sept.	5, '62	See Daniel Sheppion.
Hart, Almon J.	Wethersfield,	Sept.	5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Helpin, Cornelius	Hartford,	Sept.	5, '62	Wd. May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Disc. dis. Feb. 13, '65.
Hemmings, Richard C.	Hartford,	Sept.	5, '62	Trans. from Co. A, Oct. 15, '62. M. o. June 16, '65.
Hills, Wilson	Hartford,	Sept.	5, '62	Died Sept. 2, '64.
Hines, Michael	New London,	Sept.	5, '62	Disc. May 18, '65.
Hoar, James	Hartford,	Sept.	5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Jones, Edwin B.	Hartford,	Oct.	29, '63	Died Jan. 15, '64.
Kelly, John	Hartford,	Sept.	5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Kenny, Patrick	Hartford,	Sept.	5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Kilby, Franklin	Wethersfield,	Sept.	5, '62	Disc. dis. Feb. 4, '63.
King, John	Hartford,	Sept.	5, '62	Des. Apr. 30, '64.
Kinney, William	†Norfolk, Va.	Feb.	15, '65	Des. Mch. 24, '65.
Kirkpatrick, James	Hartford,	Sept.	5, '62	Disc. dis. Mch. 3, '63.
Leonard, John	Hartford,	Sept.	5, '62	Des. Mch. 22, '63.
Logan, Francis	Hartford,	Sept.	5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Maloy, Stephen	Hartford,	Sept.	5, '62	Disc. dis. June 13, '65.
McCartey, Barney	Hartford,	Sept.	5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
McLaughlin, John	Hartford,	Sept.	5, '62	Disc. dis. Nov. 2, '64.

† Place of muster in.

COMPANY B—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE ON ENLISTMENT.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Privates—continued.			
Milton, William J.	Hartford,	Sept. 5, '62	Trans. to 31st Co. 2d Batt. V R. C. Feb. 15, '64. Disc. Sept. 4, '65.
Miner, Abraham	Hartford,	Sept. 5, '62	M o. June 16, '65.
Mudge, Frederick R.	Hartford,	Sept. 5, '62	Disc dis. Feb. 3, '63.
Parker, George	Tolland,	Sept. 5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Parsons, David N.	Hartford,	Sept. 5, '62	Wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va. M. o. June 3, '65.
Quinn, John	Hartford,	Sept. 5, '62	Trans to Co. I, Oct. 16, '62.
Ralph, Henry	Berlin,	Sept. 5, '62	Disc. June 17, '65.
Randall, John H.	Enfield,	Sept. 5, '62	Disc. dis. Nov. 17, '63.
Sheppion, Daniel	Bloomfield,	Sept. 5, '62	Killed May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. (Correct name Daniel Hanrahan)
Sutton, George C.	Hartford,	Sept. 5, '62	Died Apr. 10, '63.
Swan, George P	Windsor,	Sept. 5, '62	Wd. July 17, '64, Petersburg, Va. Disc. dis. June 10, '65.
Tehan, Cornelius	Hartford,	Sept. 5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Thompson, John L.	Hartford,	Sept. 5, '62	Disc. dis. Apr. 1, '63.
Walker, John	†Norfolk, Va.	Feb. 15, '65	Trans. to Co. I, 10th C. V. June 16, '65.
Walton, David	Enfield,	Sept. 5, '62	Wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va. Disc. June 23, '65.
Whitehead, Lewis	Hartford,	Sept. 5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.

COMPANY C.

Captains.			
John E. Wood,	Groton,	Sept. 5, '62	Ap. Chaplain, Sept. 15, '62. must.). Dis. June 14, '65.
James H. Latham,	Groton,	Sept. 5, '62	See Corp. Rifle Co. C, 2d C. V. Must. 1st Lieut. Pro. Sept. 15, '62 (not
1st Lieutenants.			
James H. Latham,	Groton,	Sept. 5, '62	(See Capt.)
John F Randall,	Groton,	Sept. 5, '62	Pro. Sept. 15, '62 (not must). Resgd. Aug 11, '63.

† Place of muster in.

Cyrus W. Cooke,	Colchester,	Sept.	5, '62	Pro from Sergt Co. H to 2d Lieut. May 1, '63; 1st Lieut. Sept. 12, '63; Capt. Co. I, Nov. 14, '64. M. o. June 16, '65.
Chas Fenton,	Mansfield,	Sept.	5, '62	Pro. from 2d Lieut. Co. D, Nov. 16, '64; Capt. Co. F, Jan. 11, '65.
*Geo. P Edwards,	Hartford,	July	28, '63	Pro. from Sergt. Co. A, Feb. 3, '65. M. o. June 16, '65.
2d Lieutenants.				
Geo. P. Edwards,	Hartford,	Sept.	5, '62	Pro. from 1st Sergt. Co. A, Sept. 16, '62; 1st Lieut. Co. B, Nov. 8, '62.
William T. Marble,	Hartford,	Sept.	5, '62	Pro. from Sergt. Co. B, Nov. 8, '62 (not must.). Resgd. Feb. 23, '63.
Aaron H. Dutton,	Ashford,	Sept.	5, '62	Pro. from Sergt. Co. D, Oct. 8, '63. Wd. May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.
Cyrus W. Cooke,	Colchester,	Sept.	5, '62	(See 1st Lieut.)
1st Sergeants.				
William W. Latham,	Groton,	Sept.	5, '62	Pro. 2d Lieut. Co A, Nov. 3, '62. [Mch. 7, '63.
Joseph L Perkins,	Groton,	Sept.	5, '62	Must. Sergt. Pro. 1st Sergt. Nov. 1, '62. Redc. to Sergt Disc. dis.
William B. Avery,	Groton,	Sept.	5, '62	Must. Priv. Pro. 1st Sergt. Dec. 31, '62. Redc. to Sergt. May 18, '63. Wd June 3 '64, Cold Harbor, Va. Disc. June 23, '65.
Luther N. Curtis,	Hartford,	Sept.	5, '62	Pro. from Sergt Co. A, May 18, '63. Ap. Sergt.-Maj. June 1, '63.
Frank M. Brayton,	Groton,	Sept.	5, '62	Must. Sergt. Redc. to ranks Dec. 21, '62. Pro. 1st Sergt. June 1, '63. Redc. to ranks, Mch. 1, '64. Wd. May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Disc. June 16, '65.
Ezra L. Tibbitts.	Groton,	Sept.	5, '62	Must Corp. Pro. 1st Sergt. Mch. 12, '64. M. o. June 16, '65.
Sergeants.				
Fairbanks, Leonard	Groton,	Sept.	5, '62	Redc. to ranks (sick) Dec. 4, '63. Trans. to 32d Co 2d Batt. V. R. C. Mch. 23, '65. Disc. Aug. 19, '65.
Gray, Robert A.	Groton,	Sept.	5, '62	Must. Corp. Pro. Dec. 21, '62. Disc June 23, '65.
Palmer John, Jr.	Groton,	Sept.	5, '62	Must. Corp. Pro. Dec. 21, '62. M. o. June 16, '65.
Pecor, Thaddeus	Groton,	Sept.	5, '62	Must. Corp. Pro. Dec. 21, '62. Redc to Corp. Dec. 21, '62. Pro. Dec. 4, '63. M. o. June 16, '65.
Watrous, Timothy	Groton,	Sept.	5, '62	Redc. to ranks Dec. 21, '62. Died Mch. 26, '63.
Corporals.				
Babcock, Robert G.	Groton.	Sept.	5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Bailey, Thomas L.	Ledyard,	Sept.	5, '62	Redc. to ranks Dec. 21, '62. Disc. June 3, '65.
Benjamin, Sidney	Groton,	Sept.	5. '62	Died May 7, '63.

* Substitutes and drafted.

COMPANY C—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE ON ENLISTMENT.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Corporals—continued.			[Disc. dis. May 13, '65.
Chapman Nelson	Groton,	Sept. 5, '62	Must. Priv. Pro. Dec. 21, '62. Wd. May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.
Chester, Oscar J.	Groton,	Sept. 5, '62	Must. Priv. Pro. Feb. 22, '65. M. o. June 16, '65.
Curtis. George F	Groton,	Sept. 5, '62	Must Priv. Pro. Dec. 27, '64. M. o. June 16, '65.
Fish, Joshua P.	Groton,	Sept. 5, '62	Must. Priv. Pro. Jan. 21, '65. M. o. June 16, '65.
Fowler, Cornelius	Groton,	Sept. 5, '62	Must. Priv. Pro. June 12, '65. M. o. June 16, '65.
Hough, Francis	Groton,	Sept. 5, '62	Wd. Dec. 13, '62, Fredericksburg, Va. Wd. May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Disc. dis. Feb. 11, '65.
Latham, Samuel P.	Groton,	Sept. 5, '62	Must Priv. Pro. Dec. 21, '62. M. o June 16, '65.
Newbury, Thomas M.	Groton,	Sept. 5, '62	Must. Priv. Pro. Dec. 21, '62. Redc. to ranks Dec. 21, '62. Pro. Nov. 7, '63. Disc dis. Feb. 22, '64.
Potter, Elihu H.	Groton,	Sept. 5, '62	Must Priv. Pro. Dec. 27, '64. M. o. June 16, '65.
Rathbone, Charles H.	Groton,	Sept. 5, '62	Must. Priv. Pro. Dec 27, '64. Redc. to ranks Jan. 1, '65. Pro. Jan. 27, '65. M. o. June 16, '65.
Wilcox, Chauncey F.	Groton,	Sept. 5, '62	Must. Priv. Pro. Dec. 21, '62. Died Jan. 6, '63.
Musicians.			
Batty, Oliver Jr.	Groton,	Sept. 5, '62	Detailed Musc. Returned to ranks. Trans. to Co. H, 10th C. V. June 16, '65.
Gallup, Charles M.	Groton,	Sept. 5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Williams, Thomas H.	Groton,	Sept. 5, '62	Disc. dis. Nov 6, '62.
Wagoner.			
Albro, Francis D.	Groton,	Sept. 5, '62	Disc. dis. Mch. 7. '63.
Privates.			
Alexander, Wm. R. Jr.	Groton,	Sept. 5, '62	M. o June 16, '65. [Aug. 24, '65.
Allen, John	Groton,	Sept. 5, '62	Trans. to unassigned detachment 2d Batt. V R. C. Feb. 16, '64. Disc.
Andrews Charles B.	Groton,	Sept. 5, '62	Wd. May 16, '64, Drewry s Bluff, Va. Died June 8, '64.
Avery, Jared R	Groton,	Sept. 5, '62	Disc. June 3, '65.
Avery Parmenas.	Groton,	Sept. 5, '62	Disc dis. Feb. 8, '63.

Bailey, Benjamin F	Groton,	Sept.	5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Barker, Orrin D.	Groton,	Sept.	5, '62	Killed May 16, '64. Drewry's Bluff, Va.
Batty, James	Groton,	Sept.	5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Beckwith. William C.	Groton,	Sept.	5, '62	M. o. June 16. '65.
Boomer, Hiram E.	Groton,	Sept.	5, '62	Disc. dis. Jan 18 '63.
Brewster. Elias B.	Groton,	Sept.	5. '62	Ap. Prin. Musc. Jan. 1, '65.
Chapman, William H.	Groton,	Sept.	5, '62	Disc. July 21, '65.
Chester, Howard M.	Groton,	Sept.	5, '62	Disc. June 9, '65.
Craddick. Dennis	Groton.	Sept.	5, '62	Wd. Aug. 25, '64, Petersburg, Va. Disc. June 20, '65.
Dart. Elisha N.	Groton,	Sept.	5, '62	Disc. dis. Oct. 4, '63.
Davis, Nelson	Groton,	Sept.	5, '62	Disc. dis. Oct. 15, '63.
Douglas, William H.	Groton,	Sept.	5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Eldridge, James	Groton,	Sept.	5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65. [Died Aug. 8, '64.
Fish, Horatio N. Jr.	Groton,	Sept.	5, '62	Wd. May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Wd. July 18, '64, Petersburg, Va.
Fish, Thomas B.	Groton,	Sept.	5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Fitch, James W	Groton.	Sept.	5, '62	Disc. dis. June 20, '65.
Gabriel, George F	Groton,	Sept.	5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Gallup, Francis E.	Ledyard,	Sept.	5, '62	Disc. dis. Feb 8, '63.
Godfrey, Addison A.	Groton,	Sept.	5, '62	Disc. June 3, '65.
Godfrey, John H.	Groton,	Sept.	5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Gray, Philip B.	Groton,	Sept.	5, '62	Disc. dis. Oct. 4, '63.
Holaday, William U.	Groton,	Sept.	5, '62	Wd. June —, '64, Cold Harbor, Va. M. o. June 16, '65.
Holland, Andrew	Groton,	Sept.	5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Johnson, William	Groton,	Sept.	5, '62	Wd. May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va. Died June 4, '64.
King, Newell D.	Groton,	Sept.	5, '62	Disc. dis June 3, '65.
Latham Albert C.	Groton,	Sept.	5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Latham, Benjamin F	Groton,	Sept.	5, '62	Injured Aug. 16, '62, Norwich, Conn Trans. to 32d Co. 2d Batt. V. R. C. Sept. 26, '63. Disc. Sept. 4, '65.
Latham Ira C.	Norwich,	Jan.	13, '64	Trans. to Co. K, 10th C. V June 16, '65.
Lathrop Denison	Groton,	Sept.	5, '62	Disc. dis. Mch. 9, '65.
Lyon Nelson A.	Norwich,	Sept.	5, '62	M. o. June 16. '65. [dis. May 22, '65.
Mayo, Francis B.	Groton.	Sept.	5, '62	Wd. and cap'd May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Par. Dec. 6, '64. Disc.
Maynard, Augustus E.	Ledyard,	Sept.	5, '62	Died Feb. 15, '63.

COMPANY C—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE ON ENLISTMENT.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Privates—continued.			[Jan. 2, '65. Disc. July 14, '65.
McGrath. James E.	Groton,	Sept. 5, '62	Wd. May 16, '64 Drewry's Bluff, Va. Trans. to Co. B, 1st Regt. V R. C.
Meech, George T.	Ledyard,	Sept 5, '62	Disc. dis. June 3, '65.
Miner. Thomas E.	Groton,	Sept. 5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Mitchell. William H.	Groton,	Sept. 5, '62	Disc. dis. May 23, '65. [mond, Va.
Mulkey, William N.	Groton.	Sept. 5, '62	Wd. and cap'd May 16, '64. Drewry's Bluff, Va. Died May 28, '64, Rich-
Pease, Cyrus J.	Groton,	Sept. 5, '62	Killed May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.
Pecor, Henry	Groton.	Sept 5, '62	Wd. Sept 29, '64, Petersburg, Va. M. o June 16, '65.
Peckham, Benjamin B.	Ledyard,	Sept 5, '62	Disc. June 19, '65.
Pendlebury. Isaac	Groton.	Sept. 5, '62	Trans to Co. G, 24th Regt. V. R. C. Oct. 12, '64. Disc. dis. Jan. 20, '65.
Perkins Julius A.	Groton,	Sept. 5, '62	Died Jan 31, '63.
Putnam John F.	Groton,	Sept. 5, '62	Died July 1, '64.
Rathbun James	Groton,	Sept. 5, '62	Disc June 3, '65.
Rathbun, Samuel	Groton,	Feb 16, '64	(See Priv. Co. K, 26th C. V.) Died Sept. 25, '64.
Rice Charles E.	Groton,	Sept 5, '62	Disc. dis May 1, '65.
Richmond. William H.	Groton.	Sept 5, '62	Disc. May 19. '65.
Smith, Edmund F.	Groton,	Sept. 5, '62	Killed May 16, '64. Drewry's Bluff, Va.
Spencer, Abner N.	Groton,	Sept 5, '62	Wd. June 3. '64, Cold Harbor, Va. Died July 12, '64.
Spencer Henry N.	Groton,	Sept 5, 62	Disc. dis Mch. 7, '63.
Starr, Charles H.	Groton,	Sept 5, '62	M. o. June. 16, '65.
Starr. Nathan A.	Groton,	Sept 5, '62	M. o. June 16 '65
Sweetman, Christopher	Groton,	Sept. 5, '62	Disc. dis. Jan. 2, '63.
Vananken, Samuel	Groton,	Sept. 5, '62	Killed Sept 29, '64, Petersburg, Va.
Watrous, Leonard	Groton,	Sept 5, '62	Trans 41st Co. 2d Batt V R. C. Aug. 8, '63. Disc. Aug. 12, '65.
Watrous. William H.	Groton,	Sept. 5. 62	Cap'd Feb 1. '64, Smithfield. Va. Died Oct. 1, '64, Charleston, S. C.
Weaver. Charles H.	Groton,	Sept. 5, '62	Disc. dis Mch. 25, '63.
Weaver James L.	Groton.	Sept. 5, '62	Disc dis Mch. 25, '63.
Weeks, James	Groton,	Sept. 5, '02	Disc. dis. Aug. 17 '63.

Whaling. Patrick	Groton,	Sept.	5, '62	Disc. May 23, '65.
Wheeler, John A.	Groton,	Sept.	5, '62	Disc. dis. Jan. 18, '63.
Wheeler, Wm E. Jr.	Groton,	Sept.	5, '62	Wd. May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Disc July 1, '64.
Wilbur, Calvin H.	Groton,	Sept.	5, '62	Disc. Dec. 2, '63.
Wilcox, Isaac F.	Groton,	Sept.	5, '62	M. o. June 16, 65.
Wolfe, Moses C.	Groton,	Sept.	5, '62	Disc Dec. 2, '63 [Bluff, Va. Disc. May 25, '65.
Woodmansee, Edw. D.	Groton,	Sept.	5, '62	Wd. on picket Apr. 26, '63, place not shown. Wd. Oct. 1, '64, Chapin's

COMPANY D.

Captains.				
Chas G. Southworth,	Mansfield,	Sept.	5, '62	Resigned Nov. 24, '62.
William Clapp.	Pomfret,	Sept.	5, '62	Trans. from Co. I, Nov. 24, '62 (not must.) Resgd. June 26, '63.
Francis S. Long,	Windham,	Sept.	5, '62	Pro. Capt. July 31, '63. Killed at Petersburg, Va., July 30, '64.
Alvin M. Crane,	Mansfield,	Sept.	5, '62	Pro. 1st Lieut. July 31, '63. Wd. May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Pro. Capt. Oct. 12, '64. M. o. June 16. '65.
1st Lieutenants.				
Francis S Long,	Windham,	Sept.	5, '62	Pro. to Capt July 31, '63.
Alvin M. Crane,	Mansfield,	Sept.	5, '62	(See Capt.)
Ransom Jackson,	Stonington,	Sept.	5, '62	Pro. from Q.-M. Sergt. Oct 13, '64. M. o. June 16. '65.
2d Lieutenants.				
Alvin M. Crane,	Mansfield,	Sept.	5, '62	(See Capt.) [Jan. 3, '65.
Charles Fenton,	Mansfield,	Sept	5, '62	Pro. 2d Lieut. Co. D, July 31, '63; Pro. 1st Lieut. Nov. 9, '64; Capt. Co. F, [3, '64.
1st Sergeants.				
Aaron H. Dutton,	Ashford,	Sept.	5, '62	Must Sergt. Pro. July 31, '63; 2d Lieut. Co. C, Oct 8, '63. Disc. Sept.
Dyer A Clark,	Ashford,	Sept.	5, '62	Must. Sergt. Pro. Aug 31. '63. Wd. June 16, '64, Petersburg, Va. Pro. 1st Lieut. Co. E, Dec. 12, '64.
David A. Conant,	Mansfield,	Sept.	5, '62	Must. Sergt. Pro. Dec. 12, '64. M. o. June 16, '65.
Sergeants.				[June 16, '65.
Baldwin Jerome B.	Mansfield,	Sept	5, '62	Must. Corp Wd. June 16, '64, Petersburg. Va. Pro. Nov 26, '64. M. o.
Barnes, Lewis S.	Winchester,	Sept.	5, '62	Must. Corp Pro. Aug. 31, '63; Capt. Co. D, 9th Regt. U. S. C. I. Nov. 22, '63; Maj. Mch 17, '65. Disc. Nov. 26, '66.
Cross, Madison L.	Mansfield,	Sept.	5, '62	Must. Corp. Pro. Nov. 19, '63. M. o. June 16, '65.

COMPANY D—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE ON ENLISTMENT.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Sergeants—continued.			
French, George W.	Mansfield,	Sept. 5, '62	Must Corp. Pro. Aug. 31, '63; 2d Lieut. Co. H, 8th Regt. U. S. C. I. Nov. 27, '64; 1st Lieut. Mch. 5, '65. Disc. Nov. 10, '65.
Larkham, Henry W.	Mansfield,	Sept. 5, '62	Must. Priv. Pro. Corp. Mch. 7, '63; Sergt. Dec. 12, '64. M. o. June 16, '65.
Parker, Julian N.	Mansfield,	Sept. 5, '62	Ap. Hosp. Stewd. June 30, '63. M. o. June 16, '65.
Potter, John K.	Ashford,	Sept. 5, '62	Must. Corp. Pro. Oct. 31, '63. M. o. June 16, '65.
Corporals.			[June 16, '65.
Babcock, Frank L.	Coventry,	Sept. 5, '62	Must. Priv. Pro. Feb. 1, '64. Wd. May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. M. o.
Brennan, Timothy	Windham,	Sept. 5, '62	Must. Priv. Pro. Jan. 12, '63. Redc. to ranks at own request Mch. 7, '63.
Conant, Edward P.	Mansfield,	Sept. 5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65. [M. o. June 16, '65.
Chester, Horace R.	Eastford,	Sept. 5, '62	Must. Priv. Wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va. Pro. Nov. 26, '64. [M. o.
Gaylord, John D.	Ashford,	Sept. 5, '62	Disc. dis. July 31, '63. [June 16, '65.
Harvey, Horace	Mansfield,	Sept. 5, '62	Must. Priv. Pro. Aug. 31, '63. Disc. June 7, '65. [Aug. 19, '64.
Humphrey. Canfield J.	Mansfield,	Sept. 5, '62	Must. Priv. Pro. Aug. 31, '63. Wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va. Died
Kinney, Andrew E.	Mansfield,	Sept. 5, '62	Must. Priv. Pro. Aug. 31, '63. M. o. June 16, '65.
Peck, Dwight P.	Chaplin,	Sept. 5, '62	Died Jan 12, '63.
Reynolds, George D.	Mansfield,	Sept. 5, '62	Must. Priv. Pro. Sept. 1, '64. M. o. June 16, '65.
Rood, Harrison T.	Windham,	Sept. 5, '62	Must. Priv. Pro. Aug. 31, '63. Wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va. M. o. June 16, '65.
Welden. Alphonso	Windham,	Sept. 5, '62	Must. Priv. Wd. July 16, '64, Petersburg, Va. Pro. May 8, '65. M. o. June 16, '65.
Musicians.			
Bolles, John	Ashford,	Sept. 5, '62	Disc. June 8, '65.
Lombard Danforth	Ashford,	Sept. 5, '62	Pro. 1st Lieut. Co. C, 121st Regt U. S. C. I. Sept. 1, '64. Disc. Sept. 26, '65.
Wagoners.			
Forn Patrick,	Windham,	Sept. 5, '62	Must. Priv. Detailed Wag. Returned to ranks. M. o. June 16, '65.
Seagraves William W	Chaplin,	Sept. 5, '62	Trans. to ranks. Disc. dis. June 11, '63.

Privates.				
Adams, Francis A.	Ashford,	Sept.	5, '62	Wd. Sept. 29, '64, Chapin's Farm, Va. Ap. Sergt.-Maj. 121st Regt. U. S. C. I. Mch. 8, '65. Trans. to 13th Regt. U. S. C. H. Art. June 23, '65. Disc. Nov. 18, '65.
Allen, William L.	Chaplin,	Dec.	17, '63	Wd. May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Dishon. disc. July 8, '65.
Austin, Youngs	Willington,	Sept.	5, '62	Disc. May 28, '65.
Backus, Edmund	Ashford,	Nov.	23, '63	(See Priv. Co. D, 1st C. V H. A.) Trans. to Co. A, 10th C. V June 16, '65.
Bennett, George D.	Mansfield,	Sept.	5, '62	Disc. June 8, '65.
Bennett, Theodore F.	Mansfield,	Sept.	5, '62	Killed June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.
Bogue, John C.	Coventry,	Sept.	5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Brackett, John M.	Willington,	Sept.	5, '62	Died Nov. 26, '62.
Brown, John A.	Ashford,	Sept.	5, '62	Disc. June 24, '65.
Broadhurst, Thomas	Mansfield,	Sept.	5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Brundrett, Thomas	Ashford,	Sept.	5, '62	Wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va. Disc. dis. Feb. 9, '65.
Burnham, George	Ashford,	Sept.	5, '62	M. o June 16, '65.
Chaffee, William F.	Mansfield,	Sept.	5, '62	Disc. dis. Feb. 2, '63.
Church, Albert	Chaplin,	Dec.	17, '63	Disc. May 31, '65.
Crosby, George H.	Mansfield,	Sept.	5, '62	Died Jan. 3, '63.
Dunn, Patrick	Windham,	Sept.	5, '62	Trans. to 29th Co. 2d Batt. V R. C. Feb. 12, '64. Disc. Sept. 4, '65.
Dunham, George W.	Mansfield,	Sept.	5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Eastman, J. Edward	Ashford,	Sept.	5, '62	Wd. Dec. 10, '62, Fredericksburg, Va. M. o. June 16, '65.
Eastman, Roswell D.	Ashford,	Sept.	5, '62	Wd. May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. M. o. June 16, '65.
Edgerton, George	Ashford,	Sept.	5, '62	Died April 14, '63.
Edwards, Henry W.	Willington,	Sept.	5, '62	Disc. dis. Jan. 10, '63.
Farrell, John P.	Mansfield,	Sept.	5, '62	Wd. July 1, '64, Petersburg, Va. Disc. dis. Feb. 9, '65.
Fitch, George F.	Windham,	Sept.	5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Flaherty, Dennis	Mansfield,	Sept.	5, '62	Injured June 3, '65, Richmond, Va. M. o. June 16, '65.
Flaherty, James	Mansfield,	Sept.	5, '62	Des. Mch. 18, '63.
Flaherty, Peter	Mansfield,	Sept.	5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Gray, Henry H.	Windham,	Sept.	5, '62	(See Priv. Co. E, 12th C. V.) M. o. June 16, '65.
Hanks, Alfred P.	Mansfield,	Sept.	5, '62	Wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va. Disc. dis. May 16, '65,
Hancock, Harvey	Hartford,	Dec.	14, '63	Accidentally wd. Feb. 17, '64, Newbern, N. C. Disc. June 8, '65.
Harris, Eber	Windham,	Sept.	5, '62	Disc. July 21, '65.
Harris, George H.	Mansfield,	Sept.	5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.

COMPANY D—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE ON ENLISTMENT.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Privates—continued.			
Hovey, John D.	Scotland,	Sept. 5, '62	Wd. May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. M. o. June 16, '65.
Hulse, William	Mansfield,	Sept. 5, '62	Died Dec. 23, '62.
Hutchins, George H.	Mansfield,	Sept. 5, '62	Wd. June 30, '64, Petersburg, Va. Died July 1, '64.
Jacobs, Francis	Mansfield,	Sept. 5, '62	Disc. dis. Jan. 9, '63.
Jackson, Eli	Lisbon,	Sept. 5, '62	Trans. to 30th Co. 2d Batt. V R. C. May 19, '65. Disc. Sept. 4, '65.
Jones, William	Willington,	Sept. 5, '62	Disc. dis. May 31, '65.
King, George F	Mansfield,	Sept. 5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Miller, A. Nelson	Ashford,	Sept. 5, '62	Wd. May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. M. o. June 16, '65.
Morey, Samuel L.	Mansfield,	Sept. 5, '62	Trans. to 32d Co. 2d Batt. V. R. C. Jan. 25, '64. Disc. Sept. 4, '65.
Mullen, Patrick	Windham,	Sept. 5, '62	Wd. Sept. 15, '62, Drewry's Bluff, Va. M. o. June 16, '65.
Nichols, Charles W.	Mansfield,	Sept. 5, '62	Wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va. Disc. dis. May 8, '65.
Nugent, Patrick	Coventry,	Sept. 9, '62	Disc. dis. Feb. 28, '63. [Apr. 22, '65. Disc. Aug. 31, '66.
Nutley, John	Lebanon,	Jan. 1, '64	Wd. May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff. Va. Trans. to 41st Co. 2d Batt. V. R. C.
Owen, Elijah F.	Ashford,	Sept. 5, '62	Died Jan. 26, '63.
Parker, John A.	Mansfield,	Sept. 5, '62	Died Dec. 17, '64.
Parker, Osmer H.	Chaplin,	Sept. 5, '62	Wd. May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Disc. June 9, '65.
Payne, William R.	Mansfield,	Sept. 5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65. [dis. Feb. 9, '65.
Perkins, Andrew	Windham,	Sept. 5, '62	Wd. and cap'd May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Par. Dec. 6, '64. Disc.
Randall, Augustus	Mansfield,	Sept. 5, '62	Disc. dis. Dec. 23, '62.
Randall, Charles E.	Mansfield,	Mch. 15, '64	Trans. to Co. G, 10th C. V. June 16, '65.
Robinson, William	Hampton,	Sept. 5, '62	Died Mch. 1, '63.
Ross, Daniel V	Norwich,	Sept. 5, '62	Disc. dis. June 2, '65.
Rouse, John E.	Willington,	Sept. 5, '62	Disc. dis. Jan. 9, '63.
Shepard, Jerome	Windham,	Sept. 5, '62	M. o. June 16, 65.
Simmons, John S.	Ashford,	Sept. 5, '62	Disc. dis. Apr. 6, '65.
Sparrow, George E.	Tolland,	Sept. 5, '62	Disc. dis. Aug. 14, '63.
Spencer, Samuel	Enfield,	Dec. 8, '63	Des. Dec. 1, '64.

Stearns, Oliver E.	East Hartford,	Dec.	26, '63	Died Sept. 22, '64.
Stearns, Jared H.	Mansfield,	Sept.	5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Stimpson, William B.	Windham,	Sept.	5, '62	Disc. dis. June 10, '65.
Thorne. Henry W.	Mansfield,	Sept.	5, '62	Killed May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.
Topliff, James M.	Windham,	Sept.	5, '62	Wd. May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Disc. June 1, '65.
Tucker, Frank	Franklin,	Sept.	5, '62	Died Sept. 25, '63.
Webster. Myron D.	Woodstock,	Sept.	6, '62	(See Priv. Co. H, 11th C. V.) Died Oct. 1, '65.
Weeks, Jonathan	Eastford,	Sept.	5, '62	Disc. dis. Oct. 14, '63.
Weeden, William	Windham,	Sept.	5, '62	Disc. June 3, '65.
White, Henry	Ashford,	Sept.	5, '62	Disc. Apr. 11, '63.
Whitehouse, Edmund	Ashford,	Dec.	17, '63	Disc. June 14, '65. [16, '65.
Whitehouse, Fielder	Willington,	Sept.	5, '62	Cap'd Sept. 29, '64, Ft. Harrison, Va. Released Oct. 8, '64. M. o. June
Whitehouse, Storrs	Mansfield,	Sept.	5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Woodworth, Henry C.	Mansfield,	Sept.	5, '62	Disc. dis. Jan. 18, '63.
Wyllys, Whiting S.	Mansfield,	Sept.	5, '62	Died Jan. 18, '63.
Youngs, Ashley	Ashford,	Dec.	17, '63	(See Priv. Co. K, 22d C. V.) Disc. dis. Feb. 9, '65.

COMPANY E.

Captains				(not must.). Disc. dis. Sept. 14, '64. Ap. Maj. by bvt. to date Mch. 13, '65.
Chas. T. Stanton, Jr.,	Stonington,	Sept.	5, '62	Must. Capt. Wd. Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64. Pro. Maj. July 25, '64
Henry R. Jennings,	Stonington,	Sept.	5, '62	Pro. Capt. July 25, '64. Wd. Sept. 29, '64, Petersburg, Va. Died Nov. 20, '64.
William W. Latham,	Groton,	Sept.	5, '62	(See Priv. Rifle Co. C, 2d C. V.) Pro. from 1st Lieut. Co. A, Mch. 1, '65. M. o. June 16, '65.
1st Lieutenants.				
Henry R. Jennings,	Stonington,	Sept.	5, '62	(See Capt.) [M. o. June 16, '65.
Dyer A. Clark,	Ashford,	Sept.	5, '62	Pro. from 1st Sergt. Co. D, Dec. 12, '64. Ap. Capt. by bvt. Mch. 13, '65.
2d Lieutenants.				
Franklin H. Davis,	Stonington,	Sept.	5, '62	Disc. Dec. 22, '62. [16, '65.
Elisha B. Chipman,	New London,	Sept.	5, '62	Pro. from 1st Sergt. Co. F, Dec. 22, '62. Ap. Adj. Jan. 11, '65. M. o. June
1st Sergeants.				
James B. Vanderwater,	Stonington,	Sept.	5, '62	Redc. to Sergt. Sept. 21, '62, Pro. Jan. 7, '63. Disc. June 8, '65.
John F Trumbull, Jr.,	Stonington,	Sept.	5, '62	Must. Sergt. Pro. Dec. 21, '62; 2d Lieut. Co. B, Jan. 7, '63.

COMPANY E—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE ON ENLISTMENT.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Sergeants.			
Carter, James H.	Stonington,	Sept. 5, '62	Disc. dis. Feb. 19, '63. [M. o. June 16, '65.
Douglass, John C.	Stonington,	Sept. 5, '62	Must Priv. Pro. Sergt. Nov. 1, '63. Wd. May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.
Hill, John L.	Stonington,	Sept. 5, '62	Must. Corp. Pro. Mch. 1, '63. Wd. May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.
Long, Walter P.	Stonington,	Sept. 5, '62	Pro. 1st Sergt. Co. B, Dec. 22, '62. [M. o. June 16, '65.
Miner, Howard E.	Stonington,	Sept. 5, '62	Redc. to ranks Dec. 31, '62. Pro. Sergt. Mch. 1, '63. M. o. June 16, '65.
Newberry, Joseph H.	Stonington,	Sept. 5, '62	Must. Corp. Pro. Oct. 24, '62. Trans. to Co. G, 14th Regt. V. R. C. Sept. 16, '64. Disc. June 27, '65.
Noyes, Nathan	Stonington,	Sept. 5, '62	Must. Priv. Pro. Corp. Dec. 25, '63; Sergt. Mch. 1, '64. M. o. June 16, '65.
Corporals.			
Burdick, Joseph L.	Stonington,	Sept. 5, '62	Redc. to ranks Jan. 5, '64. Pro. May 16, '65. M. o. June 16, '65.
Crumb, Charles H.	Stonington,	Sept. 5, '62	Disc. dis. June 3, '65. [June 5, '64.
Frazier, William H.	Stonington,	Sept. 5, '62	Must. Priv. Pro. Mch. 1, '63. Redc. to ranks May 19, '63. Disc. dis.
Frazier, Geo. W. Jr.	Stonington,	Sept. 5, '62	Must. Priv. Pro. Mch. 1, '63. Redc. to ranks Nov. 3, '63. Trans. to Co. G. 18th Regt. V R. C. Apr. 12. '65. Disc. June 29, '65.
Gardiner; William	Stonington,	Sept. 5, '62	Must. Priv. Pro. Mch. 1, '63. Wd. July 17, '64, Petersburg, Va. Disc.
Holmes, Erastus	Stonington,	Sept. 5, '62	Disc. dis. Feb. 11, '63. [May 13, '65.
McMillen. John J.	Stonington,	Sept. 5, '62	Died Apr 3, '64
Slack, Seth	Stonington,	Sept. 5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Targee, Wm. R. Jr.	Stonington,	Sept. 5, '62	Disc. June 28, '65. [June 16, '65.
Tift, John L.	Stonington,	Sept. 5, '62	Must. Priv. Pro. Mch. 1, '63. Wd July 9, '64, Petersburg, Va. M. o.
Vananken, Abram	Stonington,	Sept. 5, '62	Must. Priv. Pro. Jan. 8, '65. M. o. June 16, '65.
Wilcox, Nelson	Stonington,	Sept. 5, '62	Wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va. Disc. May 18, '65.
Musicians.			
McGuire, Edward	Hartford,	Dec. 24, '63	Trans. from Co. F, Apr. 9, '64. Returned to ranks. Detailed Musc. Trans. to Co. I, 10th C. V. June 16, '65.
Snow, Edwin E.	Stonington,	Sept. 5, '62	Disc. dis. Jan. 29, '63.

Wagoner.				
Dunham, William	Stonington,	Sept.	5, '62	Trans. to ranks. Disc. June 6, '65.
Privates.				
Arnold, Peleg B.	Preston,	Mch.	8, '64	Disc. dis. May 18, '65.
Avery, Charles G.	Stonington,	Sept.	5, '62	Wd. May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Died July 21, '64.
Barber, William F	Groton,	Sept.	5, '62	Wd. Sept. 29, '64, Petersburg, Va. Disc. June 12, '65.
Bennett, Jesse	Stonington,	Sept.	5, '62	Disc. June 7, '65.
Bliss Alexander	Plainfield,	Sept.	5, '62	Disc. dis. Dec. 25, '62.
Bliss, George E.	Plainfield,	Sept.	5, '62	Died Jan. 8, '63.
Bliven, Elias P	North Stonington,	Sept.	5, '62	Disc. dis. Jan. 20, '63.
Brightman, Denison	Stonington,	Sept.	5, '62	Killed June 30, '64, Petersburg, Va.
Brown, Oliver A.	Stonington,	Sept.	5, '62	Cap'd May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Died Oct. 10, '64, Savannah, Ga.
Burrows, Daniel A.	Groton,	Sept.	5, '62	Disc. June 15, '65.
Burrows, George W	Groton,	Sept.	5, '62	Disc. dis. Mch. 27, '63.
Burdick, Alfred L.	Stonington,	Sept.	5, '62	Died Jan. 8, '63.
Burdick, William C.	Stonington,	Sept.	5, '62	Disc. dis. May 3, '63.
Carpenter, Joseph W	Stonington,	Sept.	5, '62	Died Dec. 7, '62.
Conway, William	Stonington,	Sept.	5, '62	Disc. dis June 10, '65.
Cordner, Charles L.	Stonington,	Sept.	5, '62	Disc. dis. Mch. 3, '63.
Cradick, Michael	Groton,	Sept.	5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Crandall, William W.	Stonington,	Sept.	5, '62	Disc. dis. July 22, '65.
Cullen, John	Norwich,	Sept.	5, '62	Died Mch. 22, '64.
Davis, Elias W	Stonington,	Sept.	5, '62	Died Mch. 5, '63.
Denison, Samuel	Stonington,	Sept.	5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Dutton, George R.	Vernon,	Dec.	2, '64	(See Priv. Co. F. 22d C. V) Trans. to Co. I, 10th C. V June 16, '65.
Dwyer, Edward	Norwich,	Sept.	5, '62	Injured Sept. 18, '62, Washington, D. C. Disc. dis. Oct. 11, '62.
Eccleston, George	Stonington,	Sept.	5, '62	Trans. to Co. F, 13th Regt. V. R. C. July 8, '63. Disc. June 28, '65.
Ehlers, August	Norwich,	Sept.	5, '62	Wd. June 30, '64, Petersburg, Va. Died July 2, '64.
Eldridge, George W.	Stonington,	Sept.	5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Fitzgerald, Austin	Lisbon,	Sept.	5, '62	Disc dis. June 28, '65.
Frazier, Arvine A.	Stonington,	Sept.	5, '62	Wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va. Disc. dis. May 16, '65.
Gerry, Lewis H.	Stonington,	Sept.	5, '62	Disc. dis. May 3, '65.
Green, Gurdon,	Ledyard,	Sept.	5, '62	(See Musc. Co. K, 12th C. V) Disc. dis. Feb. 5, '63.

COMPANY E—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE ON ENLISTMENT.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Privates—continued.			
Green, James	†Norfolk, Va.,	Aug. 7, '64	Trans. to Co. K 10th C. V June 16, '65.
Greene, Lyman	Stonington,	Sept. 5, '62	Killed May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.
Hancox, Amos S.	Stonington,	Sept. 5, '62	M. o. June 16, 65.
Hancox, William F	Stonington,	Sept. 5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Harris, Albert T.	Stonington,	Sept. 5, '62	Died Dec. 13, '64.
Harrington, Joseph E.	Stonington,	Sept. 5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Heath, Amos F	Stonington,	Sept. 5, '62	Killed May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.
Hevy, John	Stonington,	Sept. 5, '62	Wd. June 30, '64, Petersburg, Va. M. o. June 16, '65.
Hislop, James	Norwich,	Sept. 5, '62	Wd. May 16, '64. Drewry's Bluff, Va. Disc. Oct. 16, '64
Hulet, Palmer	Stonington,	Sept. 5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Jackson, Ransom	Stonington,	Sept. 5, '62	Ap. Q. M. Sergt. Mch. 1, '63.
Kelly, John	Norwich,	Sept. 5, '62	Des. Sept. 19, '62.
Kulbeck, Robert	Stonington,	Sept. 5, '62	M. o June 16, '65.
Lamphere, Leonard O.	Stonington,	Sept. 5, '62	Wd. June 30, '64, Petersburg, Va. Died July 19, '64.
Lever, Richard	Stonington,	Sept. 5, '62	(See Priv. Co. K, 12th C. V.) Disc. dis. Oct. 1, '63.
Miner, Charles L.	Stonington,	Sept. 5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Morgan, Benedict W.	Stonington,	Sept. 5, '62	Disc. dis. Dec 20, '62.
Mulligan, Patrick H.	Stonington,	Sept. 5, '62	Drowned Feb. 3, '64, Newport News, Va.
Murry, Thomas	Greenwich,	Dec. 10, '64	Trans. to Co. I, 10th C. V. June 16, '65.
Musgrave, Francis J.	Stonington,	Sept. 5, '62	Died July 28, '63.
Newberry, George K.	Stonington,	Sept. 5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Ridabolk, Wait W.	Stonington,	Sept. 5, '62	Wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va. M. o. June 16, '65.
Robinson, William H.	Stonington,	Sept. 5, '62	Disc. June 24, '65.
Rogers, Charles H.	Montville,	Sept. 5, '62	Died Dec. 6, '62.
Rook, George	Stonington,	Sept. 5, '62	Des. Mch. 22, '63.
Smith, Charles	Stonington,	Sept. 5, '62	Des. Sept. 19, '62.

† Place of muster in.

Smith, Gardner B.	Stonington,	Sept.	5, '62	Wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va. M. o. June 16, '65.
Smith, Henry D.	Stonington,	Sept.	5, '62	Disc. dis. May 19, '63.
Spencer, Charles C.	Norwich,	Sept.	5, '62	Trans. to 30th Co. 2d Batt. V. R. C. May 19, '65. Disc. Sept. 4, '65.
Taylor, Charles H.	Stonington,	Sept.	5, '62	Disc. dis. June 15, '65.
Tift, Daniel D.	Stonington,	Sept.	5, '62	Trans. to Co. A, 13th Regt. V. R. C. July 1, '63. Disc. July 3, '65.
Tucker, Frederick O.	Stonington,	Sept.	5, '62	Disc. May 19, '65.
Turner, William J.	New London,	Sept.	4, '63	Wd. July 1, '64, Petersburg. Va. Disc. June 7, '65.
White, Rufus C.	Stonington,	Sept.	5, '62	Killed May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.
Wilcox, Harlem H.	Stonington,	Sept.	5, '62	Des. Nov. 19, '62.
Wilcox, Leonard	Stonington,	Sept.	5, '62	Died Dec. 16, '62.
Williams, Charles H.	Stonington,	Sept.	5, '62	Wd. May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Died June 20, '64.
Wood, Thomas	Stonington,	Feb.	2, '65	Trans. to Co. I, 10th C. V June 16, '65.

COMPANY F

Captains.				
William Spittle,	New London,	Sept.	5, '62	Pro. Maj. Dec. 19, '64. M. o. June 16, '65.
Charles Fenton,	Mansfield,	Sept.	5, '62	Pro. from 1st Lieut. Co. C, Jan. 3, '65. M. o. June 16. '65.
1st Lieutenants.				
Henry T. Phillips,	Montville,	Sept.	5, '62	Pro. Capt. Co. B, Nov. 24, '62.
Delos D. Brown,	Chatham,	Sept.	5, '62	Trans. from Co. H, Nov. 24, '62. Pro. Capt. Co. I, June 5, '64.
Frank Fowler,	New London,	Sept.	5, '62	Pro. 1st Lieut. June 7, '64. Disc. dis. Oct. 31, '64.
Abner A. Bevin,	Chatham,	Sept.	5, '62	Pro. from Sergt. Co. H, Oct. 13, '64. M. o. June 16, '65.
Geo. W. Shepard,	Plainfield,	Sept.	5, '62	Pro. from Sergt. Co. K, to 2d Lieut. Oct. 11, '62; 1st Lieut. Nov. 24, '62; Capt. Nov. 16. '64. Disc. May 8, '65.
2d Lieutenant.				
Frank Fowler,	New London,	Sept.	5, '62	(See 1st Lieut.)
1st Sergeants.				
Elisha B. Chipman,	New London,	Sept.	5, '62	Pro. 2d Lieut. Co. E, Dec. 22, '62.
Albert Leeds,	New London,	Sept.	5, '62	Must. Corp. Pro 1st Sergt. Dec. 22, '62. M. o. June 16, '65.

COMPANY F—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE ON ENLISTMENT.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Sergeants.			
Bacon, Isaac B.	Norwich,	Aug. 31, '62	(See Priv. Co. D, 1st C. V. H. A.) Must. Priv. Cap'd July 9, '63, Burnt Ordinary, Va. Par. July 14, '63. Pro. Sergt. Nov. 16, '64. M. o.
Bogue, Ichabod S.	Montville,	Sept. 5, '62	Disc. Jan. 11, '64. [June 16, '65.
Chesebrough, Wm. H.	New London,	Sept. 5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Comstock, Joseph	Montville,	Sept. 5, '62	Killed Sept. 29, '64, Petersburg, Va.
Corey, James A.	Montville,	Sept. 5, '62	Disc. Jan. 19, '64.
Graham, John W.	New London,	Sept. 5, '62	Must. Corp. Pro. Jan. 25, '64. Ap. Sergt.-Maj. Oct. 12, '64.
Hay, George N	Waterford,	Sept. 5, '62	Must. Priv. Pro. Corp. Jan. 1, '63; Sergt. Dec. 22, '63. M. o. June 16, '65.
Ladd, John C.	New London,	Sept. 5, '62	Must. Corp. Injured Jan. 18, '63, Newport News, Va. Cap'd July 9, '63, Burnt Ordinary, Va. Par. July 14, '63. Pro. June 6, '65. M. o. June
Lane, William H.	New London,	Sept. 5, '62	Must. Corp. Pro. Nov. 1, '64. Disc. May 23, '65. [16, '65.
Corporals.			
Chapel, Charles F.	Montville,	Sept. 5, '62	Must. Priv. Pro. June 6, '65. M. o. June 16, '65.
Darrow, Edward E.	Montville,	Sept. 5, '62	Detailed Wag. Returned to ranks. Pro. Mch. 1, '65. M. o. June 16, '65.
Dickinson, Flavius W.	New London,	Sept. 5, '62	Must. Priv. Pro Nov. 1, '64. M. o. June 16, '65.
Elmondoff, George L.	Waterford,	Sept. 5, '62	(See Priv. Rifle Co. C, 2d C. V.) M. o. June 16, '65.
Gay, Thomas W.	Montville,	Sept. 5, '62	Died Dec. 23, '62.
Lamphier, Henry C.	Montville,	Sept. 5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Lloyd, Samuel H.	New London,	Sept. 5, '62	Must. Priv. Pro. Nov. 1, '64. M. o. June 16, '65.
Palmer, J. Gideon	Montville,	Sept. 5, '62	Trans. to 187th Co. 1st Batt. V R. C. Sept. 24, '64; subsequently 2d Co. Provisional Cav. V. R. C. Disc. Dec. 16, '65.
Rogers, William H.	New London,	Sept. 5, '62	Must. Priv. Wd. Dec. —, '62, Fredericksburg, Va. Pro. Jan. 1, '63. M. o. June 16, '65.
Sarsfield, Michael	Montville,	Sept. 5, '62	Must. Priv. Pro. Jan. 5, '64. M. o. June 16, '65.
Taylor, Hiram	New London,	Sept. 5, '62	Must. Priv. Pro. Jan. 24, '64. Redc. to ranks Aug. 6, '64. M. o. June 16, '65.

Musicians.				
McGuire, Edward	Hartford,	Dec.	24, '63	Detailed Musc. Trans. to Co. E, Apr 9, '64.
Palmer, William H. Jr.	Montville,	Sept.	5, '62	M o. June 16, '65.
Rudd, Alfred	Montville,	Sept.	5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Privates.				
Adams, Edwin H.	New London,	Sept.	5, '62	Died Oct. 10, '64.
Allen Leonard S.	Montville,	Sept.	5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Arnold, Edward C.	New London,	Sept.	5, '62	Killed Oct. 1, '64, Petersburg, Va.
Arnold. Lewis	Montville,	Sept.	5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Ayres, Ezra M.	Montville,	Sept.	5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Babcock, Henry O.	Salem,	Sept.	5, '62	Died Feb. 3, '63.
Beckwith, Wallace A.	New London,	Sept.	5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Brainard, Frederick J.	Montville,	Sept.	5, '62	Died May 5, '63.
Brady, John P.	Hartford,	Jan.	4, '64	Disc. Apr. 18, '65.
Brewster, John W.	New London,	Sept.	5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Brewster, William H.	Norwich,	Jan.	21, '64	(See Priv. Co. E, 26th C. V.) Trans. to Co. E, 10th C. V. June 16, '65.
Burke, Daniel	Wethersfield,	Jan.	4, '64	Trans. to Co. A, 10th C. V. June 16, '65.
Burk, Samuel	East Lyme,	Jan.	7, '64	Wd. June 22, '64, Petersburg, Va. Trans. to Co. E, 10th C. V. June 16, '65.
Chapel, Robert	Montville,	Sept.	5, '62	Disc. dis. Aug. 31, '63.
Chapel, William A.	Montville,	Sept.	5, '62	Disc. dis. Nov. 11, '62.
Chapman, Rufus E.	Griswold,	Sept.	5, '62	Died Jan. 11, '63.
Coady, Martin J.	New London,	Sept.	5, '62	Des. Oct. 1, '62.
Congdon, John B.	Montville,	Sept.	5, '62	Disc. dis. Feb. 22, '63.
Cook, Edward W	Windsor,	Jan.	4, '64	(See Priv. Co. F, 22d C. V.) Trans. to Co. E, 10th C. V June 16, '65.
Cosgrove, Daniel	Windham,	Jan.	27, '64	Disc. dis. June 1, '65.
Crocker, Edward N.	New London,	Sept.	5, '62	Disc. June 10, '65.
Culver, Jared B.	New London,	Sept.	5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Daniels, Henry	East Granby,	Dec.	9, '63	Trans. to Co. A, 10th C. V. June 16, '65.
Daniels, Leonard S.	Waterford,	Sept.	5, '62	Disc. May 23, '65.
Dart, Edwin F.	New London,	Sept.	5, '62	Died Dec. 5, '62.
Dunbar, Henry N.	New London,	Sept.	5, '62	Disc. dis. May 26, '65.
Dustin, Nathaniel	Montville,	Sept.	5, '62	Disc. dis. Dec. 20, '62.
Eccleston, Orrin F.	Waterford,	Sept.	5, '62	Died Feb. 27, '63.

COMPANY F—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE ON ENLISTMENT.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Privates—continued.			
Farnham, Sydney B.	New London,	Sept. 5, '62	Died May 29, '64.
Foreman, William M.	New London,	Mch. 5, '64	Died July 31, '64.
Griffin, Peter	Montville,	Jan. 13, '64	Disc. Mch. 3, '64.
Hack, Curtis D.	Montville,	Sept. 5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Hack, Frank W.	Montville,	Sept. 5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Heath, James A.	New London,	Sept. 5, '62	Died Oct. 17, '63.
Hogan, James	New London,	Dec. 10, '63	Trans. to Co. E, 10th C. V. June 16, '65.
Hogan, Patrick	New London,	Dec. 7, '63	Trans. to Co. H, 10th C. V June 16, '65.
Holland, Stafford	Stonington,	Jan. 21, '64	Trans to Co. E, 10th C. V. June 16, '65.
Jones, Jeremiah J.	Montville,	Sept. 5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65. [C. V June 16, '65.
Jones, Charles W.	Germantown, Pa.,	Feb. 23, '64	Cap'd Sept. 29, '64, Petersburg, Va Par. Feb. 26, '65. Trans. to Co. A, 10th
Johnson, Benjamin J.	Montville,	Sept. 5, '62	Disc. dis. Jan. 31, '63.
Johnson, David A.	Montville,	Sept. 5, '62	Trans. to 41st Co. 2d Batt. V. R. C. Aug. 8, '63. Disc. Aug. 15, '65.
Johnson, George W	†Portsmouth, Va.,	Feb. 23, '64	Trans. to Co. A. 10th C. V. June 16, '65.
Johnson, Russell	Montville,	Sept. 5, '62	Wd. May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Disc. July 14, '65.
Keily, Stephen A.	Windham,	Jan. 16, '64	Trans. to Co. K, 10th C. V. June 16, '65.
Lane, Charles H.	New London,	Sept. 5, '62	Wd. Sept. 29, '64, Chapin's Bluff, Va. Disc. June 3, '65.
Lash, Gottlob	Montville,	Sept. 5, '62	Wd. May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Died June 19, '64.
Lawrence, Henry B.	New London,	Sept. 5, '62	M o. June 16, '65.
Leeds, Lodowick	New London,	Sept. 5, '62	Disc. dis. Sept. 30, '63.
Maguire, Thomas	Montville,	Sept. 5, '62	Died Dec. 10, '62.
Mason, John C.	New London,	Sept. 5, '62	Died Sept. 14, '64.
Maynard, Andrew	Montville,	Sept. 5, '62	Disc. dis. Jan. 13, '63.
Mitchell, Robert	Montville,	Sept. 5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Moxley, Solon A.	Ledyard,	Sept. 5, '62	Wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va. Disc. dis. Dec. 16, '64.
Murphy, John	Montville,	Sept. 5, '62	Wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va. Disc. dis. June 27, '65.

† Place of muster in.

Murphy, Joseph	Wethersfield,	Jan. 4, '64	Trans. to Co. E, 10th C. V. June 16, '65.
Naylor, John Jr.	New London,	Sept. 5, '62	Trans. to U. S. Sig. Corps Nov. 30, '63. Disc. June 24, '65. [16, '65.
Nichols, Nimrod	East Lyme,	Jan. 7, '64	Wd. May 16, '64. Drewry's Bluff, Va. Trans. to Co. E, 10th C. V June
Payne, Billings H.	Montville,	Sept. 5, '62	Wd. May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Disc. June 6, '65.
Phillips, Curtis	Montville,	Sept. 5, '62	Died Mch. 3, '63.
Pitcher, Henry	New London,	Sept. 5, '62	Died Apr. 7, '63.
Primer, Thomas K.	New London,	Sept. 5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Rathbone, Lucius B.	Montville,	Sept. 5, '62	Disc. June 3, '65.
Rogers. Thomas	New London,	Sept. 5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Root, William	East Granby,	Nov. 30, '63	Trans. to Co. K, 10th C. V June 16, '65.
Rudd, Albert	Montville,	Sept. 5, '62	Wd. June 3. '64, Cold Harbor, Va. Disc. dis. Jan. 20, '65.
Rudd, Oliver H.	Montville,	Sept. 5, '62	Injured Oct. 26, '62. Arlington Heights, Va. Disc. dis. Jan. 14, '63.
Shepard, James D.	New London,	Sept. 5, '62	Wd. Sept. 30, '64 Chapin's Bluff, Va. Died Oct. 3, '64.
Sisson, William E.	New London,	Sept. 5, '62	Wd. July 30, '64. Petersburg, Va. Disc. dis. Apr. 26, '65.
Smith. John B.	New London,	Sept. 5, '62	M. o. June 16. '65.
Spencer, Cyrus B.	Norwich,	Sept. 5, '62	Trans. to 30th Co. 2d Batt. V R. C. May 19. '65. Disc. Sept. 4, '65.
Spencer, John J.	Montville,	Sept. 5, '62	Trans. to unassigned detachment V. R. C. Feb. 8, '64; trans. to 30th Co. 2d
Staplins, Stephen	Montville,	Sept. 5, '62	Died Apr. 12. '63. [Batt. Oct. 29, '64. Disc. Sept. 4, '65.
Steward, Alvan B.	New London,	Sept. 5, '62	Wd. May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Disc. dis. May 27 '65.
Stemm, Max	Montville,	Sept 5, '62	Died Nov. 15, '63.
Stillman, Charles W.	New London,	Sept. 5, '62	Disc. dis. June 3, '65.
Sullivan, John	Montville,	Sept. 5 '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Tinker, George D.	Waterford,	Sept. 5 '62	Wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va. Disc. dis. May 22, '65.
Tracy, Elijah	Montville,	Sept. 5. '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Verguson, Joshua	Montville,	Sept. 5 '62	Trans. to Co. A, 19th Regt. V. R. C. Aug. 6, '63. Disc. July 13, '65.
Watrous. Wilber E.	Waterford,	Sept. 5, '62	Disc. dis. Feb. 4, '63.
Weiler, John	Montville,	Sept. 5, '62	Wd. May 16. '64. Drewry s Bluff Va. Wd. Sept. 29, '64 Chapin's Farm. Va. Wd. Sept. 30 '64, Chapin s Farm, Va. M. o. June 16, '65.
Williams, Charles	Montville,	Sept. 5, '62	Wd. May 16 '64, Drewry's Bluff. Va. Disc. dis. July 31, '65.
Wright, David	Montville,	Sept. 5, '62	Wd. June 3 '64 Cold Harbor. Va. Wd. July 30, '64, Petersburg, Va. Trans. to Hosp. July 30, '64. N. f. r. A. G. O.

COMPANY G.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE ON ENLISTMENT.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Captains.			
James F. Brown,	Stonington,	Sept. 5, '62	Pro. Maj Oct 12, '64; Lieut-Col. Oct. 19, '64.
E. Perry Packer,	Stonington,	Sept. 5, '62	Pro 1st Lieut. June 4, '63. Wd. Sept. 29, '64, Chapin's Farm, Va. Pro. Oct. 12, '64, to Capt. M. o. June 16. '65.
1st Lieutenants.			
Isaac D. Kenyon,	Voluntown,	Sept. 5, '62	Pro. Capt. Co. B, June 8, '63. Wd. Aug. 18, '64, Petersburg, Va. Died [Sept. 1, '64.
E. Perry Packer,	Stonington,	Sept. 5, '62	(See Capt.)
Orlan D. Glazier.	Hartford,	Sept. 5, '62	Pro. from Sergt-Maj. Oct. 12, '64. M. o. June 16, '65.
2d Lieutenants.			
E. Perry Packer,	Voluntown,	Sept. 5, '62	(See Capt.)
Hamlin F Roberts,	East Hartford,	Sept. 5, '62	Pro. from 1st Sergt. Co. A, June 4, '63. Disc. dis. Mch. 28, '64.
John B. Brown,	North Stonington,	Sept. 5, '62	Pro. 2d Lieut. May 31, '64 (not must.). Disc. June 14, '64.
1st Sergeants.			
Darius H. Randall,	North Stonington,	Sept. 5, '62	Trans. to Co. B, Feb. 23, '63.
John B. Brown,	North Stonington,	Sept. 5, '62	Must. Sergt. Pro. Mch. 6, '63.
Courtland G. Stanton,	North Stonington,	Sept. 5, '62	Must. Sergt. Pro. June 14, '64; 1st Lieut. Co. H, Nov. 16, '64.
William C. Bassett,	Griswold,	Sept. 5, '62	Must. Sergt. Pro. Nov. 16, '64. M. o. June 16, '65.
Sergeants.			
Clark, Charles A.	North Stonington,	Sept. 5, '62	(See Priv. Co. F, 12th C. V.) Must. Corp. Wd. Sept. 29, '64, Chapin's Bluff, Va Pro. Nov. 16, '64. M. o. June 16, '65.
Coats, William R.	North Stonington,	Sept. 5, '62	Must. Corp. Pro. June 14, '64. M. o. June 16, '65.
Crumb, Albert T.	North Stonington,	Sept. 5, '62	Must. Corp. Pro. May 31, '63. Wd. and cap'd Feb. 1, '64, Smithfield, Va. Par. Mch 7, '64. Trans. to 159th Co. 2d Batt. V. R. C. Aug. 30, '64. Disc. July 5, '65.
Denison, George H.	North Stonington,	Sept. 5, '62	Must. Corp. Pro. Nov. 1, '64. M. o. June 16, '65.
Frink, William P.	North Stonington,	Sept. 5, '62	M. o June 16, '65.
Hawkins, William G.	North Stonington,	Sept. 5, '62	Must. Corp. Pro. Mch. 9, '63; 2d Lieut. Co. A, May 18, '63.

Corporals.				[Pro. May 1, '65. M. o. June 16, '65.
Brown, Abel D.	Voluntown,	Sept.	5, '62	Must. Priv. Cap'd May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Par. Dec. 6, '64.
Button, John T.	North Stonington,	Sept.	5, '62	Must. Priv. Wd. July 1, '64, Petersburg, Va. Pro. May 20, '65. M. o. June 16, '65. [dis. May 20, '65.
Corey, Charles C. Jr.	Griswold,	Sept.	5, '62	Must. Priv. Pro. Mch. 6, '63. Wd. Sept. 30, '64, Petersburg, Va. Disc.
Fish, James L.	Voluntown,	Sept.	5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Kenyon, Ransom	North Stonington,	Sept.	5, '62	Must. Priv. Pro. May 30, '63; 2d Lieut. Co. H, 29th C. V Jan. 1, '64.
Kinne, Martin V. B.	Voluntown,	Sept.	5, '62	Killed May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. [June 16, '65.
Maples, James	North Stonington,	Sept.	5, '62	(See Priv. Rifle Co. B, 2d C. V.) Must. Priv. Pro. Nov. 1, '64. M. o.
Peters, Hewlett Jr.	North Stonington,	Sept.	15, '62	Must. Priv. Pro. Nov. 21, '62. Died Mch. 28, '63.
Rix, Orrin S.	Griswold,	Sept.	5, '62	Must. Priv. Pro. Mch. 26, '63. Wd. May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va. Wd. July 30, '64, Petersburg, Va. Wd. Sept. 29, '64, Chapin's Bluff, Va. M. o. June 16, '65.
Staples, Charles A.	North Stonington,	Sept.	5, '62	Died Nov. 20, '62.
Tucker, James S.	Voluntown,	Sept.	5, '62	Must. Priv. Pro. Sept 1, '64. M. o. June 16, '65.
West, William R.	Ledyard,	Sept.	5, '62	Must. Priv. Pro. Nov. 1, '64. M. o. June 16, '65.
Wilcox, Noah	Griswold,	Sept.	5, '62	Must. Priv. Cap'd Sept. 29, 64, Chapin's Farm, Va. Par. Oct. 8, '64. Pro. Nov. 16, '64. M. o. June 16, '65.
Musicians.				
Gray, Thomas H.	North Stonington,	Sept.	5, '62	Must. Priv. Detailed Musc. Returned to ranks. M. o. June 16, '65.
Larkin, Henry L.	Voluntown,	Sept.	5, '62	Wd. Dec. 14, '62, Fredericksburg, Va. M. o. June 16, '65.
Peckham, Stephen V R.	North Stonington,	Sept.	5, '62	Disc. dis. Jan. 18, '63.
Wagoner.				
Perkins, Nathan W.	North Stonington,	Sept.	5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Privates.				
Allen, Andrew J.	North Stonington,	Mch.	26, '64	Wd. June 26, '64, Petersburg, Va. Disc. dis. June 20, '65.
Babcock, Albert C.	North Stonington,	Sept.	5, '62	(See Priv. Rifle Co. C, 2d C. V.) Died June 30, '63.
Bentley, Franklin T.	North Stonington,	Sept.	5, '62	Cap'd May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Died Nov. 1, '64, Andersonville, Ga.
Bentley, Samuel	Norwich,	Sept.	5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65. [15, '65.
Billings, Sanford M.	North Stonington,	Sept.	5, '62	Cap'd May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Par. Dec. 6, '64. Disc. dis. May
Braman, Luther	Voluntown,	Sept.	5, '62	Disc. dis. June 21, '64.
Briggs, Joseph W.	Voluntown,	Sept.	5, '62	Disc. dis. Nov. 29, '63.
Brown, Albert G	Voluntown,	Sept.	5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.

COMPANY G—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE ON ENLISTMENT.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Privates—continued.			
Brown, Edwin M.	North Stonington,	Mch. 26, '64	Cap'd May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Died Dec. 31, '64, Florence, S. C.
Brown, Elisha C.	North Stonington,	Sept. 5, '62	Trans. to 32d Co. 2d Batt. V. R. C. Mch. 23, '64. Disc. Sept. 4, '65.
Brown, Erastus S.	North Stonington,	Sept. 5, '62	Disc. dis. June 20, '65.
Brown, Henry D.	North Stonington,	Sept. 5, '62	Died Nov. 22, '62.
Brown, Jesse Jr.	North Stonington,	Sept. 5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Brown, Warren W.	Voluntown,	Sept. 15, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Buddington, Edward J.	North Stonington,	Sept. 15, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Bushnell, Giles	Griswold,	Sept. 5, '62	Wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va. Disc. dis. June 13, '65.
Church, George P	Voluntown,	Sept. 5, '62	Des. Sept. 25, '62.
Clark, Bradford	North Stonington,	Sept. 5, '62	Cap'd July 11, '63, Sherman s Mills, Va. Released July 19, '63. Cap'd May 16, '64 Drewry's Bluff, Va. Died Sept. 24, '64, Charleston, S. C.
Clark, William H.	North Stonington,	Sept. 5, '62	Died Apr. 22, '63.
Colgrove, Ransom	Voluntown,	Sept. 5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65. [N. C., a paroled prisoner.
Congdon, George S.	North Stonington,	Sept. 5, '62	Cap'd May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Died Apr. 30, '65, Wilmington,
Coon, John C.	North Stonington,	Sept. 5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Coon, John H.	North Stonington,	Sept. 15, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Davis. James A.	North Stonington,	Sept. 5, '62	Died Mch. 18, '63.
Davenport, John	North Stonington,	Dec. 9, '63	Wd. May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Cap'd June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va. Par. Apr. 21, '65. Trans. from Camp Parole, Md., to Hartford, Conn.,
Dougherty. Charles	North Stonington,	Sept. 5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65. [May 30, '65. N. f r. A. G. O.
Douglass, David R.	Voluntown,	Sept. 5, '62	Died Jan. 10, '63.
Dunham, John	North Stonington,	Sept. 5, '62	Cap'd May 16, '64, Drewry s Bluff, Va. Died Dec. 31, '64, Florence, S. C.
Eccleston, Latham M.	North Stonington,	Sept. 5, '62	Trans. to Co. B, 9th Regt. V R. C. Aug. 6, '63. Died Jan. 23, '64.
Gallup, Jared A.	Voluntown,	Sept. 5, '62	Disc. dis. Feb. 3 63.
Gallamore, Thomas	Voluntown,	Sept. 5, '62	Disc dis. June 13 '63.
Geer, James M.	North Stonington,	Sept. 5, '62	Disc. dis. July 23, '63.
Geer, John B.	North Stonington,	Sept. 5, '62	Died Dec. 2, 62.

Hillard, Paul H.	North Stonington,	Sept.	5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Knapp, Lorenzo D.	North Stonington,	Sept.	5, '62	(See Priv. Rifle Co. D, 3d C. V.) Trans. to 30th Co. 2d Batt. V R. C. May 19, '65 Disc. Sept. 7, '65.
Knight, James F	Voluntown,	Sept.	5. '62	Wd. May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. M. o. June 16, '65.
Lamb, Warren A.	Voluntown,	Sept.	5, '62	Died June 5, '63.
Lewis, Edwin A.	North Stonington,	Sept.	5, '62	Disc. dis. Feb. 7, '63.
Main, Jesse M.	North Stonington,	Sept.	5, '62	Died Nov. 20, '63.
Main, John L.	Ledyard,	Sept.	5, '62	Disc. dis Jan. 14, '63
Main, Latham H.	North Stonington,	Sept.	5, '62	Died June 30, '63.
Main, Silas W.	North Stonington,	Sept.	5, '62	Cap'd May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Par. Dec. 6, '64. M. o. June 16, '65.
Main, Stephen A.	North Stonington,	Sept.	5, '62	Died Feb. 7, '63.
Merritt, James H.	North Stonington,	Sept.	5, '62	Disc. dis. Dec. 20, '64.
Moffiet, Welcome	Voluntown,	Sept.	5, '62	Cap'd May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Par. Dec. 11, '64. M. o. June 16, '65.
*Oswald, Lewis	Preston,	Aug.	19, '64	Trans. to Co. D, 10th C. V June 16, '65.
Palmer, Asher M.	North Stonington,	Sept.	5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Park, Latham, H.	North Stonington,	Sept.	5, '62	Cap'd May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Died July 1, '64, Richmond, Va.
Pitcher, Edward	North Stonington,	Sept.	5, '62	Disc. dis. Mch. 1, '63.
Pitcher, Joel W	North Stonington,	Sept.	5, '62	Disc. dis. Feb. 11, '65
Prentiss, Edward C.	North Stonington,	Sept.	5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Reynolds, William C.	Voluntown,	Sept.	5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Rix, John	Voluntown,	Sept.	5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Robinson, Calvin N.	North Stonington,	Sept.	5, '62	Died Feb. 18, '63.
Sherman Charles F	North Stonington,	Sept.	5, '62	Disc. dis. July 18, '65.
Stanton, Joseph W.	North Stonington,	Sept.	5, '62	Died Mch. 28, '63.
Stedman, William N.	North Stonington,	Sept.	5, '62	Disc. dis. Dec. 25, '62.
Sutcliff, Robert	Stonington,	Jan.	6, '64	Cap'd May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Died July 7, '64, Andersonville, Ga.
Tanner, John E.	Voluntown,	Sept.	5, '62	Wd. Dec. 14, '62, Fredericksburg, Va. Trans. to 30th Co. 2d Batt. V R. C. May 19, '65. Disc. Sept. 4, '65.
Terwilliger Augustus	North Stonington,	Sept	5, '62	(See Priv. Rifle Co. D, 3d C. V.) Wd. May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. M. o. June 16, '65.
Terwilliger, Chas M.	North Stonington,	Sept.	5, '62	Wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va. Died July 23, '64.
Toal, Edward	North Stonington,	Sept.	5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.

* Substitutes and drafted.

COMPANY G—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE ON ENLISTMENT.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Privates—continued.			
Watson, Thomas	Voluntown,	Sept. 5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Welch, Michael	North Stonington,	Sept. 5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
West, Alfred M.	North Stonington,	Sept 5, '62	Died Jan. 6, '63.
Wheeler, Edwin S.	North Stonington,	Sept. 5, '62	Ap. Q. M.-Sergt. Oct. 12, '64.
Wright, Alvan H.	North Stonington,	Sept. 5, '62	Disc. dis. May 22, '65.
York, William R.	Griswold,	Sept. 5, '62	Died Sept. 15, '63.

COMPANY H.

Captains.			
Ralph C. Foote, Jr.,	Colchester,	Sept. 5, '62	Resigned Dec. 20, '62.
Clarence E. Dutton,	Wallingford,	Sept. 5, '62	Pro. from Adj. Mch. 1, '63. Disc. June 14, '64. Must. 2d Lieut. Ordnance U. S. A. Jan. 29, '64.
George W. Shepard,	Plainfield,	Sept. 5, '62	Pro. from Sergt. Co. K, to 2d Lieut. Co. H, Oct. 11, '62; 1st Lieut. Nov. 24, '62; Capt. Nov. 16, '64. Disc. May 8 '65.
1st Lieutenants.			
Delos D. Brown,	Chatham,	Sept. 5, '62	Trans. to Co. F, Nov. 24, '62.
George W Shepard,	Plainfield,	Sept. 5, '62	Pro. 1st Lieut. Nov. 24, '62.
Courtland G. Stanton,	Stonington,	Sept. 5, '62	Pro from 1st Sergt. Co. G, Nov. 16, '64. M. o. June 16, '65.
2d Lieutenants.			
Denison L. Brown,	Colchester,	Sept. 5, '62	Disc. Oct. 11, '62.
George W. Shepard,	Plainfield,	Sept. 5, '62	(See Capt.) [15, '64.
William S. Hubbell,	Stonington,	Sept. 5, '62	Pro. from Sergt. Co. A, 25th C. V. Nov. 24, '62; 1st Lieut. Co. B, Feb.
Frederick W. H. Buell,	Chatham,	Sept. 5, '62	Must. 1st Sergt. Pro. 2d Lieut. Mch. 11, '64. Died Jan. 4, '65.

1st Sergeants.				[16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Pro. 1st Lieut. Co. B, Feb. 12, '65.
Frederick A. Rich,	Chatham,	Sept.	5, '62	Must. Corp. Pro. Sergt. Oct. 9, '62; 1st Sergt. Mch. 11, '64. Wd. May
L. Nelson Arnold,	Haddam,	Sept.	5, '62	Must. Priv. Pro. Corp. Dec. 4, '62; Sergt. Sept. 1, '64; 1st Sergt. Feb. 12, '65. M. o. June 16, '65.
Sergeants.				[June 3, '65.
Benton, Edwin N.	Colchester,	Sept.	5, '62	Must. Corp. Pro. May 1, '63. Wd. Sept. 29, '64, Chapin's Farm, Va. Disc.
Bevin, Abner A.	Chatham,	Sept.	5, '62	Pro. 1st Lieut. Co. F, Oct. 13, '64.
Childs, Edward G.	Chatham,	Sept.	5, '62	Redc. to Corp. July 30, '63. Pro. Aug. 16, '63. Wd. May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. M. o. June 16, '65.
Cook, Cyrus W.	Colchester,	Sept.	5, '62	Pro. 2d Lieut. Co. C, May 1, '63.
Dutton, Francis A.	Chatham,	Sept.	5, '62	Must. Priv. Pro. Corp. Sept. 24, '63; Sergt. June 4, '65; M. o. June 16, '65.
Gillett, B. Smith	Haddam,	Sept.	5, '62	Must. Priv. Pro. Corp. Jan. 21, '63; Sergt. Nov. 1, '64. M. o. June 16, '65.
Sexton, Calvin	East Haddam,	Sept.	5, '62	Must. Priv. Pro. Corp. Apr. 20, '63; Sergt. Feb. 12, '65. M. o. June 16, '65.
Young, Henry R.	Chatham,	Sept.	5, '62	Ap. Sergt.-Maj. Oct. 12, '62.
Corporals.				[M. o. June 16, '65.
Avery, Isaac G.	Lebanon,	Sept.	5, '62	Must. Priv. Wd. May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Pro. Sept. 1, '64.
Buell, George R.	Colchester,	Sept.	5, '62	Must. Priv. Pro. Feb. 21, '64. M. o. June 16, '65. [July 2, '64.
Carver, Frank M.	Colchester,	Sept.	5, '62	Must. Priv. Pro. July 27, '63. Wd. June 30, '64, Petersburg, Va. Died
Dickson, James	Chatham,	Sept.	5, '62	Redc. to ranks Aug. 22, '63. Pro. June 4, '65. M. o. June 16, '65.
Felton, Francis A.	Hebron,	Sept.	5, '62	Disc. dis. Oct. 2, '63.
Gillette, Samuel H.	Colchester,	Sept.	5, '62	Disc. dis. Nov. 27, '62. Died Dec. 1, '62. [M. o. June 16, '65.
Hills, Osmer C.	Chatham,	Sept.	5, '62	Must. Priv. Wd. May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Pro. May 1, '65.
Packer, Ellsworth	Colchester,	Sept.	5, '62	Des. Nov. 29, '62.
Payne, William	Colchester,	Sept.	5, '62	Must. Priv. Pro. Nov. 11, '62. Redc. to ranks Mch. 4, '63. Wd. May 1, '64, Little Washington, N. C. Disc. July 5, '65.
Ransom, Edward S.	Colchester,	Sept.	5, '62	Disc. June 10, '65.
Selden, John H.	Chatham,	Sept.	5, '62	Wd. May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va. Wd. July 30, '64, Petersburg, Va. Disc. dis. Feb. 9, '65.
Sellew, Henry T.	Chatham,	Sept.	5, '62	Must. Priv. Wd. July 22, '64, Petersburg, Va. Pro. Mch. 1, '65. M. o.
Snow, Henry,	Chatham,	Sept.	5, '62	Must. Priv. Pro. Mch. 1, '65. M. o. June 16, '65. [June 16, '65.
Musicians.				
Adams, Benjamin	Colchester,	Sept.	5, '62	M o. June 16, '65.
Adams, Lyman P	Colchester,	Sept.	5, '62	Disc. dis. July 27. '63.

COMPANY H—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE ON ENLISTMENT.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Wagoner.			
Dunham, Barney	Colchester,	Sept. 5. '62	Injured Mch. —, '64, Little Washington, N. C. M. o. June 16, '65.
Privates.			
Adams, Daniel L.	Colchester,	Sept. 5, '62	Wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va. Died June 6, '64.
Arnold, Joel	Colchester,	Sept. 5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Avery, Charles	Chatham,	Sept. 5, '62	Wd. and cap'd May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Died May 22, '64, Richmond, Va.
Baker, Albert M.	Colchester,	Sept. 5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Barker. Jacob	Griswold,	Sept. 5, '62	Cap'd July 9. '63, Burnt Ordinary, Va. Par. July 14, '63. Des. July 29, '63.
Bennett. Charles H.	Colchester,	Sept. 5, '62	Trans. to Co. A, 7th Regt. V. R. C. Apr. 1, '65. Disc. July 31, '65.
Bennett. Frank	Lebanon,	Sept. 5, '62	Disc. dis. Mch 4, '64.
Berry James	Marlborough,	Sept. 5, '62	Disc. June 8, '65.
Bevin William H.	Chatham,	Sept. 5, '62	Pro. 2d Lieut. Co. E, 29th C. V. Jan. 1, '64.
Bigelow. Ebenezer L.	Colchester,	Sept. 5, '62	Des. Nov 17, '62.
Brainard. Morris B.	Haddam,	Sept. 5, '62	Wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va. M. o. June 16, '65.
Brown, Charles F	Stonington,	Sept. 5, '62	Died Nov. 27, '62.
Brown, David H.	Colchester,	Sept. 5, '62	Wd Sept —, '64, Petersburg, Va. M. o. June 16, '65.
Brown Dudley	Bozrah.	Sept. 5, '62	M. o. June 16 '65.
Bushnell, Albert C.	Colchester,	Sept. 5, '62	Disc. July 14, '65.
Carpenter. Guinnett	Chatham.	Sept. 5, '62	M. o June 16, '65.
Carpenter, Hubert E.	Colchester,	Sept. 5, '62	Wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va. Trans. to Co. F, 20th Regt. V R. C. Apr. 13, '65. Disc. June 30. '65.
Chapman Harlow B.	Colchester,	Sept. 5, '62	Disc. dis. Dec 28, '63
Champlin John B.	Colchester,	Dec. 22, '63	Trans. to Co I, 10th C. V June 16, '65.
Conner Thomas	Colchester,	Sept. 5. '62	Cap'd July 9, '63, Burnt Ordinary, Va. Par. July 14, '63. M. o. June 16, '65.
Day. William H.	Bozrah,	Sept. 5 '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Dutton, Charles H.	Manchester,	Feb. 15, '64	Wd. May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Trans. to Co. B, 10th C. V. June 16, '65.
Dutton. Francis J.	Chatham,	Sept. 5, '62	Disc. dis. Mch 6, '63.
Edwards George	Portland,	Sept. 5, '62	Wd July 30. '64, Petersburg, Va. Died Sept. 4, '64.
Emmons, Royal P.	Colchester,	Sept. 5, '62	Disc dis. Oct. 18, 62.

Emerson, John R.	Colchester,	Sept. 5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Fargo, John	Colchester,	Sept. 5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Farrell, Thomas	Norwich,	Sept. 5, '62	Trans. to Co. E, 11th Regt. V R. C. Jan. 21. '65. Disc. June 29, '65.
Fitzgerald, John	Colchester,	Sept. 5, '62	Wd. Dec. 13, '62, Fredericksburg, Va. Died Dec. 18, '62.
Fuller, Henry L.	Bozrah,	Sept. 5, '62	Cap'd Feb. 1, '64, Smithfield, Va. Died Aug. 11, '64, Andersonville, Ga.
Gillon, Edward	Chatham,	Sept. 5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Goff, James B.	Chatham,	Sept. 5, '62	Died Dec. 5, '62.
Goff, Orrin L.	Chatham,	Sept. 5, '62	Disc dis. June 30, '63.
Green, Bradford R.	Lebanon,	Sept. 5, '62	Killed July 20, '64, Petersburg, Va.
Greenwood, Wm. H.	Colchester,	Sept. 5, '62	Wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va. Disc. July 14, '65.
Hancox, James	Colchester,	Sept. 5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Hancox, John H.	Colchester,	Sept. 5, '62	M o. June 16, '65.
Hills, Edwin R.	Chatham,	Sept. 5, '62	Disc. dis. Mch. 21, '63.
Horrin, Michael	Colchester,	Sept. 5, '62	Wd June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va. Disc. June 16, '65.
Ingraham, Joel	Colchester,	Sept. 5, '62	Disc. June 10, '65.
Jones, William H.	Colchester,	Sept. 5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Keeney, William H.	Colchester,	Sept. 5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Kelley, Michael	Lebanon,	Sept. 5, '62	Disc. dis. May 31, '64.
King, Cornelius	Colchester,	Sept. 5, '62	Wd. May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Disc. dis. Feb. 24, '65.
Kramer, Peter	Colchester,	Sept. 5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Lawler, Roger	Colchester,	Sept. 5, '62	Trans. to 29th Co. 2d Batt. V. R. C. May 19, '65. Disc. Sept. 4, '65.
Lewis, John G.	Colchester,	Sept. 5, '62	Wd. May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. M. o. June 16, '65.
Loomis Henry N.	Norwich,	Sept. 5, '62	Wd. Aug. 20, '64, Petersburg, Va. Died Aug. 21, '64.
Marrow, Thomas	Colchester,	Sept. 5, '62	Killed May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.
Maynard, George H.	Chatham,	Sept. 5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
McCarty, Timothy	Chatham,	Dec. 16, '63	Trans. to Co. I, 10th C. V June 16, '65.
Miner, Joseph H.	Colchester,	Sept. 5, '62	(See Priv. Co. G, 13th C. V.) Died Dec. 8, '62.
Miner, Ralph W	Hebron,	Sept. 5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Mott, Morgan	Colchester,	Sept. 5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Nichols, Frederick H.	Chatham,	Sept. 5, '62	Disc. dis. June 10, 65.
O'Connel, Timothy,	Colchester,	Sept. 5, '62	Cap d and par. July 14, '63, Burnt Ordinary, Va. M. o. June 16, '65.
Parker, Michael	Chatham,	Sept. 5, '62	Trans. to 31st Co. 2d Batt. V. R. C. Feb. 8, '64. Died Jan. 3, '65.
Pratt, Francis	Portland,	Sept. 5, '62	Disc. dis. June 24, '65.
Reynolds, Alfred W.	Colchester,	Sept. 5, '62	Disc. dis. Feb. 11, '65.

COMPANY H—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE ON ENLISTMENT.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Privates—continued.			
Rich, Bernice B.	Chatham,	Sept. 5, '62	Died Jan. 4, '63.
Rich, Leander E.	Chatham,	Sept. 5, '62	Disc. dis. Nov. 29, '63.
Root, Newell W.	Chatham,	Sept. 5, '62	Disc dis. Feb. 27, '63.
Savage, James	Colchester,	Sept. 5, '62	Wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va. M. o. June 16, '65.
Schmidt, Bernard	Colchester,	Sept. 5, '62	Disc. dis. Feb. 18, '63.
Selden, Henry M.	Haddam,	Sept. 5, '62	Disc. dis. Jan. 18, '63.
Shaylor, Justin R.	Colchester,	Sept. 5, '62	Died Jan. 24, '63.
Stevens, Horace	Colchester,	Sept. 5, '62	Wd. May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Disc. dis. June 10, '65.
Taylor, John L.	Colchester,	Sept. 5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Taylor, Joseph N.	Colchester,	Sept. 5, '62	Disc. dis. Feb 26, '64.
Wall, John	Chatham,	Sept. 5, '62	Disc. June 8, '65. [Disc. July 19, '65.
West, Almon V	Colchester,	Sept. 5, '62	Trans. to 28th Co. 2d Batt. V. R. C. Aug. 1, '63. Re-en. Vet. Sept. 7, '64.
West, Gilbert	Chatham,	Sept. 5, '62	Wd. May 16, '64, Drewry s Bluff, Va. Disc. July 14, '65.
Wilson, Daniel	Colchester,	Sept. 5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.

COMPANY I.

Captains.			
David Dickerson,	Middletown,	Sept. 5, '62	(See Capt. Co. A, 2d C. V.) Resgd. Oct. 9, '62. [24, '62.
William Clapp,	Pomfret,	Sept. 5, '62	Pro. from 1st Lieut. Co. K, Oct. 9, '62 (not must.). Trans. to Co. D, Nov.
Albert B. Johnson,	Pomfret,	Sept. 5, '62	Trans. from Co. K, Nov. 5, '62. Disc. dis. Mch. 28, '64. [Oct. 31, '64.
Delos D. Brown,	Chatham,	Sept. 5, '62	Pro. from 1st Lieut. Co. F, June 5, '64. Trans. to Co. F, Nov. 24, '62. Disc.
Cyrus W Cook,	Colchester,	Sept. 5, '62	Pro. from 1st Lieut. Co. C, Nov. 16, '64. M. o. June 16, '65.
1st Lieutenants.			
Charles M. Mather,	Middletown,	Sept. 5, '62	(See Sergt. Co. A, 2d C. V.) Disc. Oct. 12, '62.
Philo F. Talcott,	Hartford,	Sept. 5, '62	Pro. from 2d Lt. Co. A, Oct. 12, '62. Trans. to Co. K, Nov. 5, '62. [23, '63.
Christopher A. Brand,	Norwich,	Sept. 5, '62	Pro. from 2d Lt. Co. A, Nov. 5, '62. Trans. from Co. K, Nov. 5, '62. Disc. Feb.

James Stanley,	Norwich,	Sept. 5, '62	Must. 2d Lieut. Pro. 1st Lieut. Mch. 1, '63. Disc. dis. Sept. 20, '64.
Austin A. McKinney,	Middletown,	Sept. 5, '62	Pro. Sergt. Oct. 12, '62; 1st Sergt. Oct. 5, '63; 1st Lieut. Oct. 12, '64. M. o. June 16, '65.
2d Lieutenants.			
James Stanley,	Norwich,	Sept. 5, '62	(See 1st Lieut.)
William F Walker,	Plainfield,	Sept. 5, '62	Pro. from Sergt. Co. K, Mch. 23, '63. M. o. June 16, '65.
1st Sergeants.			
William P. Burr,	Middletown,	Sept. 5, '62	Disc. dis. Nov. 6, '62.
Isaac G. Fardon,	Middletown,	Sept. 5, '62	[12, '64. M. o. June 16, '65. Must. Sergt. Pro. Nov. 6, '62. Redc. to Sergt. Sept. 1, '63. Pro. Oct.
Sergeants.			
Bailey, Lewis	Middletown,	Sept. 5, '62	Must. Priv. Pro. Corp. Feb. 20, '63. Redc. to ranks Nov. 8, '63. Pro. Corp. Jan. 29, '64. Wd. June 16, '64, Petersburg, Va. Pro. June 11, '65. M. o. June 16, '65.
Bailey, Hiram	Haddam,	Sept. 5, '62	[July 13, '63. Disc. July 6, '65. Redc. to ranks (sick) July 1, '63. Trans. to Co. F, 3d Regt. V R. C.
Brainard, Sylvester E.	Saybrook,	Sept. 5, '62	Must. Priv. Pro. Corp. Nov. 23, '62; Sergt. July 1, '63. Redc. to ranks (sick) Jan. 25, '64. Trans. to 159th Co. 2d Batt. V R. C. Feb. 17, '64. Disc. July 5, '65.
Brainard, Cyrus W.	Haddam,	Sept. 5, '62	[dis. June 10, '65. Must. Corp. Redc. to ranks. Pro. July 1, '63; Sergt. Jan. 25, '64. Disc.
Dickerson, George N.	Middletown,	Sept. 5, '62	Disc. dis. Jan. 18, '63.
Hall, Theodore H.	Middletown,	Sept. 5, '62	(See Priv. Co. A, 2d C. V.) Trans. to Co. G, 24th C. V. Sept. 8, '62.
Morgan, Zadock E.	Middletown,	Sept. 5, '62	(See Priv. Co. A, 2d C. V.) Must. Corp. Pro. Sept. 10, '62. Disc. dis.
Neal, Carlos A.	Middletown,	Sept. 5, '62	Must. Corp. Pro. Nov. 1, '64. M. o. June 16, '65.
Newell, Charles R.	Middletown,	Sept. 5, '62	[May 20, '65. Must. Priv. Pro Corp. Oct. 12, '62; Sergt. Jan. 17. '63. M. o. June 16, '65.
Wells, George E.	Middletown,	Sept. 5, '62	Must. Priv. Pro. Corp. Feb. 20, '63. Wd. May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Pro. May 20, '65. M. o. June 16, '65.
Corporals.			
Camp, Howard A.	Middletown,	Sept. 5, '62	[dis. June 2, '65. Must. Priv. Pro. Nov. 3, '63. Wd. Sept. 30, '64, Petersburg, Va. Disc.
Dickerson, Frederick	Middletown,	Sept. 5, '62	Disc. dis. Jan. 18. '63.
Dunnse, James	Sprague,	Sept. 5, '62	Must. Priv. Pro. June 11, '65. M. o. June 16, '65.
Edwards, Russell	Middletown,	Sept. 5, '62	Must. Priv. Pro. May 5, '65. M. o. June 16, '65.
Fox, Patrick	Norwich,	Sept. 5, '62	Must. Priv. Pro. Jan. 8, '63. Wd. May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Disc. dis. June 13, '65.

COMPANY I—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE ON ENLISTMENT.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Corporals—continued.			[M. o. June 16, '65.
Frayne David	Middletown,	Sept. 5, '62	(See Priv. Co. A, 2d C. V.) Redc. to ranks at own request Sept. 21, '62.
Gibbs, Frank L.	Middletown,	Sept. 5, '62	Must. Priv. Pro. Jan. 17, '63. Wd. July 30, '64, Petersburg, Va. Died Aug. 12, '64. [June 5, '65.
Gleason, Joseph Jr.	Middletown,	Sept. 5, '62	Must. Priv. Pro. Sept. 10, '62. Redc. to ranks at own request. Disc.
Leacy, Thomas	Hartford,	Sept. 5, '62	Trans. from Co. B, as Priv. Oct. 16, '62. Pro. May 21, '65. M. o. June 16, '65.
Lomax, Henry	Middletown,	Sept. 5, '62	Must. Priv. Wd. May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Pro Apr. 25, '65. M. o. June 16, '65. [June 1, '65.
Maynard, Leonidas M.	Middletown,	Sept. 5, '62	Must. Priv. Wd. May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Pro. Sept. 1, '64. Disc.
Norton, John	Middletown,	Sept. 5, '62	Died Dec. 4, '62.
Patterson, William	Middletown,	Sept. 5, '62	Must. Priv. Pro Jan. 17, '63. Wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va. Redc. to ranks July 5, '64. Pro. Nov. 1, '64. M o. June 16, '65.
Roberts, Ralph R.	Middletown,	Sept. 5, '62	(See Priv. Co A, 2d C. V.) Must. Priv. Pro. Apr. 30, '64 Wd. July 30, '64, Petersburg, Va. Disc. dis. June 2, '65.
Starks, Bissell	Middletown,	Sept. 5, '62	(See Priv. Co. A, 2d C. V) Redc. to ranks Des. Jan. 21, '63.
Wells, Samuel O.	Middletown,	Sept. 5, '62	Must. Priv. Pro. Oct. 12, '62. Died Nov. 26, '62.
Musicians.			
Barker, Charles H.	Haddam,	Sept. 5, '62	Must. Priv. Detailed Musc. Returned to ranks. M. o. June 16, '65.
Hearn, John A.	Griswold,	Sept. 5, '62	Disc. dis. Sept 10, '63.
Wagoner.			
Rood, Robert H.	Plainfield,	Sept. 5, '62	Disc dis Dec. 15, '62.
Privates.			
Banney, John	Norwich,	Sept. 5, '62	Wd. June 30, '64, Petersburg, Va. Died Aug. 14, '64.
Bartholomew, Elias O.	Middletown,	Sept. 5, '62	Des. Jan 21, '63.
Belknap, Asa	Lisbon,	Sept. 5, '62	Des. Mch 31, '63.
Benedict, Charles G.	Middletown,	Sept. 5, '62	Wd. May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. M. o. June 16, '65.
Brewer, Charles	Middletown,	Sept. 5, '62	Disc. June 22, '65.

Brennan, Thomas	Middletown,	Sept.	5, '62	Trans. from Gen. Hosp., New Haven, Conn., to Regt. July 3, '63; failed to
Brelsford, Joseph	Haddam,	Sept.	5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65. report. N. f r. A. G. O.
Brown, Edward	Norwich,	Sept.	5, '62	Wd. Oct. 2, '64, Petersburg, Va. Disc. May 20, '65.
Button, Leroy M.	East Hartford,	Sept.	5, '62	Killed July 30, '64, Petersburg, Va.
Camp, William E.	Middletown,	Sept.	5, '62	Disc. June 1, '65. [July 11, '64. N. f. r. A. G. O.
Cantwell, William	Norwich,	Sept.	5, '62	Entered Gen. Hosp., Philadelphia, Pa., July 5, '64. Trans. to Connecticut,
Carpenter, Darius L.	Middletown,	Sept.	5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Chatfield, Hudson A.	Middletown,	Sept.	5, '62	Des. Oct. 12, '62.
Chamberlain, Samuel S.	Middletown,	Sept.	5, '62	Disc. dis. Mch. 4, '63.
Childs, Aaron	Middletown,	Sept.	5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Church, Andrew C.	Haddam,	Sept.	5, '62	Wd. July 17, '64, Petersburg Va. M. o. June 16, '65.
Clark, Edwin J.	Middletown,	Sept.	5, '62	(See Priv. Co. D, 3d C. V.) Died Jan. 24, '63.
Coates, Lionel W	Middletown,	Sept.	5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Conklin, Patrick	Norwich,	Mch.	11, '64	Wd. July 30, '64, Petersburg, Va. Died Aug. 2, '64.
Cranney, John	Middletown,	Sept.	5, '62	Wd. May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. M. o. June 16, '65.
Daniels Christopher	Middletown,	Sept.	5, '62	Disc. dis. June 10, '65.
Daniels, Henry C.	Middletown,	Sept.	5, '62	Des. Jan. 21, '63.
Daniels, Joseph H.	Middletown,	Sept.	5, '62	Wd. Dec. 13, '62, Fredericksburg, Va. M. o. June 16, '65.
Daniels, Newton	Middletown,	Sept.	5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Darcy, Michael	Middletown,	Sept.	5, '62	Died Nov. 25, '64.
Darcy, Patrick	Middletown,	Dec.	17, '63	Trans. to Co. K, 10th C. V June 16, '65.
Donahue, Henry	Middletown,	Dec.	26, '63	Wd. May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Disc. dis. June 9, '65.
Donahue, Patrick J.	Middletown,	Sept.	5, '62	Disc. dis. June 24, '65. [Aug. 4, '64 Andersonville, Ga.
Dugan, Thomas	Norwich,	Sept.	5, '62	(See Priv. Rifle Co. A, 2d C. V.) Cap'd Feb. 1, '64, Smithfield, Va. Died
Edwards, John	Middletown,	Sept.	5, '62	Wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va. Disc. dis. May 28, '65.
Edwards, William H.	Middletown,	Sept.	5, '62	Wd. June 3, '64. Cold Harbor, Va. Trans. to Co. B, 24th Regt. V R. C.
Emmons, Samuel C.	Middletown,	Sept.	5, '62	Disc. dis. Dec. 25, '62. [Feb. 15 '65. Disc. June 27, '65.
Fitzgerald, Peter	Middletown,	Sept.	5, '62	Wd. May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Disc. dis. June 13, '65.
Franklin, Robert	Middletown,	Sept.	5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Freeman, Wilbur	Haddam,	Sept.	5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Fuller, John C.	Cromwell,	Sept.	5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Gallagher, Peter	Lebanon,	Sept.	5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Green, Charles T.	Plainfield,	Sept.	5, '62	Died Jan. 18, '63.
Harvey, George F.	Norwich,	Sept.	5, '62	Des. Nov. 7, '62.

COMPANY I—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE ON ENLISTMENT.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Privates—continued.			
Hawkins, Frank	Plainfield,	Sept. 5, '62	Disc. dis. Mch. 8, '63.
Hick, John M.	Windham,	Sept. 5, '62	Trans. to 30th Co. 2d Batt. V. R. C. May 19, '65. Disc. Sept. 4, '65.
Higney, Patrick	Norwich,	Aug. 29, '62	Cap'd July 9, '63. Burnt Ordinary, Va. Par. July 14, '63. M. o. June 16, '65
Holohen, James	Middletown,	Sept. 5, '62	Wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va. M. o. June 16, '65.
Hubbard, Nathaniel N.	Middletown,	Sept. 5, '62	Pro. 1st Lieut. Co. B, 6th Regt. U. S. C. I. Sept. 24, '63. Wd. Sept. 29, '64, Newmarket Heights, Va. Resgd. Mch. 3 '65.
Hudson, Charles	Middletown,	Sept. 5, '62	Wd. June 16, '64, Petersburg, Va. Disc. dis. Apr. 25, '65.
Lonergan, Daniel	Brooklyn,	Sept. 5, '62	Died Sept. 21, '63.
Lewis, Michael	Middletown,	Sept. 5, '62	Wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va. M. o. June 16, '65.
Lyng, Thomas	Middletown,	Sept. 5, '62	M. o June 16, '65.
McCammon, James	Middletown,	Sept. 5, '62	Wd June 23, '64, Petersburg, Va. Died June 28, '64.
McKenna, John	Norwich,	Sept. 5, '62	Des. Mch 17, '63.
McKenna, Peter	Norwich,	Sept. 5, '62	Disc dis Feb. 18, '63.
Metcalf, Mason M.	Middletown,	Sept. 5, '62	Died Mch. 3, '63.
Moses, Philip	Hartford,	Sept. 5, '62	Left sick at Norwich, Conn., Sept. 11, '62. N. f. r. A. G. O.
Murphy, Dennis	Norwich,	Sept. 5, '62	Died Mch 12, '64.
Murphy, James	Norwich,	Sept. 5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Murthagh, Patrick	Norwich,	Sept. 5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
O'Connell, Timothy	Bozrah,	Sept. 5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
O'Donnell, Matthew	Norwich,	Sept. 5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
O'Donnell, Michael	Griswold,	Sept. 5, '62	Wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va. Died June 10, '64.
Prentiss, Charles W	Middletown,	Sept. 5, '62	Wd. Dec. 13, '62, Fredericksburg, Va. Wd. July 30, '64, Petersburg, Va. Disc. June 1, '65.
Quinn, John	Hartford,	Sept. 5, '62	Trans from Co. B, Oct. 16, '62. Disc. dis. Feb. 11, '65.
Shaw, William	Somers,	Sept. 5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Sullivan, Michael	Norwich,	Sept. 5, '62	Des. Sept. 11, '62.
Thomas, George S.	Middletown,	Dec. 22, '63	Wd. May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Died May 30, '64.

Toomey, Patrick	Norwich,	Sept. 5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Waires, Franklin	Hartford,	Sept. 5, '62	Disc dis. Dec. 29. '62.
Wallen, George	Norwich,	Sept. 5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.

COMPANY K.

Captains.			
Jeremiah M. Shepard,	Plainfield,	Sept. 5, '62	(See 2d Lieut. Co. F, 8th C. V.) Wd. May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va Disc. dis. Sept. 14, '64. Ap. Capt. and C. S. Mch. 3, '65. Maj. by bvt. Aug. 10, '65. Disc. Aug. 10, '65.
Philo F Talcott,	Hartford,	Sept. 5, '62	Trans from Co. I, as 1st Lieut. Nov. 5, '62. Pro. Oct. 12, '64. M. o. June [16, '65.
1st Lieutenants.			
William Clapp,	Pomfret,	Sept. 5, '62	(See Capt. Co. F, 11th C. V.) Pro. Capt. Co. I, Oct. 9, '62. Resgd. June [26, '63.
Albert B. Johnson,	Pomfret,	Sept. 5 '62	Pro. 1st Lieut. Oct. 9, '62; Capt. Co. B, Nov. 8, '62. Trans. to Co. I, Nov. 24, '62.
Christopher A Brand,	Norwich,	Sept. 5, '62	Pro. from 2d Lieut. Co. A, Nov. 5, '62. Trans. to Co. I, Nov. 5, '62.
John F French,	Plainfield,	Sept. 5, '62	Pro. 1st Sergt Dec. 20, '62. Wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va. Pro. 1st Lieut. Oct. 12. '64. M. o. June 16, '65.
2d Lieutenants.			
Harry L. Wilson,	Plainfield,	Sept. 5, '62	Disc. Oct 11, '62.
Joseph D. Plunkett,	Norwich,	Sept. 5, '62	Pro. from Com. Sergt. Oct. 11, '62 (not must.). Resgd. Dec. 20, '62.
John L. Shepard,	Plainfield,	Sept. 5, '62	Pro. 1st Sergt. Dec. 9, '62; 2d Lieut. Dec. 20, '62. Disc. Sept. 22, '63.
Luther N. Curtis,	Hartford,	Sept. 5, '62	Pro. from Sergt.-Maj. Feb 1, '64. Wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va. Disc. Sept. 14. '64.
1st Sergeants.			
A. Leroy Prentice,	Griswold,	Sept. 5, '62	Must Sergt. Pro Oct. 11, '62. Died Dec. 9, '62.
Frank G Colby,	Plainfield,	Sept. 5, '62	Must. Corp. Pro. Sergt. Oct. 9, '62; 1st Sergt. Oct. 12, '64. M. o June [16, '65.
Sergeants.			
Call, Henry S.	Plainfield,	Sept. 5, '62	Must. Corp. Pro. Oct. 11, '62. Redc. to ranks Feb. 14, '64. M. o. June
Franklyn, Vine R.	Brooklyn,	Sept. 5, '62	Must. Corp. Pro. Oct. 13, '64. M. o. June 16, '65.
James, Clark W.	Brooklyn,	Sept. 5, '62	(See Priv. Co. D, 1st C. V. H. A.) Must. Priv. Pro. Corp. Oct. 11, '62; Sergt. Jan. 4, '63. M. o. June 16, '65.

COMPANY K—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE ON ENLISTMENT.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Sergeants—continued.			
Johnson, Hiram S.	Brooklyn,	Sept 5, '62	Must Priv. Pro. Corp. Feb. 20, '63; Sergt. May 17, '64. Wd Sept. 29, '64, Petersburg, Va. M. o. June 16, '65.
Pond, T. Dwight	Brooklyn,	Sept. 5, '62	Must Priv. Pro. Sergt. Jan. 1, '65. M. o. June 16, '65.
Reynolds, Alfred E.	Pomfret,	Sept 5, '62	Must Corp Pro. Feb 3, '64. Killed May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff Va.
Shepard. George W	Plainfield.	Sept. 5, '62	Pro 2d Lieut. Co. H, Oct. 11, '62.
Shepardson, Augustus	Plainfield,	Sept. 5, '62	Must. Corp. Pro. Mch. 23, '63. Wd May 16, '64, Drewry s Bluff, Va. Trans. to unassigned detachment V. R. C. Dec. 22, '64 Disc. dis. Jan 21, '65. [Mch. 23, '63.
Walker, William F	Plainfield,	Sept. 5, '62	Must. Priv. Pro. Corp. Oct 9. '62; Sergt. Dec 12, '62; 2d Lieut Co. I,
Corporals.			
Copeland, Charles	Brooklyn,	Sept. 5, '62	Must Priv. Pro Nov. 1, '64. M. o June 16, '65.
Dixon, Rufus S.	Plainfield,	Sept. 5, '62	Wd. May 16, '64. Drewry's Bluff, Va. Disc. June 8, '65.
Freeman, George I.	Sterling,	Sept. 5, '62	Must. Priv. Pro. Jan. 1, '63. M. o. June 16, '65.
Preston, George A.	Plainfield,	Sept. 5, '62	Must. Priv. Pro. May 17, '64. M. o June 16, '65.
Rouse, Willis D.	Plainfield,	Sept. 5, '62	Must Priv. Pro. June 1, '63. M. o. June 16, '65.
Watson, James S.	Plainfield,	Sept. 5, '62	M. o June 16, '65.
Wells, John A.	Plainfield,	Sept. 5, '62	M. o. June 16. '65.
Young, James L.	Sterling,	Sept. 5, '62	Must. Priv. Pro. Feb. 3, '64. Wd. Mch. 12, '64, Newbern, N. C. Disc. June 1. '65
Musicians.			[June 16. '65.
Scranton, Albert B.	Plainfield,	Sept. 5, '62	Ap. Prin Musc. Nov. 24, '62. Trans. from Prin. Musc. Feb. 14, '63. M. o.
Scranton, Elijah J.	Plainfield,	Sept. 5, '62	Ap. Prin. Musc. Nov. 30, '63.
Wagoners.			
Lyon, Christopher	Plainfield,	Sept. 5, '62	Trans. to ranks. M. o. June 16, '65.
Maryott, Thomas	Plainfield,	Sept. 5, '62	Must. Priv. Detailed Wag. Returned to ranks. Disc. May 18, '65.
Thatcher, Adam C.	Plainfield,	Sept. 5, '62	Must. Priv. Detailed Wag. M. o. June 16, '65.

Privates.			
Bennet, Edward G.	Plainfield,	Sept. 5, '62	Disc. dis Feb 19. '64
Bishop, Nathan L.	Sprague,	Sept. 5, '62	Ap. Adj. 1st Regt. U. S C. I. Nov. 4, '63.
Brown, Francis H.	Killingly,	Sept. 5, '62	Des Oct. 27. '62.
Bushnell, Lucius H.	Plainfield,	Sept. 5, '62	Disc. dis. June 8. '65.
Bushnell, Lyndes C.	Sprague,	Sept. 5, '62	Wd. May 3, '63, Suffolk, Va. Disc. dis. Mch 8. '64.
Card Charles C.	Plainfield,	Sept. 5, '62	Wd. May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. M o. June 16, '65.
Carver, James B	Pomfret,	Sept 5, '62	M. o. June 16. '65.
Carver, William H.	Pomfret,	Sept. 5, '6	Disc. Mch 4, '63.
Chapman. Charles H.	Plainfield,	Sept. 5, '6	M. o. June 16, '65.
Chehan. Garrett	Pomfret,	Sept. 5, '62	Wd May 16. '64, Drewry s Bluff, Va. M. o. June 16, '65.
Chollar, Ferdinand D.	Pomfret,	Sept. 5, '62	Dishon. disc. by G. C. M. May 1, '63.
Chollar, John A.	Pomfret	Sept 5, '62	Died Feb. 24, '63.
Child, George C.	Pomfret.	Sept. 5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Clark. Francis B.	Brooklyn,	Sept. 5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Clark, William H.	Brooklyn,	Dec. 9, '63	Wd. May 16. '64. Drewry s Bluff, Va. Disc. June 20, '65.
Cole William H	Plainfield,	Sept. 5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65. [mond. Va.
Cutler Augustus H.	Pomfret,	Sept. 5, '62	Wd and cap d May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Died May 26, '64, Rich-
Downing, Francis P.	Brooklyn,	Sept. 5, '62	M. o June 16, '65. [64. Disc. July 9, '65.
Dunford. Daniel	Plainfield,	Sept. 5, '62	Trans to unassigned detachment. V R. C. Feb. 17, '64. Re-trans. Oct. 20,
Eldredge Aaron W.	Plainfield,	Sept. 5, '62	Killed May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.
Fisk. John W.	Plainfield,	Sept 5, '62	Disc June 8, '65.
Fitch William H.	Killingly,	Sept. 5, '62	M. o June 16, '65.
Freeman. Alfred J	Sterling.	Sept. 5, '62	Killed May 3. '63, Suffolk, Va
Freeman John M.	Plainfield,	Sept. 5, '62	Wd Aug 24, '64, Petersburg, Va. M. o. June 16, '65.
Gallup, Edward	Brooklyn,	Sept. 5, '62	Ap. Q. M.-Sergt. Sept. 5, '62.
Galvin, James	Plainfield,	Sept. 5, '62	Disc. dis. June 12, '65.
Gould Hezekiah N.	Pomfret.	Sept. 5, '62	Trans to Co. D, 21st Regt. V. R. C. Aug. 30, '63. Disc. dis. Feb. 26, '64.
Hammond Lewis K.	Sterling,	Sept. 5, '62	Disc. dis. Jan. 5, '63.
Harris. Harvey	Voluntown,	Sept. 5, '62	Died Mch. 19, '65. [mond. Va.
Hyde Giles F.	Pomfret,	Sept. 5. '62	Wd. and cap'd May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Died June 16, '64. Rich-
Ireland James	Plainfield,	Feb. 25, '64	Wd. June 3. '64, Cold Harbor, Va. Died June 16, '64.
Kinne Erastus A.	Plainfield,	Sept. 5, '62	Trans. to Co. F 14th Regt. V. R. C. Dec. 19, '64. Disc. June 26, '65.
Leary George	Plainfield,	Sept. 5, '62	Disc. Feb. 6, '63

COMPANY K—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE ON ENLISTMENT.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Privates—continued.			
Leshuer, George W	Pomfret,	Sept 5, '62	Des June 3, '64.
Littlefield Charles H	Sterling,	Sept. 5, '62	Disc dis. Feb 11, '65.
Littlefield, Elisha P.	Sterling,	Sept 5, '62	Died Aug 17, '63.
Matthewson Elisha	Sterling,	Sept. 5, '62	M. o June 16, '65.
Morrarty, John M.	Sterling,	Sept 5, '62	Disc. Feb 11. '63.
Morrarty, Andrew T.	Plainfield,	Sept. 5, '62	Disc. dis Nov. 1, '64.
Neff, Thomas	Brooklyn,	Sept. 5, '62	Disc. Dec. 23, '62.
Newton, Henry F.	Plainfield,	Sept. 5, '62	Disc dis May 12, '64.
Nye, Benjamin H.	Plainfield,	Sept. 5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Olin, Daniel W.	Sprague,	Sept. 5, '62	M. o June 16, '65.
Perkins, John M.	Sterling,	Sept. 5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Peters. Albert	Sterling,	Sept. 5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Phillips, Lucius P.	Brooklyn,	Sept. 5, '62	Disc. dis May 12, '64.
Phillips, James W.	Plainfield,	Sept. 5, '62	Disc. June 21. '65.
Pickett, Ephraim	Plainfield,	Sept. 5, '62	Cap d Sept. 29, '64. Petersburg, Va. Parole not shown. Died Mch. 20, '65.
Pickett, William	Plainfield,	Sept. 5, '62	Killed May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.
Pond George E.	Brooklyn,	Dec. 9, '63	Wd. May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Disc. dis. June 7, '65.
Potter, Nehemiah A.	Plainfield,	Sept. 5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Prentice, George L.	Pomfret,	Sept. 5, '62	M. o June 16, '65. [Feb. 17, '65. Disc. July 14, '65.
Rice, John N.	Killingly,	Sept. 5, '62	Wd. May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Trans. to Co. B, 1st Regt. V. R. C.
Rix John F	Plainfield,	Sept. 5, '62	Disc Apr. 1, '63.
Robinson. James A.	Bethany,	Sept. 5, '62	Died Aug 21, '63.
Safford Dwight	Canterbury,	Sept. 5, '62	Trans. to Co. C, 7th Regt. V R. C. Dec 30, '64. Disc. June 28, '65.
Scroggy. Robert	Pomfret,	Sept. 5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Shepardson, Edwin G	Plainfield,	Sept 5, '62	M. o June 16, '65.
Shippee, Allen B.	Killingly,	Sept. 5, '62	Disc June 8, '65.
Shippee, Amos	Plainfield,	Sept. 5, '62	Died Jan 11, '63.

Spaulding, Reuben	Plainfield,	Sept.	5, '62	Disc. dis. Jan. 9, '63.
Starkweather, Benjamin	Plainfield,	Sept.	5, '62	Killed May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.
Strong, Wolcott H.	Plainfield,	Sept.	5, '62	Disc. June 15, '65.
Sweet, Edward A.	Plainfield,	Sept.	5, '62	Wd. May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Disc. dis. Mch. 25, '65.
Thompson, Nathaniel P.	Plainfield,	Sept.	5, '62	Wd. May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Disc. dis. Feb. 10, '65.
Tracy, Jabez A.	Sprague,	Sept.	5, '62	Pro. 2d Lieut. Co. I, 29th C. V. Jan. 13, '64.
Trim, George E.	Sterling,	Sept.	5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Wakefield, Clovis W.	Plainfield,	Sept.	5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.
Watson, Elhanan	Brooklyn,	Sept.	5, '62	Disc. dis Jan. 27, '64.
Webb, Charles S.	Brooklyn,	Sept.	5, '62	M. o June 16, '65.
Whittaker, Isaac	Plainfield,	Sept.	5, '62	Disc. dis. Aug 17, '63.
Whitehead, Zachariah	Plainfield,	Sept.	5, '62	Disc. Jan. 12, '63. [Dec. 30, '64. Disc. June 28, '65.
Woodward, James B.	Brooklyn,	Sept.	5, '62	Wd. May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Trans. to Co. C, 7th Regt. V R. C.
Young, George E.	Plainfield,	Sept.	5, '62	M. o. June 16, '65.

UNASSIGNED RECRUITS.

Broderick, John	Windham,	Jan.	28, '64	Disc dis. May 9, '64.
Holmes, Theodore J.	East Hartford,	Dec.	15, '63	Pro. Chaplain 1st C. V. Cav. Mch. 27, '64.

CASUALTIES TWENTY-FIRST CONNECTICUT VOLUNTEERS.

	Field and Staff.	A.	B.	C.	D.	E.	F.	G.	H.	I.	K.	Unassigned Recr'ts	
Killed,		1	3	4	3	4	2	1	2	1	5		26
Deaths from accident,						1							1
Fatally wounded,	2	1	2	6	2	5	2	1	5	6	1		33
Wounded,	3	19	17	15	23	13	18	16	22	22	19		187
Accidentally wounded,				1	1	1	2		1				6
Captured,		6	2	3	1	1	3	15	5	2	3		41
Died in prison,		2		2		1		6	2	1	2		16
Died of disease,		7	8	7	12	10	16	17	6	8	7		98
Discharged for disability,	1	14	23	25	21	23	19	19	21	24	15	2	207
Unaccounted for at muster out,								1		2			3
Total,	6	50	55	63	63	59	62	76	64	66	52	2	618

BREVET-MAJOR JEREMIAH M. SHEPARD.